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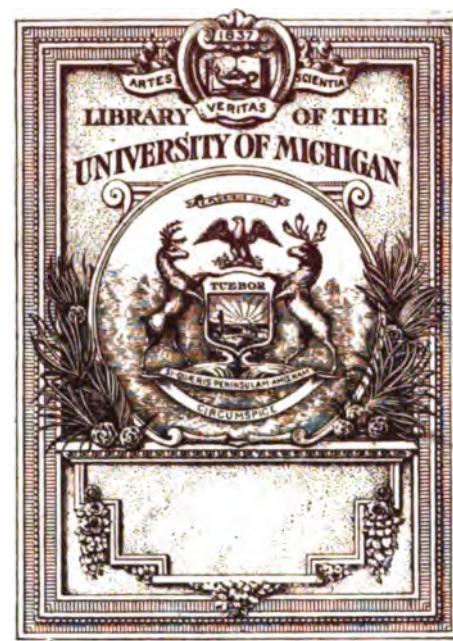
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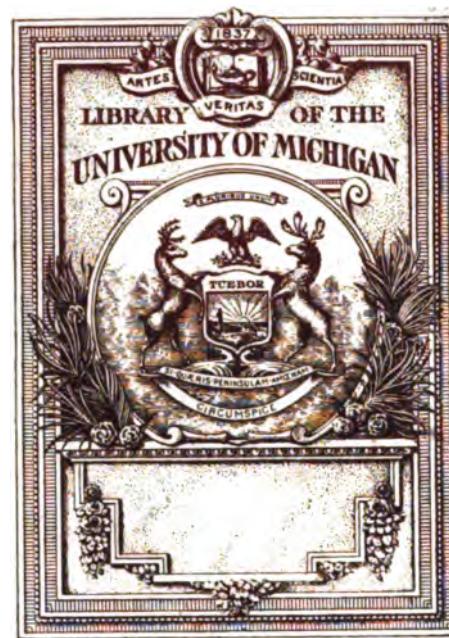
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No. 1

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# MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

WITH

## NOTES AND QUERIES

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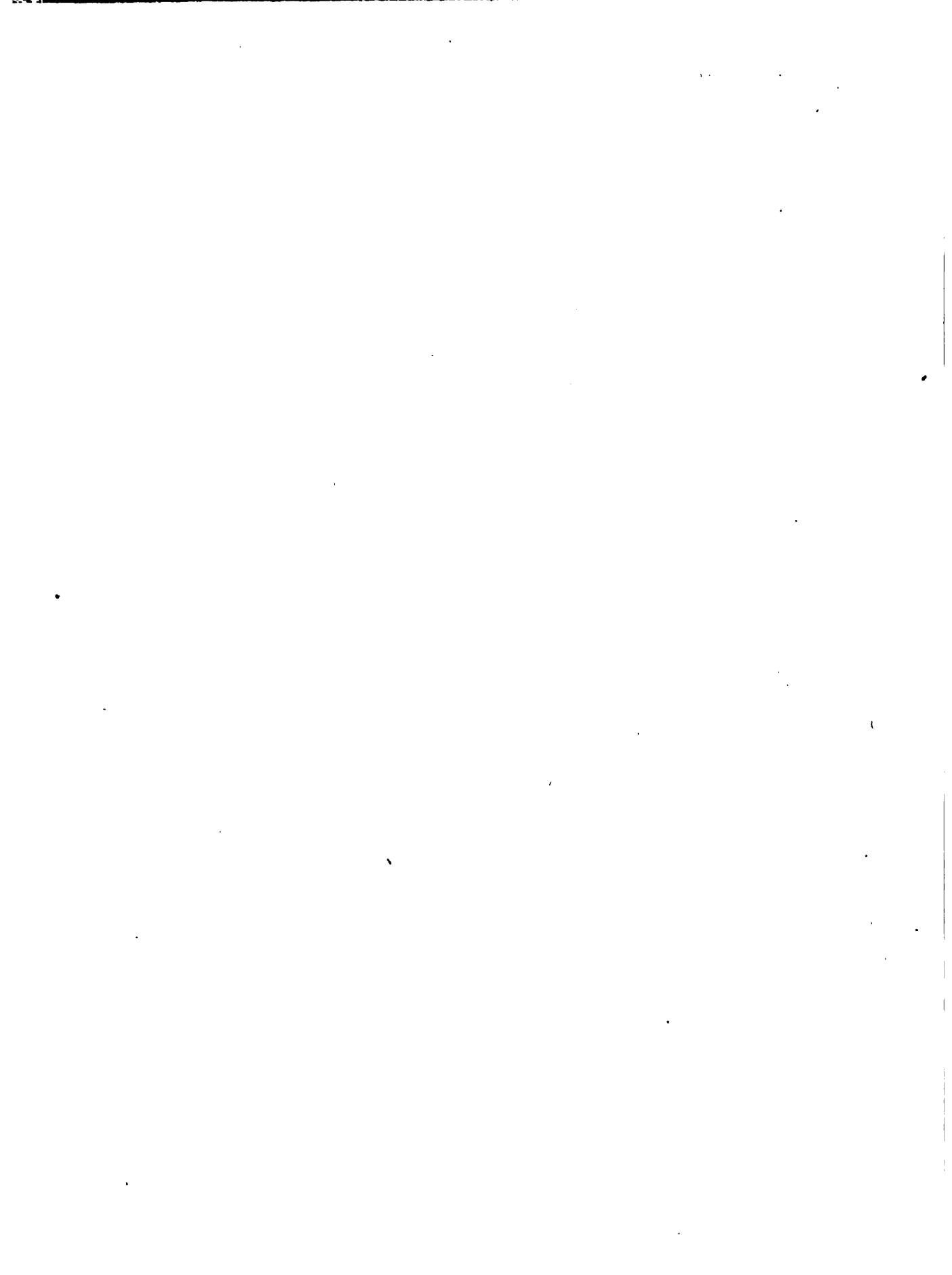
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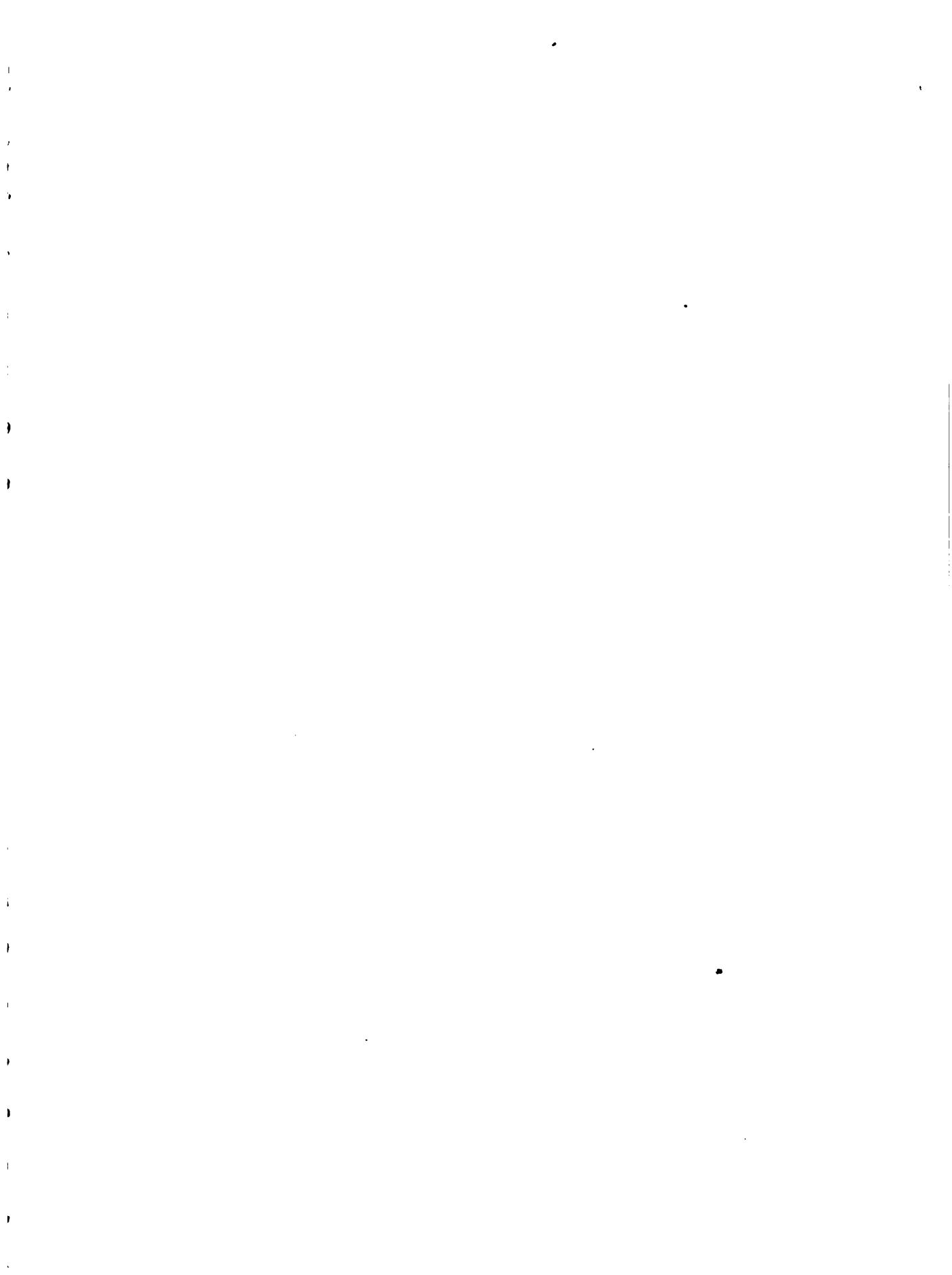
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## THE TAKING OF MAJOR ANDRE

By the Incorruptible Paulding, Williams and Vanwert (sic)

Phila. Published by F. W. Freeman, July 4th, 1812.

THIS, ONE OF THE RAREST PRINTS OF THE EVENT, WAS  
SOLD IN THE HALSEY COLLECTION, AT NEW YORK,  
FOR \$450. IT HAS NEVER BEFORE BEEN REPRODUCED.

THE MAGAZINE OF HISTORY  
WITH NOTES AND QUERIES

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# THE MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

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## JOHN BAKER, THE HERO OF MADAWASKA

*(Fourth Paper)*

ON August 20, 1831, at 1 P. M. the inhabitants of the town of Madawaska qualified to vote in town affairs, were notified to assemble to chose a Moderator, Clerk, Selectmen and Constables. The warrant was directed to Walter Powers by William D. Williamson of Bangor, Justice of the Peace. These officers were actually chosen by American residents in the upper part of the Madawaska settlement. John Baker has left us an interesting account of the meeting and the subquent events, in a document sworn to by him, before Frances O. J. Smith at Portland, on Oct. 12, 1831. I will give it in full as it is the best account I have been able to find:

"I, John Baker, of lawful age, depose and say: that I am a resident on the North side of the river St. John, about twelve miles above the mouth of the Madawaska river, and within the territory incorporated by the name of the town of Madawaska, in the State of Maine; that I was present at a meeting of the inhabitants of said territory, holder in the latter part of August, last past, 1831, at the dwelling house of Peter Lezart, on the South side of the river St. John and within the limits of said territory. Said meeting was holden pursuant to a warrant from William D. Williamson, Esq., one of the justices of the peace throughout the State, directed to Walter Powers, one of the inhabitants of said territory, to notify said inhabitants to meet as aforesaid for the purpose of organizing the government of said town, by the choice of a Moderator, Town Clerk and Selectmen; said inhabitants so assembled and proceeded to the choice of the offices mentioned. After said Powers had called the meeting to order, one Leonard R. Coombs, a captain in the militia at Madawaska, objected and protested against all further proceedings of the meeting, and threatened the inhabitants aforesaid with imprisonment if they voted or took any part in further proceedings contemplated by the warrant calling the meeting. One Francis Rice, a resident at Madawaska, and a justice of the peace, under the pro-

vincial government of New Brunswick, also protested against the meeting, and used many opprobrious and threatening terms against the Government and authorities of the Government of the State of Maine, and against all persons who were taking part, or participating in the organization of the town aforesaid. Mr. Powers, however, eventually succeeded in regaining order in the meeting and the inhabitants, to the number of fifty or sixty, who were present proceeded to the choice of Barnabas Hunnewell as Moderator, Jesse Wheelock for Town Clerk, and Daniel Savage, John Harford, and Amos Maddocks for Selectmen. But, because of the threatening language and terror used by Mr. Coombs and Mr. Rice, all the persons present aforesaid, did not vote in the choice of the before mentioned officers. After these proceedings, the town meeting was adjourned without day. About twelve or fifteen persons voted in said meeting. Another town meeting was holden for the choice of Representative, on the second Monday of September, 1831, pursuant to the provision of the Constitution of the State of Maine. This meeting was holden at the house of Raphael Morton, in said town of Madawaska, on the South side of the river St. John. Mr. Rice, the same mentioned above, was present and opposed the proceedings, protesting against the right of the inhabitants to hold the meeting, and again used menacing language towards them for participating in and countervailing it. But the selectmen called him to order, and were allowed eventually to proceed to the business of the meeting. There were about eighty inhabitants present. Peter Lezart, a resident of the Southern side of the river St. John, was elected Representative. For the supposed purpose of intimidating the voters, Mr. Rice noted in writing the proceedings and the names of all persons who voted. On the twenty-fifth day of the same September, 1831, it being Sunday, I received information at my house that a military force was collecting at the Madawaska chapel, on the North side of the river St. John, and about eighteen miles below me. On the same day orders were circulated among the inhabitants of the South side of the river, and up as far as my house, directing the inhabitants to assemble that same day, at the chapel aforesaid. I understood that one Misshud, a French settler, carried these orders and made them known. On the same Sunday afternoon, information was brought me, that fire arms, to the number of one hundred and one, had been collected at the dwelling of one Simon Hebert, between my house and the chapel, and about fifteen miles below my house, on the South side of the river St. John. Said Hebert is a captain in the provincial militia of New Brunswick.

The Governor of New Brunswick was also said to be present at said Hebert's house. Reports brought me on the evening of this same day, and confirmed on the next morning, informed me that the armed force at Hebert's house had made prisoners of, and were there detaining Mr. Daniel Savage and Mr. Wheelock, one of the Selectmen and the Town Clerk before named, on account of their participation in the proceedings of the town meeting already mentioned. Each of these persons reside on the South side of the river St. John, and it was the declared determination of these forces to take as prisoners, all other persons who voted in said meetings. About noon, on Monday, 26th, aforesaid, I discovered about twenty canoes coming up the St. John, apparently in great haste; with one or more men in each. There landed on the North shore, at my Mills, and at a neighbor's landing, just below my mills. I retreated and watched their movements. After examining my mills, they proceeded to my dwelling, where they posted armed sentinels with muskets; a part proceeded to other houses, and searched them also, and thence returned to my house. While I remained in the woods, my wife, came to me, and tolle me Barnabas Hunnewell, Daniel Bren, and several French settlers were held as prisoners, by the soldiers there at my house; that Mr. Miller, the sheriff of New Brunswick, had searched the house, and afterwards directed her to advise me to surrender to the British authorities; that if I would go to Simon Hebert's house, where the Governor and Attorney General were, and give bail for my appearance at the Court in Frederickton, I should be released; that it was in vain for me to think of keeping out of the way, as they intended to keep a garrison through the territory and force me into a compliance to the British authorities.

While I was talking with my wife, I discovered a horse-boat coming up the river with about fifty armed men on board. These landed at my house and I was informed that a detachment of them were to proceed up the river, to the upper settlements, for the purpose of arresting all other persons who had taken part in the town meeting before mentioned. Upon this information, I set off, about sunset, for the upper settlements, through the woods a distance of two miles. I came to the river St. John, and heard the discharge of muskets below, and supposed the soldiers to be drilling. I reached the upper settlements about three o'clock Tuesday morning, gave notice of the approaching danger, and all the male inhabitants but six, who subsequently fled, retired into the woods with me. In the afternoon of that day, we saw the armed party come

up the river; on finding ourselves pursued, we retreated further into the woods. This party, as I was informed afterwards by the females who remained at the houses, was divided into detachments, which severally scoured the banks of the river, on both the North and South side, in search of us.

On Wednesday morning following, we came back to one of the houses and saw the armed force retreating down the river. But apprehending that an ambush might be laid for us, we retreated again that night further into the woods, and on Thursday ventured back to the river. We there met one Mrs. Bartlett, whom we had sent from the upper settlement on the preceding Tuesday, and was informed by her that she had been at my house where the British soldiers were on Wednesday, having four American prisoners, and some French settlers; and that the officers of the armed force declared their determination to garrison the settlements, and take us prisoners whenever we should make an appearance, and instructed the French settlers to disregard every thing done by American officers. I have not been at my house, nor with my family since, apprehending that I should be forthwith imprisoned if taken by our pursuers. Under this state of affairs, I proceeded forthwith on Thursday, on my way to Portland, when I arrived this twelfth day of October, 1831. The inhabitants generally are under very great and continual alarm, within the town. Many of them are afraid to return to their ordinary labors. The harvesting of many settlers is interrupted and left unfinished in consequence of the proceedings of the British authorities, and several families, are from the same cause, in a very distressed condition."

Mr. Baker was accompanied on his journey through the woods to Portland by Phineas R. Harford, who gave to Mr. F. O. J. Smith his sworn deposition that all which Mr. Baker had stated was to his knowledge correct and true.

Baker and Harford were also bearers of a petition signed by John Hartford and six other citizens of Madawaska, addressed to the Governor of Maine, in which they said they thought it their duty to make known to him the situation in which they were placed: stating that the Governor of New Brunswick, the high sheriff and their attendants had come to Madawaska and ordered out the militia *en masse*, from which they have selected and armed about seventy and have declared that it is their intention to take every man prisoner that voted at the town

meeting. They have taken many, and among the prisoners are four Americans. They pursued the remainder of us to the head of the settlement into the woods, and declared they intended to keep a garrison at Mr. Baker's in order to starve us into compliance. We have now slept in the woods three nights, without fire or covering and by stratagem have obtained potatoes from the fields for subsistence." They referred the Governor to Mr. Baker and Mr. Harford for further particulars.

On receipt of the news of the trouble at the town meeting and the subsequent arrest of Maine citizens, Governor Samuel E. Smith, on the thirteenth of October 1851, notified Edward Livingston, then Secretary of State of the United States. Complaint was immediately made to the British minister at Washington and their release demanded. The action in this matter was prompt, for on November 8, Sir Archibald Campbell, Lieutenant Governor of New Brunswick informed the British *charge d'affaires* at Washington that the aforesaid prisoners had been discharged and their fines remitted.

On January 30, 1837, President Andrew Jackson in a special message to the house of Representatives enclosed a letter from Governor Robert P. Dunlop of Maine, with a copy of a resolve of the Maine Legislation, claiming reimbursement for certain sums paid to John and Phineas Harford for losses and expenses due them.

The following official document will be of interest to many:

STATE OF MAINE

*Resolve in favor of John Baker, Walter Powers, Nathaniel Bartlett, Augustine Webster, Isaac Yearington and John Harford, Jr.*

*Resolved:* That there be allowed and paid out of the Treasury of this State, to the persons hereinafter named, inhabitants of the town of Madawaska, the following sums: To John Baker, three hundred and fifty dollars; to Walter Powers, one hundred and twenty-five dollars; to Nathaniel Bartlett, Augustine Webster, Isaac Yearington, and John Harford, Jr., each the sum of fifty dollars; which said several sums are in full compensation for all suffering and losses, in consequence of organizing that town, in the year one thousand eight hundred and thirty-one, under a warrant from William D. Williamson, Esq.; and also in full for all claims to this time.

*Resolved:* That the Governor of this State be requested to ask and receive of the Government of the United States, a reimbursement of the several sums hereby allowed to the said Baker, Powers, Bartlett, Webster, Yearington and Harford, after the same shall have been paid to them out of the Treasury of the State.

## JOHN BAKER, THE HERO OF MADAWASKA

## IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Read and Passed *March 17, 1838*  
ELISHA H. ALLEN, *Speaker*

Read and passed *IN SENATE, March 19, 1838*  
N. S. LITTLEFIELD, *President*

March 19, 1838, Approved  
EDWARD KENT

## STATE OF MAINE

*Secretary's Office, Augusta, April 23, 1838*  
A true copy of the original in this office.

Attest *SAM'L P. BENSON*  
Secretary of State

Governor Kent in sending the resolves to President VanBuren said "John Baker and his associates, named in the resolve, suffered by imprisonment, and otherwise, for acting under a law of this State, incorporating the town of Madawaska, in 1831."

President VanBuren in a special message to the Senate May 19, 1838, transmitted these resolves of the Legislature of Maine, claiming reimbursement from the general government and asked Congress for its consideration.

These claims were without doubt allowed by the general government, and thus after seven years the victims of New Brunswick injustice were in a small measure compensated for their loss and suffering.

It is probable that after the discharge of the prisoners arrested for their participation in the Madawaska town meeting, John Baker returned from Portland to his home and family and there resided for many years. That he still was the cause of trouble to the authorities of Great Britain is evident from a paper presented to the British Parliament as late as 1841. Between the years of 1828 and 1841, he was the subject of frequent and extended correspondence between the United States and Great Britain, and I doubt if any other citizen of Maine has furnished so much material for our international correspondence as John Baker, of Madawaska. The paper referred to was a letter from Sir. W. M. G. Colebrooke to Lord Sydenham and formed a part of a re-

port to Parliament on the Boundary between the British possessions and the United States under the treaty of 1783. It reads as follows:

"Government House, New Brunswick,  
Frederickton, May 1, 1841.

My Lord: I have the honor to inform your Lordship that I have this day received a report from Mr. McLachlan, the warden of the Disputed Territory, that he had arrested a person named Baker, and three others, with a charge of having enticed several soldiers to desert from the detachment of the 56th Regiment stationed at Madawaska; and that he had brought them before myself and another magistrate, and had fined Baker, on conviction, £20, who paid the money and was discharged, though declining as an American citizen, to acknowledge the jurisdiction.

It appears that Baker, an American of the United States, is the same person who was brought to trial in the Supreme Court of this province, in the year 1828, and found guilty of sedition in an attempt to subvert the British authority in the Disputed Territory.

He has continued to reside in the same situation, about seven miles from the block house erected on Fish River by the Americans, during the last year, and where I am informed, a small number of persons from the State of Maine are still maintained.

Baker and three other persons residing with him, were arrested by a warrant from Mr. McLachlan, on the 21st ultimo, and tried on the 25th before myself and another magistrate, on charge of assisting seven soldiers of the 56th Regiment to desert. He pleaded not guilty, and declined to make any defence on the ground that, as an American citizen and on American territory he did not acknowledge the jurisdiction of the court.

Baker and his servant were convicted, and discharged on payment of the fine imposed.

Signed

W. M. G. COLEBROOKE.

Approved by Lord Sydenham under date of Montreal, May 21, 1841."

The settlement of the Northeastern Boundary by the Webster-Ashburton treaty of 1842, ended the long contest on the Maine border and the settlers on the St. John River were allowed to dwell in peace in the homes they had so nobly contended for during the eventful years of the dispute between the United States and Great Britain.

At the request of the commissioners appointed by the Governor of Maine to look after the interests of the State during the formation of the treaty between the United States and Great Britain, and among other things in regard to the land of John Baker and others, who held deeds from Maine and Massachusetts, the following article was incorporated in the Webster-Ashburton treaty of 1842:

"Article IV—All grants of land heretofore made to either party, within the limits of the territory which by this treaty falls within the dominions of the other party, shall be held valid, ratified, and confirmed

to the persons in possession under said grants, to the same extent as if each territory had by this treaty fallen within the dominions of the party by whom such grants were made; and all equitable, possessory claims, arising from a possession and improvement of any lot or parcel of land by the person actually in possession, or by those under whom such persons claims, for more than six years before the date of this treaty, shall, in like manner be deemed valid, and be confirmed and quieted by a release to the person entitled thereto, if the title to such lot or parcel of land, so described as best to include the improvements made thereon; and in all other respects the two contracting parties agree to deal upon the most liberal principles of equity with the settlers actually dwelling upon the territory falling to them, respectively, which has heretofore been in dispute between them."

In accordance with the above provision of the treaty, John Baker was doubtless able to retain his farm or at least a portion of it. Tradition says that he lost a large portion of his land, which was confiscated by the New Brunswick authorities and sold to other persons. It also relates that he was the first to notify the governor of Maine that the British were sending troops to occupy that part of the disputed territory, going to Augusta on snow-shoes in the dead of winter. This was probably the last service that he rendered his native state. He lived in poverty the rest of his life upon a portion of the original farm which he had worked so hard to make, and died there on March 10, 1868. His wife Sophia, who was born on March 17, 1785, after the death of her husband moved to Fort Fairfield, where she died February 23, 1883—almost one hundred years old. She is said to have made the flag which was hoisted on that memorable Fourth of July and the flag is still in possession of the family. His daughter, and grand-daughter also resided in the same town. His grand-daughter married Mr. Frank Burns, the custom house officer at Fort Fairfield and an aged sister of John Baker was living with them as late as 1910.

It seemed proper to his immediate family that the State should take some measures to recognize the patriotism of Mr. Baker, and they asked to have his remains removed from British soil and that a suitable monument be erected over them within the State he had loved so well. The following statement of facts were presented to the 67th Maine Legislature, at their session in Augusta in 1895.

"To the Honorable Senate and House of Representatives in Legislation assembled, A. D. 1895.

The memorial of Adeline Slocomb, of Fort Fairfield, in the county of Aroostook, respectfully represents:

That she is the daughter of John Baker, late of "Baker Brook", in the Province of New Brunswick, who was an American citizen, a native of the town of Moscow in this State. About this year 1815, Mr. Baker with a few neighbors started on a journey by river and lake through an almost unbroken wilderness of more than 200 miles, to make homes and establish a settlement of Americans in that part of the State of Maine watered by the upper St. John.

At the time the government of the United States claimed the territory north of the St. John, to the line dividing the waters flowing to the St. Lawrence, from those flowing to the sea.

Mr. Baker selected a tract of land on the river, about six miles below the present town of Fort Kent; whereon he settled with his family, not doubting the right of his Government to the territory, or its willingness and ability to protect him in his rights. In a few years Mr. Baker had cleared a farm in the wilderness, built mills, and by the almost unremitting toil of himself and family, was the possessor of a comfortable home and a considerable property.

A most prominent trait in my father's character was his intense loyalty to his country and his flag, and this patriotism never abated during all the troubles growing out of the boundary disputes.

He purchased his farm and adjoining tract from the land agents of Maine and Massachusetts, and when the first knowledge came to him of the design of the Provincial government to send troops and take forcible possession of the territory, he started for Augusta alone, making the journey through the wilderness on snow shoes to notify the Governor. He had previously offended the provincials by raising on his premises on a Fourth of July, an American flag made by my mother.

These acts of loyalty to his country brought upon him the vengeance of the Provincial authorities. He was accused of treason, carried to Frederickton, imprisoned for months, and his property destroyed or confiscated.

He was suffered to end his days in poverty on a miserable remnant of his once fine property, which had all been conveyed by the Provincial Government to parties in Frederickton.

The story of my father's efforts and sacrifices in endeavoring to obey the orders of the authorities of the State are a part of the history of the "Aroostook war" period. The neighbors, who were his contempor-

aries have joined him on the "other shore" and upon that history and the tradition that we have from the early settlers of that region, we must rely to satisfy your honorable body of the justice of my claim upon the consideration of the State.

I ask nothing for myself—I want no money compensation as a recompense for his life-long sacrifices—I respectfully ask his native state to cause his remains to be removed to American soil, and to cause the erection of a suitable monument to commemorate his patriotism.

ADELINE SLOCOMB."

The legislature at once passed the following:

"Resolve for a memorial commemorating the Patriotism of John Baker.

Resolved that the sum of two hundred and fifty dollars be and the same is hereby appropriated for the purpose of removing the body of John Baker from British soil to the town of Fort Fairfield and erecting a suitable monument, commending the patriotism, courage and suffering of the said John Baker."

In the summer of 1895 a small party, consisting of the relatives of John Baker, journeyed to "Baker Brook" and recovered the remains of the old hero and conveyed them to Fort Fairfield, where they now lie. A monument was erected and dedicated in the fall of 1895. Wm. Dicky, so long known as the Duke of Kent, and the representative in the legislature of that district for many years, delivered the address. Here on the soil of the state he loved and served all that was mortal of John Baker now rests in peace.

"Like to the falling of a star,  
Or as the flights of eagles are,  
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,  
Or silver drops of morning dew,  
Or like a wind that chafes the flood.  
Or bubbles which on water stood,—  
E'en such is man, whose borrowed light  
Is straight called in, and paid to-night.  
The wind blows out, the bubble dies,  
The spring entombed in autumn lies,  
The dew dries up, the star is shot,  
The flight is past,—and man forgot!"—*Henry King.*

PORLTAND, ME.

GEORGE S. ROWELL

## NEW YORK COUNTY NAMES

*(Fourth Paper)*

**N**IAGARA (1803) was taken from Genesee and has its name apparently from the Iroquois word O'hniaga, (a bisected bottom-land) though most persons would say the name came from the great cataract.

Onondaga (1794), taken from Herkimer County, is an Iroquois word, "ononta", or meaning on top of the hill.

Orange County is one of the original ten of 1683, and recalls William Prince of Orange, son-in-law of James I, and who became King William III. of England.

Orleans (1824), in the only county having a name related to France. It was named for the French royal house of Orleans, and probably Lafayette's visit to us at that time had much to do with it. It is very remarkable that it was not named for the Marquis himself, many of whose old soldiers were then living.

Oneida (1798) was taken from Herkimer, and the name is Iroquois, Tiionen-iota or, "there it (rock) has been set up": that is, there is the standing or upright rock.

Oswego (1816) formerly part of Oneida and Onondaga, is another Iroquois derivative, the original being "Oswageh" or flowing out: referring either to the outlet of the lake into the St. Lawrence, or the Oswego River's emptying into Lake Ontario; this seems rather more likely.

Otsego (1791) is also from the Iroquois, but its meaning has never been settled.

Otsego Lake is one of the most beautiful sheets of water in existence and the region surrounding it has been made famous as the scene of two of Cooper's novels, the *Deerslayer* and the *Pioneer*.

The novelist's home "Otsego Hall" in Cooperstown, stood just at the foot of the lake.

The first white visitors, explorers and traders, came in 1616; the first white settlers not until 1739.

One was William Lindsay, a Scotchman, who by his first treatment of the Indians made them such friends that their aid saved the party from starvation in the winter of 1740-41.

Unfortunately the accord of red man and white was not to be permanent; for in November, 1778, occurred the historic massacre of Cherry Valley; and a second in 1780, caused the abandonment of the settlement. Then came Sullivan's punitive expedition (1779) with the damming of Otsego Lake, to carry his boats down the Susquehanna.

An interesting record of pioneer life in the town of Redfield, about 1790, is found in the *Reminiscences* of Levi Beardsley. He says "We left our Eastern home (in Rensselaer County) with a cart, one or two wagons, one or two yoke of oxen, three or four horses, and a few cattle, sheep, and hogs. The roads were excessively bad, and we took but little household goods with us. My mother was left behind with a sick child. My sister, two years my junior, was with me, stowed in a cart or wagon among the furniture, and under the care of a girl brought up by my grandfather" (Some distance before reaching Canajoharie they had to abandon their wagons in consequence of the bad roads, and proceeded on their journey). "Some of the party drove the livestock and went on, the best way they could. My father put a saddle on one horse and on another packed a bed and bedding, on which the girl was to ride. I was placed on the horse behind him, on a pillow tied to the saddle, with a strap under my arms buckled to his waist, to prevent me from falling off; and carrying my sister before him we pursued our journey; the girl Sukey riding the other horse, on top of the bed and bedding, a yearling colt tagging after. This constituted the cavalcade, so far as my father and his family were concerned. When my mother finally came to us, she rode the horse on a man's saddle, and carried the child, my father walking by her side; and thus the family were at last reunited in the woods at the foot of the beautiful lake and by the side of the fine little stream known as Herkimer Creek, then full of trout. The house was a small log-cabin, the body laid up and part of the roof covered with ash and elm bark which had been peeled from the trees at the season when bark is easily taken off. When opened out, put on the roof and pressed down with poles or small timbers, the rough side up, it makes a good roof, that will last several years and shed the rain quite well.

The house was only partly so covered, and when it rained we had to

put our effects—and ourselves—under the sheltered part. The floor was of bass-wood logs, split and hewed partly on one side, and then spiked down, making a substantial floor; but only about half was laid. We had no fireplace or chimney, and until this was built the cooking was done out of doors. A mud-and-stack chimney and fireplace were added as the weather became cold: and to get earth or clay to make mortar to daub the house and make the chimney, a hole was dug under the floor, which was our only cellar; in which, in winter, we put a few bushels of potatoes or turnips, and took up one of the flattened logs from the floor whenever we wanted anything from below. There was no door when we moved in; my father hung a blanket in the doorway to keep out some of the air."

In 1795 he says, "Let me describe the first wedding, which was the marriage of a sister of my mother to Ebenezer Russell, at our log-house. I do not remember their dress, but no doubt in their best. Judge Cooper (father of Fenimore Cooper) of Cooperstown, was sent for, being the nearest magistrate, to perform the ceremony. He came eighteen miles, principally through the woods. The neighbors were invited, the old pine table in the middle of the room, holding a large wooden bowl of doughnuts. There may have been something else for the feast, but I do not recollect anything but a black bottle of rum, and some maple-sugar and water."

Abram Garfield, grandfather of the President, was a resident of Worcester, Otsego County, and is buried there.

Ontario County (1789) once part of Montgomery, translates the Iroquois word Onia-tara-io, "great or beautiful lake;" a very appropriate name for Seneca Lake is one of the gems of it.

It was part of the Phelps and Gorham purchase; but even earlier, in 1787, the celebrated Jemina Wilkinson—or some of her adherents settled on the west shore of Seneca Lake (now in Yates County) naming the place "New Jerusalem"; but she herself did not come there until 1791. It was not a success, and soon after her death in 1819 passed out of existence.

Geneva, which was on part of the Pulteney purchase, owes much to the foresight of Captain Charles Williamson, Pulteney's agent: for, as John Maude, who visited the town in 1800, records: "Captain Williamson, struck with the peculiar beauty of the Elevated plain which

crowns the high bank of Seneca Lake, inserted a clause in the deeds, that no buildings shall be erected on the east side of the street (parallel with and facing the lake), so that a view of the lake may be kept open."

Hobart College (1825) is the principal institution of Geneva, though in a different way, the state Agricultural Experiment station is a very remarkable one.

Putnam (1812) was a part of Dutchess and has its name from "Old Put", he who swore at Bunker Hill and killed the she-wolf in her den at Pomfret; a hero of our school days who needs no biography here and for whom counties in eight other states have been named as well as a town in his native state, and an old military organization, the "Putnam Phalaux" of Hartford.

It is rich in iron ore, some of its mines being over a century old.

An old building within its borders is\* a notable Revolutionary landmark:—the Robinson House at Garrison's nearly opposite West Point, where Benedict Arnold had his headquarters, from whence he fled when apprised of the arrest of Major André, in September 1780; and the County itself, with the adjoining southern part of Dutchess, is notable as the scene of the exploits of Enoch Crosby, the original of *Harvey Birch*, in Cooper's "Spy".

In the extreme east of the county, (and partly in Dutchess) is a township with the unique name of The Oblong—from its peculiar form. It has a curious and interesting history, too long for repetition here but for which the reader is referred to Pelletreau's history of the county.

Between the steep declivity of Anthony's Nose, and Fort Montgomery, on the Western shore of the Hudson, was stretched the first of the two great iron chains of Revolutionary days; but which proved too weak to support its own weight, and so was replaced by that stretched across at West Point which proved a success. Just opposite West Point, but part of Putnam county, is one of the most interesting literary shrines of our country—in the Editor's opinion—Constitution Island, for many years the home of the two gifted ladies known the world over, as the Warner sisters—Susan and Anna—authors of *Queechy*, *The Wide, Wide World*, and other similar works, of tremendous popularity from 1851 onward—and still in print.

\*Or rather *was*, the Robinson House having been burned years ago.

Two other and very different citizens of renown, were natives of Putnam County—Chancellor James Kent, the great jurist (1763-1847) and Daniel Drew (1788-1879) cattle drover, steamboat owner, Wall Street magnate, millionaire—and founder of Drew Theological Seminary.

Queens, one of the original ten counties, is the only one in the State (and one of the few in the United States) to bear the name of a woman: the unhappy Katherine of Braganza, Queen of Charles II.

Rensselaer (1791) was a part of Albany, and hence it was quite natural that it should be named for Jeremias Van Rensselaer (1632-1674) the third son of Kilian (or Kilaen) "the colonist," who, though never in America, owned the territory now comprising the counties of Albany, Columbia and Rensselaer—a domain greater than that of many a petty foreign prince.

Jeremias is entitled to credit for his just dealings with the Indians, by which he so won their regard that they guarded his property as carefully as if it were their own. He was also an early "foreign correspondent," as he sent regularly to Holland an account of public occurrences, under the pen-name of the "New Netherland Mercury."

Richmond, one of the original ten, is better known by its old Dutch name of Staten Island. It is now part of the city of New York, as the Borough of Richmond, and is the only island in the United States which forms a county.

Rockland, taken out of Orange in 1793, is appropriately named, for it is extremely rocky and stony. It is, notwithstanding, a "grape county," and has also the distinction of possessing probably a larger fraction of direct descendants of the original Dutch settlers, than any other part of the State of equal area.

Saratoga (1791) was a part of Albany County. Its name is an Iroquois word, signifying a place where ashes or alkali float—possibly an allusion to its mineral springs.

#### NOTE

By an oversight, the article by Gen. LeDuc, on "The Genesis of the Typewriter" published in our March issue, was not credited, as it should have been, to the *Bulletin* of the Minnesota Historical Society, where it originally appeared.

## THE INFLUENCE OF THE CLERGY IN THE REVOLUTION

*(Continued)*

**O**N both sides of the water, in England and in the colonies, the keenest interest was manifested in anything that pointed to the position of the clergy. An extract from a letter of a gentleman in New York to his correspondent in London, recorded in the American Archives, is of interest: "During all these acts of violence committed in the colonies, the Presbyterian pulpits groaned with the most wicked, malicious and inflammatory harangues, pronounced by the favorite orators among the sect, spiriting their Godly hearers to the most violent opposition to the government, together with a long string of such seditious stuff, well calculated to impose on the poor devils, their hearers, and make them run into every degree of folly and extravagance, but the Church of England people, during all this time, without any pulpit oratory to spur them on, did, from principle, from their own loyal principles, much to stop the rapid progress of sedition, which would have gone to much farther length had it not been for them." That the temper of the English Church clergy was misinterpreted at home and abroad is shown in a letter from the Bishop of Saint Asaph's, who, prevented by illness from being present in his seat in the House of Lords, during the discussion of the colonial grievances, unwilling that this occasion should pass without the opportunity of entering his protest, sent a long letter (American Archives), in which he calls the attention of King and Parliament to the fact that their present tenure of the colonies was due to the zeal of those loyal and sturdy men, who in the dark days of the "French and Indian Wars," on the border and beside General Wolfe on the Plains of Abraham, won their right to consideration as free-born Britons, whom the king and his ministers were now denouncing as traitors and rebels for exercising the right of their heritage, by refusing to accept an unwarranted and unjust taxation, which the king did not dare levy at home, and was attempting to force upon a people that had demonstrated their loyalty to the mother country.

The Anglican clergy felt that their rights were not to be thrown lightly to one side, at least not till every possibility of redress had been exhausted. When, therefore, they found the king turned a deaf ear to their entreaties for consideration, as free-born Britons, they, with the exception of some few members of the Society for Promoting the Gospel

in Foreign Parts, turned to the patriotic cause. At least seventy-five per cent. of the Anglican clergy espoused the cause of liberty.

That there were any to do so, is a matter of great surprise, considering that by their oath of office they were officers of the Crown, and in taking sides with the colonies were liable, not only to the confiscation of their estates, but should they at any time fall into the hands of the British, were liable to suffer the penalty for the most heinous crime known to the English penal code, that of treason to the state.

When the Rev. William White, afterward first Bishop of Pennsylvania, arose to take oath of office as chaplain of the Continental Congress, a gentleman present, an uncompromising patriot, and a member of the Continental Congress, realizing the grave peril in which this clergyman was placing himself, as an officer of the Crown, in an effort to dissuade him raised his hand, drawing it across his throat in token of the penalty should he fall into the hands of the British. Seeing the gesture a pallor overspread the face of Mr. White, but his hand never trembled, nor did his voice quaver as he repeated the words that rendered him one of the most hated and hunted foes of the English. Such, gentlemen, was the timber of our patriot clergy.

Were time sufficient to enumerate the long list of men that hesitated not to place their necks in the halter, with all to lose, apparently nothing to gain, in the cause of liberty, it would be a long and interesting one, as also would be the records of old Christ Church, Philadelphia, about which cluster many recollections of the events that brought to a successful termination the War of the Revolution: of the assembling in council of the clergy to expunge from their prayer book all reference to King and State, and to baptize a new order in their church, to espouse the patriot cause. Or, could we tell of the deeds of such men as the Rev. Peter Muhlenberg, who preached his last sermon, with the surplice covering the uniform of a colonel of the Continental line; of the Rev. Mr. Madison, afterward first bishop of Virginia; the Rev. Mr. Robert Smith, first Bishop of South Carolina; the Rev. William White, first Bishop of Pennsylvania; the Rev. Mr. Croes, first Bishop of New Jersey; the Rev. Samuel Provoost, first Bishop of New York; the Rev. Edward Bass first Bishop, and the Rev. Samuel Parker, second, Bishop of Massachusetts, as well as the body of clergy whom they led in espousing the cause of liberty, it would be the record of deeds worthy

so great a cause as the liberty of men and the world; yet undertaken at odds of so fearful import to themselves and their families.

We must be slow to judge the Society of Friends, who, with no prejudice against the patriot cause, or the justice of its contentions, yet raised such obstacles in its path. The first principle of their society was opposition to war, as a method of adjusting the inequalities of human affairs. Their motive in opposing the war was the outcome of the due observance and loyalty to their belief, that led so many other clergymen to so zealously espouse the cause of the patriots.

Among the documents and papers of the First Society of Friends, of Philadelphia, is preserved this resolution, passed at their convention, held just prior to the Declaration of Independence:

"It is hereby resolved, that the setting up and putting down kings and governments is God's peculiar prerogative, for causes best known to himself, and that it is not our business to have any hand or contrivance therein; nor to be busy-bodies above our station, much less to plot and contrive the ruin or overturn of any of them; but to pray for the king and safety of our nation and the good of all men; that we may lead a peaceable and quiet life in all goodness and honesty, under the government which God is pleased to set over us. May we, therefore, firmly unite in the abhorrence of all such writings and measures as evidence a desire and design to break off a happy connection we have hitherto enjoyed with the kingdom of Great Britain, and our just and necessary subordination to the King, and those who are lawfully placed in authority under him."

Of other documents, perhaps the wills of that section or the period of the revolution are of the greater interest: showing that while so formidable a resolution as that of the Convention might restrain the elder members of the Society of Friends, it was powerless to quell the fierce zeal for liberty in the hearts of the younger members; in consequence of which we often find recorded in the wills the words, reciting: "Whereas, my son hath broken the rules, and transgressed the discipline of the Society of Friends, he is herein and hereby disowned and disinherited."

Many are the records among those musty papers, of the pathetic tales of a father's stern sense of justice striking fire from the mother's love, as does the flint from the steel.

Nor has time altogether healed these wounds and closed the gap between families. In my boyhood days in Pennsylvania, nearly one hundred years since the occasions above cited, I remember among my playfellows Quaker lads, whose great pride it was that their grandfathers had served in the Continental Army; while I have seen tears of mortification on the cheeks of other lads because of the taunts that their grandfathers had not served in so great and glorious a cause.

The period immediately prior to the signing of the Declaration of Independence seems to have been one of the gravest import, as well as activity on the part of the patriots, to secure the passing of the Declaration of Independence; while the Tories strove with equal zeal to prevent it.

When finally it was reported to the Continental Congress, and laid upon the table in Independence Hall, amidst a silence so profound, all felt that the crisis had arrived, and many true patriots wavered as to their proper course of action.

The Rev. Dr. John Witherspoon, member from New Jersey, seeing that there was a hesitancy, and a tendency to pass over without taking any decided action, arose and said: "Mr. President, that noble instrument upon your table, which insures immortality to its author, should be subscribed, this very morning, by every pen in the house. He who will not subscribe to its accents, and strain every nerve to carry out its provisions, is unworthy the name of freeman. Although these gray hairs must descend into the sepulchre, I would infinitely rather they should descend thither by the hand of the executioner than desert, at this crisis, the sacred cause of my country." In response to a timid rejoinder that they were not ripe for it, he responded in a voice that rang as a trumpet: "In my judgment, sir, we are not only ripe, but rotten!"

Coming at the close of a spirited debate, when the influences for and against the ratification of the Declaration, seemed so evenly balanced, when the slightest pressure to turn for or against would have weighed so heavily, but seemed to be absent, the words of the Rev. Dr. Witherspoon are said to have produced a most profound impression; many there are to say that this was the influence that caused John Hancock, as President, to subscribe his name to that immortal paper, followed by every member of the Continental Congress.

It was this same man who, when after unnecessary delay, the messenger (Wilkinson) appeared on the floor of Congress bearing the

standards sent by General Gates, and Congress sought to reward him with a sword, moved to amend the resolution, that in place of a sword, it should read, "be rewarded with a pair of golden *spurs*."

The Rev. Dr. Vermilye, in his paper on "The Clergy in the Revolution," quotes this passage: "I shall always honor the clergy of '76, for they roused the people to the cause of liberty."

Mr. J. T. Headley, in "The Chaplains and Clergy of the Revolution," says: "It is unquestionably true, that, if the clergy had from the outset taken the decided and determined stand against the cause of the colonies, that they did for it, the result would have been totally different."

Upon an influence so pertinent, in the cause of liberty, history is strangely silent. "How superficially," says a writer, "the American historian has studied the Revolution," especially when he finds in the town "Committee of Safety," often organized by, and having the clergy at its head, and in the local petitions and resolutions, matter of such import and so necessary to the Revolutionary narrative, yet passes over and ignores an influence so potent as the activity of the clergy.

The express rider that bore the news of victory by the American arms at St. John's, the key to Canada, and with it an appeal for the naked, starving, victorious patriots, made no such mistake as did the historian: "He knew that the clergy were a committee of one, in every parish, to which all other committees, aye, and Provincial Congresses, too, looked for sympathy and support;" but rode straight to the door of the church in Connecticut, within which Parson Champion was preaching and praying for the cause of liberty. Tears of gladness flowed down the cheeks of the congregation as the good news was read to them, to spread like wildfire broadcast among the people. The loud huzza had not ceased to echo ere ovens glowed and looms hummed to supply the patriot band, and this, too, on a Puritan Sabbath afternoon.

If in this recital of their deeds, I should seem to impute to the clergy of the Revolution any preponderance of influence over gentlemen of the professions of law, medicine, or even that of arms, it is in no individual spirit, or trait of character, as of greater courage or loyalty on their part, but rather to a wider opportunity.

In that day, was not the church the forum? In the congregation were assembled high and low, of every condition and class, from far and near. Then too in their pastoral work, what opportunities for

sowing the seed of patriotism, and enthusing the hearts of their parishioners! The quarterly conference and annual conventions, in which clergy and laity assembled from every province and district, bringing the local news and events from each district, to be recast into the public sentiment of the day, and returned to the various provinces as the general news.

The clergy were at the head of the great institutions of learning throughout the land: through which source the entire youth became imbued with the idea of liberty, and the college became an institution where "President and students made common cause with the people; where an eloquent voice pleaded, and strong arms struck for liberty." Among these colleges were Yale, Harvard, Princeton and King's college; the latter expressing her patriotism by being rebaptized as Columbia college. In the position of the colleges in the Revolution, there is thought beyond the scope of this paper, and I venture to suggest to this venerable society, "The Influence of Our Colleges in the Revolution," as the topic for another paper worthy their consideration.

Gentlemen, have you ever stopped to consider what would have been the outcome of the struggle for liberty, had the Indians upon our border taken this opportunity to carry out their plan, of driving out, and exterminating, the white man? What horrors of border warfare would have been ours to contend with! What massacres of dear ones to mourn! That this terrible catastrophe was averted was due to the zealous labors of two clergymen, the one a member of the British Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, the other, the Rev. Dr. Kirkland. These men had spent many years among the Six Nations, laboring with such zeal and devotion as to win the love and esteem of the Indians.

Congress being informed that it was the intention of the Indians to use this opportunity to expel the settlers, requested that these two clergymen return among the tribes, and endeavor to dissuade them from rising against the whites. They succeeded in keeping the confederated tribes tranquil, with the exception of the famous Mohawk chief, Brant, who was responsible for the massacres of Mohawk valley, of Wyoming, and Minisink. While they were unable to control this famous chief, it was they that successfully conducted General Sullivan and his army to his undoing. These two men present a chapter in the history of the contest, without whose influence, you will agree, we could not successfully have contended against the power of Great Britain.

NEW YORK

CHARLES EDWARD BRUGLER

*(To be continued)*

## EARLY DAYS IN INDIANA

**I**T is said that when an Indian story-teller relates the history and the folk-lore legends of his tribe, he always begins by saying: "This is what my grandfather told me when I was a little boy."

Now, I am not an Indian nor much of a story-teller, but I am going to write a few homely incidents of pioneer life and I am going to begin just as though I were a Cherokee Indian historian, and will say before I begin that the incidents of which I write were related to me, from his own personal knowledge, by my grandfather, as we sat before the wood fire in the wide old fire-place, years and years ago.

"This is what my grandfather told me when I was a little boy."

His father came, with his wife and one child, from Buncombe county, North Carolina, in the early years of the nineteenth century (1810?). They came, with other settlers, by way of the old Indian trace (warrior's trace), a footpath used by the Indians, leading from the mountains of the southern states to the wilderness and Great Lakes of the north. The journey was made on horseback, the few household goods packed on one horse, the wife and child on another, while the husband and father walked alongside, with his trusty rifle ready for immediate business.

The little company settled in the western part of Jefferson county, along Neil's creek and my grandfather was born in a block-house where the village of Kent now stands, and which was then called Dobbinsville. Neil's creek was named for a man of that name who was lost in the woods while hunting cattle, and having no means of kindling a fire, crept into a hollow log to spend the night and was frozen to death.

The settlement was soon cleared, the land was new and strong and good crops were almost a certainty. But the settlers were compelled, much against their will, to share with the original denizens of the forests. Bears, deer, squirrels and wild turkeys made sad inroads on grain fields and the deer helped the settlers to dispose of the tobacco crop, eating the green leaves, to the last vestige, they being, curiously enough, the only animal that will eat "the weed."\*

Squirrels were by far the most troublesome animals, and late in

\*A mistake—the rock goat of North Africa is another.—(Ed.)

summer and fall, they collected in the field in hordes. Three or four times each day, all the men and boys, and often the women and girls, went through the fields with some noisemaking instrument, usually a "horse-fiddle," and frightened them out. Usually the frightening was done by one member of the family, while the others patrolled the fences and with the aid of the dogs, of which there was always from one to a dozen, slew the little rodents by dozens as they left the fields. The hams of the squirrels were preserved, salted and smoked in the wide mouthed chimneys, while the dogs fell heir to the remainder.

The woods abounded with deer and there was little trouble in supplying even the largest families with fresh venison. One of the favorite means of securing fine deer was to kill them after nightfall about the "licks or sulphur springs," where they came to drink in the darkness. This feat was accomplished by placing on the bank near the springs and on the windward side, a bit of spongy, rotten root of the sugar maple or beech tree, known as "fox-fire," (probably a corruption of phosphor), which shone with a phosphorescent glow in the darkness. On the opposite side of the Lick, a rifle placed on two crotched sticks was trained on the fox-fire, and a blind of green boughs thrust into the ground concealed the hunter. When the deer came to drink, the hunter waited until he came in range and when the fox-fire was hidden from view, he knew the deer was where he wanted him. Then a touch on the trigger, a flash a report, and nine times out of ten the deer was his.

My great-grandfather was an adept at this mode of hunting and on one occasion he met with an adventure which, but for the watchful presence of his dog, might have been serious. He had gone to a "lick" not far from home, had fixed his paraphernalia before dark and settled down to wait for the coming of a deer. He waited for three hours with the dog at his side but no deer rewarded his patience. The dog was uneasy and several times started up with a growl at a rustling in the leaves near at hand, but at a word from his master lay down again. Finally the old man's patience was exhausted and taking up his gun, he arose to return home. The dog growled and raised his bristles, scenting an unseen enemy. His master gave him permission to go and he needed no second bidding. He darted into the shadows and in a twinkling was mixed up in a terrific combat with a hidden foe, while the amazed hunter stood with his gun ready to shoot, but afraid to do so for fear of killing his dog. Finally, after a desperate struggle, the combatants drew apart

for a moment and the hunter stepped forward, and with the muzzle of his rifle almost touching the animal fired. Dragged into the light, the animal proved to be an enormous wildcat which had also been deer hunting, and, meeting with no success, had started man-hunting instead, and except for the presence of the faithful dog, would undoubtedly have attacked him in the screen of boughs.

Panthers or "painters" as they were called in those days, were also numerous and committed many depredations on live stock and poultry and would even attack a human when hungry. One summer afternoon my great-grandfather took his rifle and strolled out into the woods, seeking some stray calves. Passing along a path in the edge of the woods, he experienced that indefinable feeling we all have when under the fixed steady gaze of another's eye. Lifting his eyes, he met those of a huge panther crouched on the top of a sapling which had been broken down about twelve feet from the ground, resting on the stub. The animal was ready for a spring, but the hunter was too quick for him and a rifle ball brought him to mother earth.

A record of pioneer life without a bear hunt would be incomplete so I will tell you of two in which my own grandfather took part, hila-hi-yu (long ago), as the Indian story teller would say. Two young ladies returning late in the afternoon from a visit to a neighbor, saw a bear come out of the cornfield just ahead of them, cross the path and shamble into the woods. There had been much complaint in the neighborhood concerning the depredations of a bear which had stolen pigs, chickens and other things good for a bear's appetite, but whose lair could not be located. Here was a chance to track the robber home and the girls instantly took advantage of it. Keeping themselves hidden from the bear, they followed him through the woods for half a mile until he disappeared, in the hollow top of a huge leaning maple tree. Then, knowing that he was safe for a time, the girls hastened home and informed their fathers. No time was lost. The neighbors were summoned and in a short time a dozen men armed with guns and axes and guided by the two girls, surrounded the tree. A huge fire was kindled to light up the scene, for it was now dark in the forest, and while two sturdy axemen fell to chopping at the base of the tree, the others disposed themselves near where the top of the tree would strike the ground, expecting to make an easy conquest of Bruin when he appeared, stunned by the shock of the falling tree. In half an hour the tree came crashing down, splitting open from end to end, but no bear appeared. The hun-

ters stared in surprise until a yell from one of the axemen called their attention, and the clumsy beast appeared climbing out of the stump. With one accord, the riflemen ran toward the butt of the tree and as the huge animal shambled away amid the treacherous shadows, every gun in the party was discharged in his direction, but so far as could be learned, not a bullet touched him and he disappeared in the darkness.

One Sunday afternoon, late in the summer, my grandfather, who was then about grown, with another young man about the same age, went home from church or Sabbath school with a neighbor's son to take supper and remain until time for evening services. After supper, the man and his wife left the three boys to "do the chores," and started to church. After completing the chores, the boys started off just before dark. The path led through a "windfall," a tangled mass of logs and brush overgrown with blackberry briars, grape vines, whipsedge and bushes. About the middle of this delightful place, they stumbled on to a small black bear which had killed a pig and was making a meal of him. When the boys appeared, the bear left his quarry and darted into the thicket, but knowing that he would not go far, two of the boys remained on guard while the third returned to the house for a gun. When he returned, the three boys endeavored to get a shot at Bruin, but he was too shy to venture into the open. He could be heard sniffing, grunting and crashing through the tangle but was too wary to venture into view. At last the boys lost their patience and started through the jungle in pursuit and for two hours they payed hide-and-seek with Bruin in the moonlight, until the man and his wife returned from church, when the boys learned that the gun they carried was empty. When they realized the risk they had taken in chasing a hungry bear for three hours with an empty gun, their only consolation was in knowing that it was a cowardly little black bear and not a war-like grizzly.

One more incident and I am done. A lady returning from a visit to a sick neighbor, just before dark one evening, discovered that she was being followed by a panther. She quickened her pace and the animal did the same. When she slackened her footsteps, the panther did likewise. Knowing that the brute would overtake her, she took refuge in a deserted cabin in a small clearing, hoping to outwit him. Instead of passing, however, he came up and clawed at the door. The woman climbed into the loft and the panther soon clambered to the roof and began tearing at the boards. Fearing that the panther would gain an entrance, she descended and the animal did the same. All

night long the game of hide-and-seek went on until daylight appeared, when the panther was frightened away by a passing hunter and the woman released. The strain and horror of that terrible night in the lonely cabin, besieged by the savage beast was too much for her nerves and she died a few days later from the effects of sheer fright. This lady's name, if I remember rightly, was Gowans.

ROBERT MILLER.

*Indiana Magazine of History.*



## POPULAR NAMES OF THE STATES

Arkansas—Bear; so-called because of the bears which in early days infested its forests.

California—Golden.

Colorado—Centennial; so-called because its Constitution was ratified by the people, July 1, 1876.

Connecticut has two names—Land of Steady Habits, given in allusion to the moral character of her inhabitants; and Nutmeg, which is far less complimentary, since it was bestowed on account of the people's supposed business shrewdness, who were jocosely accused of being so clever at a trade that they could palm off wooden nutmegs for the genuine articles.

Delaware also has two names—Blue Hen and Diamond. I have no means at hand for verifying the former except that during the Revolutionary War the Delaware soldiers were known as "The Blue Hen's Chickens", from the device on their flag. The latter name is given for this State's small size and great worth or supposed importance.

Florida—Flower.

Georgia—Empire State of the South.

Illinois—Prairie.

Indiana—Hoosier; because the inhabitants were often called Hoosiers—a corruption of "husher", formerly a common term for a bully.

Iowa—Hawkeye; said to be so-named for an Indian chief, formerly a terror to the *voyageurs* to its borders.

Kentucky—Blue Grass—Dark and Bloody Ground; the second is a translation of the State's name, an epitome of the conflicts between the white settlers and their red foes, but the name originated in the fact that this was the grand battle-ground between the Southern and Northern Indians.

Louisiana—Creole—Pelican.

Maine—Pine Tree—Lumber.

Maryland—Old Line.

Massachusetts—Bay.

Michigan—Wolverine.

Minnesota—North Star—Gopher. This State's motto "L'étoile du Nord," seems to explain its first appellation.

Mississippi—Bayou.

Missouri—Bullion—(from "Old Bullion"—Thomas H. Benton?)

Montana—Mountain.

Nebraska—Tree-planter—(from "Arbor Day").

Nevada—Silver.

New Hampshire—Granite.

New York—Empire; this State is the most populous and wealthiest in the Union.

North Carolina—Old North—Turpentine.

North Dakota—Sioux.

Ohio—Buckeye, on account of its many buckeye (*Aesculus flava*) trees.

Oregon—Beaver—Sunset.

Pennsylvania—Keystone; so-called because it was the central State of the Union at the formation of the Constitution; were the names of the thirteen original States arranged in the form of an arch, Pennsylvania would occupy the place of the keystone.

Rhode Island—Little Rhody.

South Carolina—Palmetto.

South Dakota—Coyote.

Tennessee—Volunteer.

Texas—Lone Star, from the device on the State coat-of-arms.

Vermont—Green Mountain.

Virginia—Old Dominion: the origin of this name is variously explained. Perhaps the best account is that Captain John Smith called Virginia "Old Virginia" to distinguish it from "New Virginia" as the New England Colony was called. The colony of Virginia was alluded to in documents as "the colony and dominion of Virginia," hence the phrase, "the Old Dominion." (*The Standard Dictionary of Facts.*)

Mother of Presidents—A name given because Virginia had furnished the Union with six Presidents. Since its bestowal a seventh son has been added in the person of Woodrow Wilson.

Washington—Evergreen.

West Virginia—Panhandle, given on account of the long, narrow portion of this State, between the Ohio River and the Pennsylvania boundary, resembling a panhandle.

Wisconsin—Badger.

#### POPULAR NAMES GIVEN THE INHABITANTS OF SOME STATES IN THE UNION

Lizards—Alabama.

Toothpicks—Arkansas. (An "Arkansas toothpick" was a Bowie Knife.)

Gold Hunters—California.

Rovers—Colorado.

Wooden Nutmegs—Connecticut.

Blue Hen's Chickens, Muskrats—Delaware.

Fly-up-the-Creeks—Florida.

Buzzards—Idaho.

Suckers—Illinois.

Hoosiers—Indiana.

Hawkeyes—Iowa.

Jayhawkers—Kansas.

Corncrackers—Kentucky.

Creoles—Louisiana.

Foxes—Maine.

Crawthumpers—Maryland.

Bean Eaters—Massachusetts.

Wolverines—Michigan.

Gophers—Minnesota.

Tadpoles—Mississippi.  
Pukes—Missouri.  
Bug Eaters—Montana.  
Sage Hens—Nevada.  
Granite Boys—New Hampshire.  
Jersey Blues, Clamcatchers—New Jersey.  
Knickerbockers—New York.  
Tar Heels—North Carolina.  
Tuckoes—North Dakota.  
Buckeyes—Ohio.  
Webfeet—Oregon. (Because of the damp climate.)  
Pennamites,\* Leatherheads—Pennsylvania.  
Gunflints—Rhode Island.  
Weasels—South Carolina.  
Butternut Whelps—Tennessee.  
Beefheads—Texas.  
Green Mountain Boys—Vermont.  
Beadies—Virginia.  
Panhandlers—West Virginia.  
Badgers—Wisconsin.

The above lists may interest those of your readers who do not have access to reference books that give such information.

#### FALL RIVER.

#### *Boston Transcript.*

(But the Editor does not recommend Northern visitors to the Rio Grande section of Texas to accost the inhabitants as "Beefheads"—it might require explanations!)

\*Because of the rivalry between the early settlers of the Wyoming Valley—the Connecticut settlers and those backed by John Penn, then Governor of Pennsylvania.

## ROCHAMBEAU

### (PART II.)

THE Prussian system had already impressed itself on the imagination of military Europe, and they were apt to ascribe Frederick's successes to the work of the drill sergeants, and to imagine that their ill success was because Frenchmen and Englishmen privates in the ranks had not been reduced to the condition of mechanical automata; not looking further and not appreciating the fact that without Frederick the Prussian infantry broke and ran and that with Marshal Saxe the undrilled household of the King at Fontenoy broke the solid Prussianised English line. They did not solve the secret taught at Cannæ by Hannibal, of the retarded wing, of the flank-oblique attack, which Frederick had thoroughly learned and handed down to his successors, a system of tactics that only last year in Frederick's own way defeated two great Russian armies, whose officers prayed for the Prussian private, and whose privates with more reason prayed for Prussian generals.

Saxe however was not bedazzled; he did not believe the French infantry suited to the ranged battle of the open plain, but that it shone in the assault and capture of places of position. He also appreciated the superiority of the French artillery and the fact that France had almost the only corps of engineers to be found in any European army, and decided to put to good use this superiority. The Prussian artillery was inferior not only in guns but in men, as the "System" at that time could not furnish the brains and intelligence necessary; for the same reason there was no corps of engineers and no hospital service.

Marshal Saxe dismounted his cavalry and set these cavaliers with their falls of lace, their dolmans and sweeping plumes to digging ditches. Behind his columns rumbled the heaviest cannon obtainable, their fire was concentrated on this or that part of the enemy's line or fortress, and after their fire had more or less successfully pulverized resistance. *Messieurs* the infantry swarmed out of their trenches and with song and shout and famous battle cries, led by the young nobility, charged to almost inevitable victory. The war in Flanders then was not far different from the war in Flanders now.

At Fontenoy and Lauffeldt, at Namur, and Liége and Louvain, none of which places Saxe considered it necessary to burn and ruin, none of whose inhabitants were held as hostages, hanged or shot; at Bergen-op-Zoom and Kloster-Seven, Rochambeau did his part. He was severely wounded at Lauffeldt in the head and recalled to consciousness by a shot in his thigh, and stood, bleeding and supported by his soldiers, to cheer on Royal Auvergne to the assault, the same Auvergne that he was to remind of its motto, "Auvergne Sans Tâche" at Yorktown.

Finally the army was before Maestricht, the strongest fortress in the Netherlands, and as the last action of this war perhaps we shall have time to give Rochambeau's own account of how the war ended.

"It was under these circumstances" (provisions and ammunition were getting low, the garrison had made some successful sorties and the roads and trenches were filled with mud and snow, while the Meuse had overflowed its banks) 'that the Marshals decided to attempt an attack in lively force against all the exterior works of the covered way or those in advance of the covered way, the demi-lune and the works on the corners. All had been prepared for the escalade that night. I was in the trenches with the Swiss Guards, M. de Marbourg, Lieutenant-General, there commanded.

He summoned the captains of the grenadiers and the Colonels to explain their arrangements. I had the duty of supporting with the regiment de la Marche an escalade which would devolve upon M. de Cleemontze with three hundred volunteers. I remember a dispute that M. de Latour-Marbourg ended in a manner noble and worthy of a French General. It was queried among the companies of the Grenadiers whether the Swiss Guards, as a foreign organization, should have a company of French grenadiers in advance.

As a matter of fact no one was very keen to sustain that post of honor; M. de Marbourg when it was called to his attention, called out to the Chief of Staff, 'Come here quickly, straighten out their ranks; they all wish to be first and it will create confusion.' At my return to my flag I recounted to my old Lieutenant Colonel the task with which we should be charged at nightfall. 'My Colonel,' said he, 'you should immediately subscribe for one of those musket shots you received last year, for these various attacks give me the impression of a lively dance.' A captain of the regiment came to me and told me that peace had been

made; I thought him a fool and did not reply." The report, however, was true and the intended attack did not take place, for couriers arrived with news of the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle. The results of the war in which Prussia had appeared or disappeared as convenience suited her, was in the words of Carlyle, "To Prussia Silesia, to the rest nothing."

In 1749, Rochambeau, having, he says, "luckily escaped two marriages with women who turned out ill," married Mademoiselle Telles d'Acosta,—"My Star gave me such a woman as I should have desired, she brought me a *dot* thrice that provided by my parents for my marriage, but above all a character and an education which have ever won the highest admiration from our friends. She had made my happiness all my life, and I hope on my part to have made hers by a most tender love from which I have not varied for an instant during more than sixty years."

The next two years, almost the only ones of peaceful life he was to have, he spent in the company of his young wife. He was exhausted with wounds, "bled almost white," had frequent hemorrhages, while his wife had the small-pox and they spent their time nursing each other, turn and turn about. The first year his wife had a baby daughter, who shortly died. The next she gave birth to a son, who accompanied Rochambeau to America, became Lieutenant General, fought Toussaint L'Ouverture in St. Domingo and died sword in hand, one of Napoleon's leaders, at Leipzig in the Battle of the Nations. The young couple were also part of the Court, and by birth part of the brilliant society of the day, but as always, and like La Fayette a little later, Rochambeau did not make much impression, was bored to distraction and sought the first opportunity to return to his regiment.

Here he was engaged in hunting smugglers, and it is a curious commentary on the efficiency of the French monarchy that bands of smugglers and highwaymen infested the interior of the country, sometimes in as great numbers as ten thousand in a body, and that it was necessary to employ veteran regiments of the line to preserve order. He also so drilled his regiment under the new regulations that at inspection it was considered the first in point of efficiency. On the same day as the inspection and as the Inspector General sat at dinner with him in an open field at the foot of the citadel, complimenting him upon his success, arrived news of a fresh war which had broken out with England, known in our history as King George's war. Rochambeau

was much chagrined that his splendid regiment was not assigned at once for active duty, but philosophically repeated the maxim that was always on his lips, "In war it is always better to take your luck as it comes without complaint" and adds that the event proves the maxim, for the result was that he and his regiment were assigned to the brilliant operation at Mahon, the last great victory that France was to enjoy until Yorktown and from which Rochambeau obtained a Brigadier General's commission.

The French private must have been a gallant fellow in those days, for the means of discipline employed by Richelieu, the commander at Mahon, to prevent too much drinking of the fiery Southern wine, was to forbid the offenders doing their turn of duty in the trenches and assaults.

The next war, the great Seven Years' War, broke out soon after, the conditions preceding which were not unlike those preceding the present war. Europe had become convinced that Prussia intended to become dominant in Germany, and that no small State was safe from her ambition, and that no treaty would hold Frederick. A series of alliances had been made by which Russia, Austria, France and some of the smaller countries had an understanding. France had guaranteed the inviolability of Saxony. England on account of the interests of her kings in Hanover was ranged on the side of Prussia and on account of Canada against France in America.

Men entered the war lightly. Prussia with a population of four and a half millions and English subsidies faced populations of seventy-five millions and the riches and resources of Europe, but the four and a half millions won. Had the seventy-five millions had one more man and that man Marshal Saxe, who had died shortly after the close of the war in Flanders, or one less woman and that woman Madame Pompadour, who appointed and discharged generals as the whim seized her and abandoned Canada to its own defence, the seventy-five millions would probably have won, or had the four and a half millions had one less man and that one Frederick the Great, they might have lost. One other thing had tremendous effect, and is food for reflection; in the midst of the war when it seemed as though Prussia must succumb to the resources and numbers of the allies, the Czar of Russia died and his pro-German heir immediately changed over to the side of Frederick.

France entered the war much as England entered the present war; it was on receipt of the news that Frederick had suddenly invaded Saxony; then as now official Berlin could not understand how a great nation could pay so much respect to a small treaty.

Throughout the war Rochambeau fought, charged, was defeated, was wounded, retreated and advanced like his fellows. Whenever, which was seldom, he was given an independent command, he did well, —to relate all this is merely to re-tell the history of the Seven Years' War, at the close of which France signed the most humiliating treaty of her history and for the first time since the days of Philip II of Spain lost the hegemony of the civilized world. England had also by gaining Canada, lost the rest of North America but did not appreciate it. The taxes made necessary by these wars were to be the efficient cause of revolution in both hemispheres.

The next years were spent by Rochambeau in carrying into effect the reforms proposed for the army, one of which was the introduction, following the Prussian fashion, of flogging; this was little liked by the officers themselves and was of little efficacy. When the Revolution came it was found to have been a blunder, for the French soldiers were then like ours today, volunteers, and were addressed as "Gentlemen of the Army" and were of a decidedly higher class than the privates of the British army or the Hessians or Brunswickers. Much has been written of their hardships, of their eight sous a day and their bad food, but in Germany private soldiers were unpaid serfs, and in England no better fed or provided for.—Travellers in 1789 spoke of the well-fed appearance of the French soldiers, and even in America Rochambeau wonders at the meagreness of the food provided for the American soldiers. Great as were the sufferings that preceded the French Revolution it is possible that the Revolution was not caused so much by the greater sufferings of the French people as by their greater prosperity and intelligence in comparison with the rest of Europe. English farm laborers, Prussian serfs, American slaves, all were of the corresponding class to the much pitied French peasants. It may be of some interest to note, inasmuch as the low stature of the French has been ascribed to the Napoleonic wars, that the minimum height for the infantry soldier was five feet one inch.

Following the driving of the French from Canada the American question began to trouble London, and some years after the peace

Rochambeau suggested to the Duke of Brunswick, who afterwards sold his soldiers to George III, and who was in Strasburg to meet and talk over his campaigns with the officers lately opposed to him, that he ought to go to America and play the role of William III.

"That castle in Spain," said the Duke, "has passed through my imagination, but Monsieur, it will be an age before those Colonies, divided by customs, language and religion and who cordially detest each other, will unite and form a confederation. When they do revolt they will demand the utmost liberty and will not quit one master to take another."

In 1778 "The troubles of America began to engage us in her quarrel," says Rochambeau, and he was placed in command of considerable bodies of troops which were stationed in a large camp on the coast, to await one of those opportunities which never arrived, for a descent on England. The department was under the command of Marshal de Broglie, who was always a friend of Rochambeau and for whom the latter had great respect, although the older man tired him out with his prolix stories. During the months of waiting the two engaged jointly in army manoeuvres, one commanding against the other, and in which Rochambeau came off victor, a feather in his cap and one reason presumably for his obtaining the command of the American expedition. Before this came about however, and after twenty years of continual activity in the grade of Maréchal de Camp, (corresponding to our Brigadier General) and having commanded, as he says, the two first years the position of highest danger and responsibility, that of advance guards, he was finally made Lieutenant General, at a time when many promotions were being made, and when there was a general for every one hundred and eighty-seven privates. Slow as had been his promotion he had the satisfaction, rare among his colleagues, of knowing that he had earned every step of it; that neither the smiles of a mistress nor the flattery of a courtier had carried him along step by step to the rank he had attained, but that hard work, devotion to his duty as he saw it, wounds many, gallantry, honesty of purpose, had been the sole price paid. There were still grades above him but he was at fifty-four in sight of the heights.

At the end of February he was sick with inflammatory rheumatism and on his way home to settle the estate of his father who had just died.

He was sound asleep in Paris when at midnight a royal courier, surrounded with an escort whose blazing torches startled the quarter into wakefulness, rode to his door, thundered at his knocker and called on Rochambeau to immediately get up, and announced that he bore an order for the General to proceed at once to Versailles to receive the orders of the King.

Rochambeau knowing that for a message of this sort neither inflammatory rheumatism nor a February night would serve for an excuse, rose and rode twenty miles to Versailles, where he received in a room where the Council had sat all night and the candles, large around as a man's arm, were guttering low, his commission to set out as soon as possible at the head of an expedition intended for America. He was at once all interest in regard to the details. He was informed that Congress had written and La Fayette had come over to press their request, that unless ships, money and men were sent at once the cause was "assassinated." "How many men would be sent?" They told him: he shook his head, some one else must then command the expedition, or they must send double the number: he gave his reasons, —they were clear, concise, unanswerable,—the King agreed with him and the matter was settled.

Then ensued a weary time of delays and disappointments, due to the inefficiency of the department of the marine, in regard to which Rochambeau goes into detail but which may not delay us. Of that which is more interesting but of which a thousand memoirs, letters and papers of the time are full, the effect of the news of the American expedition upon the youth of France, he says never a word,—the nobility the gentry, the intellectuals, all the army officers intrigued, bribed and fought to be taken.

There is a pathos felt after these hundred years at the intense longing of those young men to break away from a tottering system and see for themselves the actual dawn of what every one hoped and none believed could come to pass. Those who had horses sold them, those that could borrow went into debt, those who had nothing went just the same, asking to be taken in any capacity. In the ranks of Lauzun's Legion were cadets of the best blood in France serving as private soldiers. The roll of the line and staff reads like a romance. There is St. Simon, son of Rochambeau's old Colonel, founder of modern socialism, there are the Lameths who mastered for a longer time than many

the terrible Assembly, there is Custine, bravest of the brave, who commanded one of those revolutionary armies of the Rhine, was falsely accused of ambition and guillotined; there is Fersen, Colonel of the Royal Swedes, on whom it was whispered the young queen looked too kindly, who went, it is said, at a hint that scandal was abroad. He is the one who made all the preparations in regard to the flight to Varennes. It was on his arm the Queen leaned when she stole from the Tuilleries and struck pettishly with her parasol at the wheel of La Fayette's carriage as he made his rounds. There is the Duke of Deux Ponts, of the reigning family of Bavaria. There is Lauzun, afterwards Duc de Biron, the wildest profligate in France, who had suddenly surprised the army with a most able pamphlet on the administration of the English army, who would not be controlled by any one, not even by Rochambeau, and who raised, equipped and was proprietor of an independent command called the Legion, in which were gathered the wild-est spirits of Paris and of France, but whose discipline was perfect, who fought bravely, and to whom the hearts of the Connecticut farmers among whom they were quartered warmed surprisingly. The Duke himself, than whom no one was more proud of his name and station, took delight in the conversation of the Yankee blacksmiths and corner store philosophers. In the time of the Revolution he subdued Vendée, but because of the kind heart underneath his arrogant manner would not shoot his prisoners, so the Revolutionary Tribunal guillotined him, and he died annoying his executioners "with a proud bearing and a jest on his lips." There is Dumas of the family of the novelist, in whose romances you may find many an incident of the life of de Biron's uncle, who was wilder than the nephew and of whom the nephew loved to talk at the mess table. The uncle was the friend of de Guiche of the "Viscomte de Bragelonne," aspired to the hand of the "Grand Mademoiselle" and had the interview with and broke his sword in the presence of Louis XIV, which Dumas ascribes, dividing the incident in two, to d'Artagnan and Athos, in the quarrel over La Vallière. One could go on in this way in regard to these young Frenchmen indefinitely, but perhaps one more brief mention will suffice: When Rochambeau's ship had set sail from Brest, there came swimming out a lad who was pulled on board all dripping. He had a curiously large head, he stuttered and contorted his face as he answered their questions. His name was Berthier and by hook or crook he intended to go to America, and to America he went, though with the second contingent, for he was put

ashore. A few years later he was chief of staff to Napoleon, and Prince of Wagram and Neufchatel.

The arrival of the French Army in America, its services, its wonderful discipline, the tact, discretion . good judgment and ability of its commander are familiar facts of our own history. The planning and carrying out of the Yorktown expedition, a military classic, is now generally ascribed to Rochambeau. He suggested it, he arranged for the co-operation of the fleet, to him most historians give the credit. There is ample glory without Yorktown for Washington. One or two comments made by Rochambeau in his memoirs are not too familiar, although the part dealing with America has been translated and published. When he first saw the American Army he was astonished to find them without uniforms, but one of the most perfectly disciplined forces he had ever seen; but he had a feeling of sadness on noticing that the ranks were filled principally with "children of fifteen and negroes."—Your proud society should remember this, and have some kindness toward the humble people whose presence has caused us so much trouble and who have so much with which to contend.—Many of these shuffling figures, with kindly grinning black faces have as good Revolutionary blood in their veins as any white man in the land.

He also pays, later in his memoirs, a compliment to the New England militia, who on one or two occasions marched to the assistance of the French at Newport. It is when he is relating the rush of the French to the colors when Danton declared the country in danger: "I would not have supposed it possible, never in my life have I seen anything like it except in America." His own trained regulars had their own troubles in their white, close-fitting uniforms in the hot American summer; he lost ten per cent. who fell out from exhaustion on the first long march, and his respect for the Americans increased, for these lean, slender boys, in calico shirts and overalls, lived apparently on nothing, campaigned all day without fatigue and outmarched his veterans. I suspect that the lack of uniforms in our forces may have been partly due to the fact that young America, then as now, got down as far as possible to first principles in summer weather, certainly in the earlier part of the war. Jackson's Massachusetts regiment, Glover's Marble-headers with their blue jackets and trousers, the Maryland Line, the greatest "Macaronis" in the Army, Morgan's riflemen, all were uniformed. At any rate he promptly put one of his own regiments into the American "overalls" to the great approval of men and officers.

In this time of "preparedness" I earnestly commend this incident to my friends in the Army, and trust that when the German Guards or the British Grenadiers land at the Battery, that if the landing is in hot weather our army will throw away those felt uniform trousers that bind so tightly at the knee and that will chafe between the legs, and the canvas gaiters that compress the calf, even though Tommy Atkins did wear them in Africa and later in Belgium, and will put our men into the real American uniform that was worn at Lexington and has been adopted on the ballfield even by the regimental nines, who prefer it to the service uniform when strenuous athletic work is required; or if that is not military enough will go back to the smocks of Morgan's Riflemen, that La Fayette considered the most practicable uniform in the world, or will adopt the "calico" shirts and "overalls" of Washington. Uniforms lost the day to the Hessians at Bennington and had something to do with the defeat of Pitcairn's regulars on that hot nineteenth of April at Lexington, and the lack of uniforms helped the Middlesex farmers and Danton's barefoot recruits on the Rhine,—the armies of Pichegru and Hoche were *sans-culottes*.

Rochambeau also thoroughly admired, liked and respected the American officers. The old soldier and aristocrat who had been the intimate of Richelieu, and Soubise and Marshals Saxe, and Mouchy and Lowendal and the Comte de Clermont, who had "ridden in the King's carriages and supped in his cabinet," and been of the military family of the Duke of Orleans, had associated with, had fought with and against in the most famous campaigns of the world the greatest captains, who knew his own profession to his finger tips, found the most congenial society of his life in association with the self-taught Cornhill clerk, Henry Knox, who had learned French by "rule of thumb" and whom Chastellux, one of Rochambeau's officers, a member of the French Academy, and himself a great gentleman, considered the "most courtly man of his time" and with the Virginia surveyor, Washington. In both he appreciated that which had up to that time failed of appreciation in himself, honest frankness and sincerity of purpose. "In life, till death" he wrote to Washington in farewell, "my friendship shall continue."

BOSTON.

MARSHALL P. THOMPSON.

*(To be continued)*

## THE MIXED CLAIMS COMMISSION

### LIGHT ON A LITTLE-KNOWN INCIDENT OF INTERNATIONAL DIFERENCES

ONE event in the settlement of the differences between Great Britain and the United States which occurred during the period immediately following the American Revolution, appears to have been but barely mentioned or wholly neglected by historians: viz. the objects, work and termination of the Board of Commissioners, sometimes called the "Mixed Claims Commission," appointed by the two governments, in accordance with the provisions of the Sixth Article of the "Treaty of Amity, Commerce and Navigation," to settle the claims made by British subjects for debts contracted before peace was declared in 1783.

When, in 1794, John Jay was sent to England empowered to make a permanent treaty of Amity and Commerce, he demanded indemnity for all vessels illegally captured by English privateers and men-of-war; but in return, after much discussion and many protests, he was obliged to allow the Sixth Article to be incorporated in the treaty.

This article provided for a commission of five members, two to be appointed by Great Britain and two by the United States; the fifth was to be chosen by lot from two names proposed by the members already appointed. Three of these commissioners were to constitute a Board and have power "to do any act appertaining to the said commission, provided that one of the commissioners named on each side and the fifth commissioner were present," and all decisions were to be made by a majority of the commissioners then present.

Newly discovered rough minutes and letter books written by the secretary give practically a complete history of the *personnel*, work, and final disbandment of this commission.

The Board of Commissioners met for organization at Philadelphia on the 29th of May, 1797. There were present: Thomas Macdonald and Henry Pye Rich, appointed by Great Britain; Thomas Fitzsimons and Col. James Innis, representing the United States. After reading their commissions, lots were cast for the fifth commissioner. Chance favored Mr. Guillemard and gave to Great Britain a majority in the Board. Col. Innis died August 2nd, 1798, during the yellow fever

epidemic in Philadelphia, and Samuel Sitgreaves was appointed in his place. Others officially connected with the Commission were Griffith Evans, of Philadelphia, Secretary; John Read, Jr., United States Agent; and William Moore Smith, general agent to assist British creditors in presenting their claims to the Board.

From the very first friction was distinctly evident between the British and American Commissioners. The former desired to divide the cases brought before them into classes, and to formulate rules of procedure for each class; the latter wished to decide each case separately on its merits. But the English were in the majority, and classified the claims under the following heads;

1. Claims for interest during the war alone.
2. Claims for payments made pursuant to laws of particular States.
3. Claims for payments made under the impediment of the instalment laws of South Carolina.
4. Claims for alleged illegal decisions of the courts of justice.
5. Claims made by firms where part of the company were British subjects.
6. Claims for debts due from States lately provinces.
7. Claims of all descriptions made by refugees, excepting those of North Carolina.
8. Provincial and all other claims.

As case after case came up, the antagonism grew more apparent. The agents for the two nations indulged in sarcasm and even vituperation in pressing their cases; the British contingent voted as one and overruled the two Americans; and the United States commissioners opposed to the last nearly every motion made by their colleagues. Mr. Sitgreaves at last decided that secession was the only method of preventing practically every case, no matter how strong or how trivial it might be, from being settled in favor of the British claimants. This course of action was suggested by that clause in the treaty which provided that one member from the United States must be present at every meeting at which a vote was taken. Mr. Sitgreaves left the Board after a heated argument over expressions used by the British commissioners which he considered derogatory to the United States government. Mr. Fitzsimons remained in his seat, and attended two more sessions, when he too seceded. On the 19th the remaining commissioners received a let-

ter from their American colleagues, declaring that a statement of their views and opinions, together with an explanation of their action in the late unpleasant occurrences, would soon be forthcoming. This statement was not rendered until September 2nd, an interval of six weeks.

Meanwhile the Board could do no business. Many claims were awaiting action, witnesses were present from far and near for examination, and agents for both sides desired to be heard; but nothing could be accomplished until the American commissioners would attend. Many letters were written by the British contingent to the secessionists, at first conciliatory, then arrogantly, and finally with sarcastic denunciation.

In the latter part of August the American commissioners consented to hear the arguments in the Inglis case and to settle the Hanbury claim, provided, "no other subjects should be discussed at that meeting without their consent." This condition was proposed by the English representatives to obtain the attendance of Mr. Sitgreaves and Mr. Fitzsimons, but the very nature of the Inglis case forbade its observation, and the meeting only served to fan the flames of discord which already threatened the destruction of the Commission.

On September 2nd, 1799, the long-heralded statement was sent. It reviewed the work of the Board from the beginning and pointed out the differences of opinion and action between the members:

The principles and positions from time to time asserted and maintained, with the concurrence of three Commissioners—which on the clearest conviction we hold to be repugnant to the true intent and spirit of the Treaties—which are of a nature so unqualified and of an extent so universal, as to comprise almost the entire mass of claims and to reject all discrimination between them;—presented serious and alarming cause of apprehension that in the necessary application of those principles and positions to the particular cases, an effect would be produced to charge the United States with an immense amount of debt for which they have never supposed themselves accountable by any rule of general law or special compact \* \* \* \* The opinion solemnly and deliberately advanced and asserted in the Resolution proposed with the concurrence of three Commissioners in the case of Andrew Allen; connected with and explained by the deliberate declaration of Mr. Macdonald, assented to by Mr. Rich and Mr. Guillenard at the meeting of the Board on the 18th July "that America was before the Treaty of peace, and must now be considered as having then been relative to Great Britain *in a state of Rebellion*" leaves us no choice of conduct, but irresistibly prescribes to us a separation from the Board where such sentiments are thus expressed, and by a majority of its members, held and maintained as fundamental principles of construction and decision \* \* \* \* We have earnestly endeavored to avert the consequences to which a perseverance on your part, in such offensive and unreasonable topics must inevitably lead. We have not concealed our sense of these conse-

quences, and finding those topics persisted in, notwithstanding our remonstrances, it becomes us now to declare that the Independence of our Country was never submitted to our arbitration; that we cannot consent to make it a subject of question or discussion; that most assuredly we can never consent to expose ourselves to a situation where the maintenance of positions thus affecting the honor of our Nation, and not speculatively and necessarily connected with the exercise of our powers, must directly, extensively and injuriously affect also its just rights in relation to the very objects of our Functions \* \* \* \* The unequivocal declaration which you have expressed, has been deliberately formed and considered as inseparably connected with the discharge of duty on your part, compels us to despair of being able to meet you on terms of practicable agreement. The line of separation is now too strongly and distinctly marked. The points of difference are too many and too important and the conviction on either side, is apparently too firmly settled to be shaken by any mutual effort.—We shall indeed rejoice if, in this, we are mistaken \* \* \* \* We would bring to your recollection that it has been uniformly our wish to proceed regularly and successively to the examination of the cases presented to us in the order in which they were preferred; and to decide each case on its own merits and circumstances with as little loss of time as the readiness of the parties and their exhibition of proof would admit us \* \* \* \* But instead of a course as we conceive so rational, and so much in the natural and usual stile of business; the majority of the Board have judged it expedient to establish in the first instance a succession of theories or principles \* \* \* \* which seems to offer us for the future no official employment but to receive the proof and cast up the amount of debts—and which establishes in effect \* \* \* \* every claim of a person who was a British subject at the date of the Treaty of Peace \* \* \* \* To this system of injurious construction and the consequences resulting from them, it is not now in our power to oppose any other resistance than by declining to attend in the Board—during our attendance in it we have undeviatingly but ineffectually opposed them—and the time has now arrived when the opinions of the majority having been declared as we are told, on all the preliminary questions of material import, it remains only to carry those opinions into effect by the decisions and awards of all the Board.—We believe it to be our duty to prevent this result—and finding in the Treaty the means of prevention without exposing to just hazard the friendship and good understanding of the high contracting parties, we have determined to employ these means, in full confidence that they will eventually contribute to the accomplishment of justice and the preservation of harmony.

A hastily-written but emphatic reply was made the following day, in part as follows:

\* \* \* \* The greater part of that letter is composed of arguments which we have often heard in the Board, and to which we paid the utmost attention when they were delivered; of the very unfair and mutilated representation of opinions which are to be found fully and correctly recorded in the minutes of the Board. \* \* \* \* So completely falacious are the impressions which this mode of misrepresentation is calculated to produce that there are but few of our opinions of which we can discover any distinct trace throughout the whole of your much laboured letter \* \* \* \*

On September 5th Mr. Rich, in resigning from the Board, wrote a letter which thoroughly exasperated the American Commissioners and provoked the following reply:

\* \* \* \* Whatever may be the inferiority of our pretensions in other respects to the Gentlemen with whom we have been associated, and with whom we are far from aspiring to any competition of ability or usefulness, we trust that the whole tenor of our communications with them in and out of the Board, sufficiently proves that we have at least equally fulfilled the duties of personal deference, moderation and politeness—nor have we at any time supposed that a difference of opinion, on points of whatever importance, or however manifest to our judgment, could be a sufficient reason to justify us in an uncharitable and indecorous imputation on their motives and integrity.—If it is imagined that such an imputation gives you any advantage in the unfortunate misunderstanding which has taken place, and which we had wished to confine to considerations strictly official, we are content to yield you that advantage, and still to govern ourselves by the rules that should at all times prevail in the intercourse of Gentlemen with each other.

The English members again addressed their colleagues on September, 30:

Your suspension of our official business having left us at leisure for inferior occupations, we have again perused your long letter of the 2nd instant, and will now with reference to our last, communicate some of the many additional observations which the examination of that composition suggests \* \* \* \* The little policy of temporary expedient for immediate convenience would suggest that you make the experiment on grounds of certain gain and no loss—but a better policy would prove that you make it at the hazard of all that is truly valuable to a nation. The immediate gain is indeed most manifest—Delay is certain gain—You complain of the great amount of claims for compensation; and every hours of delay may remove a witness or destroy a document \* \* \* \* Much of your letter is occupied by professions of great liberality of sentiment, of "extreme" personal "solicitude," of deep disappointment and regret; while we profess nothing more than to be just in purpose and determined in execution \* \* \* \* Lastly we admit that as from all that has passed your whole course and habits of thinking, even on points of ordinary obligation and duty, appear to be diametrically opposite to those of the three other Members of the Board; and the very oath you have taken, simple and unequivocal as it appears to be, has received from you, it would seem an interpretation altogether inconceivable to us; and as our imaginations cannot suggest on what grounds of consistency *you* will ever find yourselves at liberty to suffer the majority of the Board to decide, except on such principles as you may think proper to approve, "the points of difference are too many and too important, the line of separation is now too strongly and distinctly marked" to leave the most distant ground of expectation that *you* will ever meet us—on terms of practicable "agreement."

The above epistle closed the controversy. That no answer was made by the American members was, perhaps, due to a fear of publication. Mr. Jay's Treaty of Amity had aroused a fury of protest throughout the country, and the British members of any commission appointed under that treaty would have received scant courtesy at the hands of the people, if a published report should show a strong partiality for English interests.

The commission practically ceased to exist with the last hearing

of the Inglis case, though the British components met until September 2, 1799, when Mr. Rich returned to England. The office of the commission was kept open until May 7, 1802, when it was abolished by the full ratification of the treaty, and the papers were turned over to the agents of the respective countries.

By the insertion of the Sixth Article in the Treaty of Amity, Commerce, and Navigation, Mr. Jay secured over ten million dollars' damages for captured vessels, while not more than one-fifth of that amount was paid to the English creditors for the three hundred and ten claims examined by the Mixed Claims Commission. The quiet disbandment effected by the withdrawal of the American commissioners, and the silence maintained concerning the disputes in the Board, aroused no wide-spread antagonism between the two nations, and the full ratification of the treaty followed.

A few contemporary pamphlets comprise the only material published on the subject, and these merely review some of the more important claims from a partisan standpoint to absolve the English commissioners from all blame in the final disbandment. These pamphlets, so far as discovered, are as follows:

The | Claim | and | Answer | in the Case of | William Cunningham & Co.\* | against | the United States; | under the sixth article of the treaty of Amity, | Commerce and Navigation, between his Britannic | Majesty and the United States of America. | (line) | Philadelphia: | Printed by John Fenno | M, DCCC, XCVIII.

\*William Cunningham & Co. carried on an extensive business in Brunswick, Virginia, before the war, giving large credit until the crops were harvested, when they expected their bills to be paid. At the outbreak of the war the petitioners were obliged to leave the country with over £1,300 due them from the citizens of Virginia, and claimed that after the war legal impediments prevented them from recovering their just dues. The United States Agent replied, that there was no proof of these claims except the books of the Company, and that no legal impediment prevailed in Virginia to prevent their collection.

The Reply\* of | William Cunningham, & Co. | to the answer of the | United States | to their | Claim and Memorial. | Philadelphia: Printed by James Humphreys. | 1798.

\*In this, William Moore Smith, General Agent for Claimants, replied by quoting the Laws and Acts passed by Virginia and Congress.

Observations on the Part of the United States, by their agent, to the Reply of Daniel Dulany, under the sixth Article of the Treaty of Amity, Commerce and Navigation, between his Britannic Majesty and the United States of America. [Philadelphia, 1798.]

To the Claimants\* under the Sixth Article of the Treaty of Amity, Commerce and Navigation, concluded between His Britannic Majesty and the United States of America.

\*This item contains no title, but is signed by William Moore Smith, Philadelphia, Jan. 8, 1799.

The Claim and Answer with the Subsequent Proceedings, in the Case of the Right Reverend Charles Inglis, against The United States; under the sixth article of the Treaty of Amity, Commerce and Navigation, between his Britannic Majesty and the United States of America. Philadelphia: Printed by R. Aitken, No. 22, Market-Street. MDCCCXCIX.

\*Dr. Inglis claimed: over £1000 for money loaned on mortgage; that New York State confiscated this debt in 1784; that this amount was paid New York State by his debtors; that he could not now recover this amount, with interest, by process of law. The United States agent answered: Dr. Inglis was not a British subject within the meaning of the treaty: that the Act of the State of New York by name attainted the claimant of the offence of adhering to the enemies of the State, and confiscated all his estate, including his debts; that the claimant had not availed himself of the ordinary legal proceedings to recover his debt.

Commissioner's\* Office, Philadelphia, July 31, 1799. In the Case of the Right Reverend Charles Inglis.

\*This pamphlet contains criticisms on the arguments of the American agent and commissioners.

The Claim\* and Answer with the Subsequent Proceedings in the Case of Andrew Allen, Esquire, against The United States, under the Sixth Article of the Treaty of Amity, Commerce, and Navigation, between His Britannic Majesty and the United States of America. Philadelphia: Printed by James Humphreys, opposite the Bank of the United States. 1799.

\*This is similar to the claim of Charles Inglis, save that the claimant was from Pennsylvania.

Sundry Resolutions\* and Proceedings, in Cases before the Board of Commissioners, for carrying into effect the Sixth Article of the Treaty of Amity, Commerce and Navigation, concluded between his Britannic Majesty and the United States of America. Philadelphia: Printed by R. Aitken, No. 22, Market Street, 1799.

\*Published by the British commissioners to prove that they were impartial in the treatment of all claims presented. Contains most of the claims decided in favor of the Americans.

A | Brief Statement\* | of | Opinion, | given in the | Board of Commissioners, | under the Sixth Article of the Treaty of Amity, | Commerce, and Navigation, with Great Britain: | with an Appendix, | [8 lines] | By one of the Commissioners. | Philadelphia: | James Humphreys, | 1800.

\*Published by the British Commissioners. Contains most of their letters to the American Commissioners, but merely reviews the letters of Mr. Sitgreaves and Mr. Fitzsimons in a derogatory manner.

PEEKSKILL, N. Y.

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# MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

WITH

## NOTES AND QUERIES

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## THE FRENCH-INDIANS AND THE UNITED STATES

THE recent report of races in the United States entirely omits the one which takes precedence of them all, the original American. Looking back through the shadows of the nineteenth century, during which, as General Sherman reminded us, the American Government made more than one hundred treaties with Indians, and never kept one, to the very dawn of our history, we find the original American playing no negligible part in the development of this nation. We remember—or do we not rather forget?—that when the white men came in their winged canoe across “The Sea of Big Stormes” to the bleak shore of the “Dawn Land”, Chief Samoset met them with outstretched hands and the “Welcome, Englishmen!” which he had learned from the fisher folk with whom he had traded on the banks of Newfoundland. We quite forget that during the first cruel winter it was the food and the furs brought them by Indians that saved those forefathers of ours from bitter death by cold and hunger; that Squanto came in the spring and taught them how to grow the unfamiliar corn, and that Samoset was their protector as well as their interpreter as they threaded the Indian haunted forests. We have quite forgotten that even earlier than this our Virginia ancestors had more than once been saved from starvation by the maize, the pumpkins and the succotash, and comforted by the tobacco, with which the Powhatans generously provided them.

How came about the change? Whose fault was the bitter hatred that found fearful expression in the massacre at Mystic River?—hatred so heartily reciprocated that Increase Mather could stand up in his pulpit and thank the Lord “That on this day we have sent six hundred heathen souls to hell!” How came it that the relations between the early explorers of Carolina and the native peoples who at first welcomed them became such that in 1666 Robert Sanford could write home of “Natives whose Piety it is to be barbarous, and whose Gallantry to be inhuman”? In the beginning it was not so.

The French, who even earlier than Plymouth Rock or Jamestown had begun to explore Canada, made no such blunder. From the first they "recognized in the Red Man a fellow-being entitled to consideration," while "the English regarded the Indians simply as an obstacle to progress, and a natural foe against whom to wage a war of extermination." Naturally, therefore, the colonization of New France being mainly effected by single men of enterprise and daring, these French youth sought wives among the daughters of their Indian friends, and French priests gladly blessed their union with rites which deeply impressed the native folk, by nature and long inheritance devoted to ritual. From these unions sprang a mixed race to which the United States owes an immense debt. These French mixed-bloods were the pioneers of commerce on Lake Superior and other northern waters; in their bark canoes they crossed and recrossed the continent, long before other white men had crossed the Alleghenies. By their friendly relations with the Indians they made the fur trade a rich source of revenue to the mother country, thus making possible those costly explorations upon which rest the colonization and civilization of our Great West. These explorations, partly the basis and partly the result of the fur trade, underlie all the history of the region west of the Alleghenies.

It was through the linguistic abilities of French mixed-bloods and the confidence with which they were regarded by their Indian relatives, that the territorial acquisition of the whites were largely extended. Their names, as interpreters, are affixed to documents giving to the United States by peaceable purchase millions of acres which without their aid could have been gained only at the cost of many lives. Mary Montour, the reputed granddaughter of a French nobleman, was a living polyglot of the tongues of the west, speaking the English, French, Mohawk, Wyandot (Huron) Ottawa, Chippewa, Shawanee and Delaware; her family, as Justin Winsor says, shaped not a little of our history in the Eighteenth Century; and if there were not many of equal linguistic ability with Antoine Le Claire, who at fourteen spoke French and fourteen Indian languages, and afterward learned English, there were many who approached him.

Nicholas Perrot, who in 1671 as representative of Louis XIV took possession of the Northwest for France, married a Menominee woman and his descendants, some of whom are living today, were largely active as interpreters.

Long before the Louisiana Purchase gave the United States a problematic title to the far Northwest, the entire region, explored in the early eighteenth century by the Frenchman Verendrye, had been opened by French and French-Indian traders. Nearly all the trading posts along our northern frontier which Alexander Henry reported in 1805, dated from Verendrye's explorations; and in charge of these posts were French voyageurs bearing names familiar to the student of exploration: Charbonneaus and Renvilles, Palettes and LeClaires, Beaubiens and LaFramboises, all of them mixed-bloods, whose memory after more than a century is honored in the Northwest. Zebulon Pike in his explorations of the "western Parts of Louisiana" and the "interior Parts of New Spain" in 1805, Lewis and Clark in the Northwest in 1804-1806, the Astoria party in 1810 and Captain Bonneville some years later, Franklin from 1820 to 1827, Maximilian, Prince of Wied, in 1832, John M. Townsend two years later, Fremont in 1842 and 1844, Cyrus W. Field in his late investigations of the water courses and tundra of Alaska, were mainly dependent on French mixed-blood Indians as guides, interpreters, purveyors of food and general comforters. All alike found the "spirits" of the "mercurial young half-breeds" an important factor in the endurance of their men, and though not all of these were such expert purveyors as Antoine Godin, guide and interpreter to Captain Bonneville, who was so agile and vigorous that he could hunt a buffalo on foot, and kill it with arrows, yet the commissariat largely depended on them. When John M. Townsend crossed the Rocky Mountains in 1834 he found descendants of Frenchmen who after the British conquest of Canada had gone to the Pacific Coast, taken Indian wives and established trading posts in Vancouver and Oregon. Both Oregon and Washington were first settled by this race, whose very existence and settlements were deemed a negligible factor when the conflict for the possession of the Pacific Coast became a burning question in the administrations of Presidents Van Buren and Tyler.

Not only in the far Northwest did alliances between French and Indians promote the development of our country. Nearly every city of the Middle West, from the head waters of the Ohio to the foot hills of the Rocky Mountains, grew up around trading posts, sometimes for convenience established, as were in the old French days Michilimackinac and Prairie du Chien and later Milwaukee, in an Indian village, sometimes, like Vincennes and Chicago, at a convenient site for a military outpost. In either case Indians flocked to these posts for trade, and

in either case French and Indians mingled in marriage. It was only a few years after La Salle passed that way, prophetically meeting at the head of Lake Michigan an Indian chief named Chicago, that a number of French hunters and trappers followed Father Marest to the old Indian village of the Kaskaskias in what is now southern Illinois, and married among its daughters. The first white child baptized in Old Kaskaskia was the half-Indian son of Michel Accault (Aco), who married a daughter of the chief of the Kaskaskias, and who guided, if he did not actually lead, the historic first expedition to the Upper Mississippi of which "that intrepid falsifier" Hennepin claimed the credit (it was worth while to know how to write in those days). That son lived to be a citizen of the second Kaskaskia, that "little Paris in the wilderness," in which in the eighteenth century existed, with not a few of the descendants of those early marriages, more of grace and refined charm than could be found elsewhere in what is now the United States.

In the second Kaskaskia, however, as later in Detroit, such marriages were infrequent, both these being cities from the first, with entire families from the mother country: and when George Rogers Clark led his small bankrupt expedition to Kaskaskia it was the French citizens who, quick to appreciate the Republican principles which he represented, rallied around him, and by taking at par his worthless Virginia scrip, insured the success of an expedition which gained for the United States the Trans-Allegheny region. The honor of shaping the time to Republicanism was however shared by these Frenchmen with the French mixed-bloods who—with the exception of an occasional trader of pure French lineage—at that time composed the entire population of Prairie du Chien. Four hundred of them responded to the call of the well-born Godefroi de Linctot, husband of a Miami wife, and marched to the aid of George Rogers Clark. His mixed-blood descendants by the name of Godfrey are respectable citizens of Illinois today. Even the half-wild French mixed-bloods of the new frontier post of Vincennes, "Au Poste" as it was generally known, slenderly endowed with education as they were, intelligently espoused Clark's cause, and lent effective aid when Clark himself appeared.

Even before Clark's expedition to the Illinois country, the three hundred French mixed-bloods who formed the entire male population of Mailletstown, a village on the site whereon Peoria, Ill., later came into existence, learning from their founder, Paulette Maillette, of the

defeat and capture by the British of the American pioneer, "Mr. Tom" Brady, at La Salle's old fort on Lake Michigan, uprose as one man, marched swiftly across the prairie, captured the fort, though defended by British regulars and cannon, and carried the wounded of Brady's party to Cahokia, thus being by two years the first to lend aid to the American cause.

The French who very early made Michilimackinac, the Indian village on Mackinac Island, the principal post of the Northwest fur trade, as a rule married Indian women, sending their mixed-blood sons to Quebec or Montreal for education and their daughters in more than one instance to Paris. In the late eighteenth century the first schools in all the Northwest were opened at this post; one for boys by the trader George Schindler, husband of the half-Indian Thérèse Mascotte, who on the failure of her husband's health successfully carried on his large business, while he opened a boys' school. His step-daughter, Adrienne LaSalière, daughter of Madame Schindler by a former marriage, opened the first girls' boarding school in the Northwest, teaching reading, writing, sewing and general housekeeping. From Machilimackinac went the literate traders who first settled Green Bay and later Milwaukee, and from the same post crossed over to the mainland of Michigan, to establish the interests of the American Fur Company at Grand Haven, the trader Joseph Francis LaFramboise, of a mixed-blood family widely prominent in western trade and settlement from Michigan to Dakota. The wife of this LaFramboise, Madeleine Mascotte, was Madame Schindler's sister. Though born a century before the woman's era, both these French-Indian women became famous in the business life of that region. In the winter of 1809, while La Framboise was kneeling in prayer in his newly founded post at Grand Haven, he was shot by a Winnebago to whom he had refused to sell drink. His wife, Madeleine Mascotte, took over his duties and was long retained in the employ of the American Fur Company as one of its most competent and trusted managers. She is described as tall, handsome and refined, though always wearing the dress of an Indian squaw, speaking French like a Parisian, proficient in French literature, with an extensive acquaintance with French classics. She educated her children in Montreal and Paris. Her cabin in Grand Haven has been preserved as the earliest historic relic in the city. Her daughter, the cultivated and fascinating Josette LaFramboise, while visiting in Machilimackinac in the winter of 1816-17, met Captain Benjamin K. Pierce, Commandant

of the post, brother of a future President of the United States. Their wedding that same winter was a brilliant affair, long cherished in the memory of the widely scattered inhabitants of the post.

At the time of the English conquest the French Commandant at Fort Ste Marie-du-Sault, Jean Baptiste Cadotte, married Anastacie, the daughter of the Ojibway (Chippewa) chief Keesh-ke-mun. Their sons, Jean Baptiste and Michel, were educated in Montreal and married into their mother's tribe. Both became famous explorers, opening to trade and settlement a vast domain, extending to the almost unknown headwaters of the Mississippi. This was the as yet virgin country of the Dakotas (Sioux), and many were the disagreements between this tribe and Cadotte's Ojibways, many the dangerous moments, to the story of which Michel's grandchildren, the two Warren boys, later listened with bated breath. The immediate result of this expedition was the establishment of important posts in the extreme north of what are now Wisconsin and Minnesota, till then entirely undeveloped territory.

The younger Cadotte, "Great Michel", a man of liberal education, sent his two sons to college in Montreal. His two daughters, well-educated women, married Lyman and Truman Warren of Massachusetts, descendants of Richard Warren the Mayflower pilgrim, and relatives of that Joseph Warren who fell at Bunker Hill. Before her marriage, Mary Cadotte, three-fourths Indian though she was, kept a school at Red Lake, Wis., which was attended by white as well as mixed-blood children. Her elder son, Truman Warren, was a member of the Minnesota House of Representatives, but died early. The younger son, William Whipple Warren, wrote the still authoritative history of the Ojibways, his mother's tribe.

Wisconsin, opened by the French in 1634, being beyond reach of the territorial disputes of British and Colonials, was earlier sought by emigrants from the seaboard than the Ohio Valley states, but these when they came found a population of French mixed-bloods already there. Among the first to come from Michilimackinac to the Fox River Valley was the French trader of noble blood, Augustin de Langlade, with his wife Domitilde, daughter of the Ottawa head chief La Fourche. The story of their son, Charles de Langlade, whom his state still loves to honor as "the Father of Wisconsin," first touches that of the Thirteen Colonies when, as an officer in the armies of New France, the tac-

tics which he planned and almost forced upon his superior officer inflicted upon the Colonial forces the most crushing defeat in which Washington ever had a part. Only Washington and his Virginia militia saved "Braddock's defeat" from becoming a massacre.

With his Indians de Langlade was active through all the subsequent struggle, until on the Plains of Abraham he "surpassed himself". The war over, with the truly French gift of accepting the accomplished fact, he yielded allegiance to the conquering nation, settling in Green Bay to become the leading merchant and land owner in the Fox River Valley, and his sons and sons-in-law, one of whom was the "very dignified, well-bred and charming" Pierre Grignon, descendant of the old French Grignan family into which Mme de Sevigné's daughter married, fill a large place in the history of the upper lakes, during the late Eighteenth and early Nineteenth Centuries. The charm of that society of French mixed-bloods, de Langlades, de Vierville, Grignons, Viauds, La Framboises, reappears through all the early records. We occasionally meet a full blood Frenchman like Jaques Porlier, who came hither to be tutor to the Langlade grandchildren, and remained to become Chief Justice of Wisconsin and father of a prominent mixed-blood family; and later there were "Yankees" from New York state, but the dominant element was long French-Indian.

Prairie du Chien, the old village of agricultural Indians at the confluence of the Wisconsin and Mississippi Rivers, was in 1781 bought of the Indians by French mixed-blood traders, and through all its changes of government ownership, French, English and American, it continued, almost to the present day, to be a village of thrifty, industrious mixed-bloods. Its most distinguished citizen was the French-Indian Joseph Rolette, General Sibley's partner in the American Fur Company. He lived much in the young village of Kaposia which later became St. Paul, but his permanent home was the ancient mixed-blood village at the meeting of the rivers, where in his later years he exercised a fine hospitality, entertaining such celebrities as the Bishop of Nancy and many French noblemen, and also Jefferson Davis and General Zachary Taylor, with both of whom he was intimate. In these years of leisure Rolette delighted in reading Horace, as he had done in his boyhood.

In 1785 came to that village of agricultural Potawatomies where Milwaukee now stands Andrew Jaques Viaud, mixed-blood grandson of a Frenchman of Huguenot strain who had migrated to Canada during

the wars of Wars of Religion, to establish a branch post of the great fur trading mart at Michilimackinac. Viaud married into his mother's tribe; his son, Andrew Jaques, Jr., who later became a United States Senator, was a partner of the Frenchman, Solomon Juneau, properly honored as the founder of Milwaukee, though a number of French mixed-bloods were there before him. Juneau married a half-sister of the younger Viaud, the charming Josette Viaud, three-quarters Indian, and "like her husband, the noblest work of God;" noted for deeds of charity, and for at least one signal service to her city. For the Indians, not unnaturally incensed because their lands were thrown open to settlement before the time stipulated by treaty, planned a general massacre, and would have carried it into effect, had not Mrs. Juneau, her husband being absent, remained in the streets all night, watching over the whites. She became the mother of twelve children all of whom were educated and became prominent. One of her sons was the founder of Juneau, Alaska.

In 1803 the future metropolis of the Middle West consisted of only four rude cabins of Canadian French, clustered around Fort Dearborn, then in process of erection. Traders gathered around the Fort, but it was not until after its destruction in 1812 (when a number of whites were rescued from massacre by the Potowatomie Chief, Alexander Robinson and his French-Indian wife, Catherine Chevalier), and its rebuilding in 1814, that trade at the post became of real importance. The traders were for the most part French mixed-bloods; an exception was the "first citizen of Chicago," Jean Baptiste Beaubien, of an ancient French family, whose children, however, were all French mixed-bloods. In 1829 his half Potowatomie son Charles Henry, educated at Princeton, opened a school in the young city. His brother Medard, also a Princeton graduate, after a career of some prominence in Chicago, joined the people of his mother and wife, was elected chief, and led the Potowatomies to Silver Lake, Kansas, of which city he was Mayor when he died in 1883.

The mother of these two brothers had died before Beaubien's definitive settlement in Chicago, for it was to the new house which he built on his land south of the Fort, that he brought his second bride, the charming Josette LaFramboise, French-Indian cousin of the lovely Josette whose wedding we have attended, and sister of Chief Joseph of the Potowatomies. Josette Beaubien had twelve children, whom she brought up in a home of much refinement, the sons being sent to New

York and the daughters to Paris for education. A relic of this connection with the French capital is "the marvelous French lace veil" once the property of Josette Beaubien, which according to the latest report of the Chicago Historical Society is "now one of its priceless possessions." The LaFramboise family had a large part in the early business life of Chicago. In 1825 chief Joseph and his brother Claude were voters there, being also among its fourteen taxpayers.

Space fails to tell of the thirty-six Navarres of Detroit who served on the American side in the War of 1812, mixed-blood descendants of Robert Navarre who could trace his lineage to the father of Henry IV of France; of Antoine LeClaire, French-Sauk interpreter, founder and generous benefactor of Davenport, Iowa, ferry-master, Postmaster, Justice of the Peace and merchant, builder of Court House and churches, business blocks, machine shops and hotels, who yet found time to gather from the lips of Black Hawk, and publish in 1834, a volume of traditions of the Sauks and Foxes; of Keokuk, "Watchful Fox," the quarter-French chief of the Fox and Sauk nation, to whom the city that bears its name has paid well deserved honor; of the French Winnebago trader, Pierre Paquette, government agent who taught his tribesmen the arts of modern agriculture, and among whose descendants are a number of ministers, both Protestant and Roman Catholic; of the four generations of Winnebago head chiefs, friends of the United States and negotiators of many treaties, descended from the French officer, Sabrevoir du Carrie, whose name survives in the person of the charming artist, Angel De Cora Dietz, prominent in the preservation and development of Indian art; of the three Bottineau brothers, of Ojibway and Huguenot blood, unrivalled guides and interpreters in the days when all Minnesota spoke either French or some Indian tongue; and whose "most refined and courteous manners" Governor Stevens saw exemplified in the house of Pierre Bottineau at Kaposia when he breakfasted there—all of whom had their share in softening the rudeness of pioneer life. Pierre Bottineau's son, the late lawyer Jean Baptiste Bottineau, became counselor for the Pembinas (Ojibways), and his granddaughter, Mrs. Mary Louise Bottineau Baldwin, also a lawyer, is now prominent in the Indian service.

"Young Joe" Rolette, son of him of Prairie du Chien, leader of the Pembina (Ojibway) fur traders, whose sons have helped to solve the labor problem of the logging industry, became the "time honored in-

stitution" of the Minnesota Legislature, admitted as such to that body, after the district which he represented had been ceded to Canada. The French-Dakota (Sioux) Joseph Renville, who with Faribault and Son (also a French-mixed blood) organized the American Fur Company, was father of the wheat industry of the Northwest, he being the first to plant wheat on the high plains of the upper Mississippi. He was also the first large cattle and sheep raiser of the region, and crowned his services to this country by generously fostering the work of the Protestant missionaries Williamson and Riggs (he being a Roman Catholic), for the sake of their educational work among his nation. It was Joseph Renville who dictated the translation of every word of the Bible into the Dakota tongue, and gave invaluable aid with the Grammar and Dictionary, besides writing the Dakota catechism. His nephew Gabriel, a staunch friend of the whites in the dark and bloody days of the Sioux massacres, was long Chief of Scouts in the United States Army.

The first settler of South Dakota was the eldest son of Mme La Framboise of Grand Haven, a master of languages, French, English and Indian, who in the wilds where now stands Flandreau had a choice collection of books, the first to be seen in this state. The most prominent man in the early history of Dakota, however, was the French-Dakota, Charles F. Picotte, educated in St. Louis, with a Dakota wife. Through his instrumentality the Dakotas relinquished to the United States the entire Territory except the Yankton Reservation. On land granted to him by express stipulation of the tribe Picotte founded the city of Yankton, and built the first territorial capital.

These men and women of mixed-blood fairly represent our western pioneer civilization from the late Seventeenth to the middle of the Nineteenth Century. The part of this race in our later history is relatively small; yet the present day may hardly without ingratitude be unmindful of the Provençalles, the Fontanelles and the Flandreaus, and on the Pacific Coast, the young Jesuit Buchard, "Swiftfoot" of the Lenni Lenape, who in the recent half century have counted in the development of our land.

The East may remind itself that French blood among the Indians is not confined to those parts of the country which were previously under French domination. In New York, among many who are proud to claim French-Indian ancestry, are such men as the French-Tuscorora, Prof. J. N. B. Hewit, of the Smithsonian Institution, member of many

learned societies and a founder of the American Archeological Association. The French Seneca, Arthur C. Parker—nephew of the Grand Sachem of the Senecas, Gen. Samuel Ely Parker of General Grant's staff, who drew up the terms of General Lee's surrender,—is State Archaeologist of New York, and member of its Board of Education. And still the West is giving us many prominent French-Indians. The Omaha Francis La Flesche, one of the ethnologists of the Smithsonian Institution, has given important collaboration to Miss Alice Fletcher in an exhaustive study of the Omaha tribe, of which he is a chief. The brilliant and pathetic addresses of Mr. La Flesche's gifted sister Susette, better known as "Bright Eyes," when she toured the principal cities of the United States to tell the bitter story of the removal of the Poncas, are still not forgotten; and whites and well as Indians now mourn the recent death of another sister, Dr. Susan LaFlesche Picotte, Government physician for the Omahas, honored among women physicians of every race.

Many French-Indians of today are lawyers, ministers or priests; a few are physicians, and many women have adopted the profession of nursing, for which they seem to be peculiarly adapted. Hundreds are teaching or have taught in Indian, Mission, public or private schools. Very many hold important positions under the Government. Mr. Charles Dagenett, whose French great-grandfather married an educated Stockbridge Indian, is Superintendent of Indian Employment, and is notably bringing fair dealing into Government relations with the three hundred thousand Indians who will eventually come under this department. The French ancestry of the Rev. Father Philip B. Gordon, head of the Roman Catholic Indian Bureau in Washington, is lost to sight in the corruption of his name, originally Gaudin. Gabe Parker, Choctaw with a strain of French blood, recently Registrar of the United States Treasury, is now Superintendent of the Five Civilized Tribes in Oklahoma, one of the most responsible and best paid positions in the Indian service. In Oklahoma, indeed, with a population only one-tenth Indian, that race was lately represented by the Governor, Lieutenant Governor, one Senator, one Representative, and several other Government officials. Of all these, Senator Owen, though also of mixed blood, is the only one who has no French ancestry.

That the French mixed-bloods bore no mean part in the early development of our country needs not further to be shown. Innumer-

able members of the race in private life are at the present day exerting a wide influence not only over their fellow tribesmen, but over public manners; for instance, the wealthy young rancher, Chauncey Yellow-robe, a graduate of Carlisle, who is prominent in efforts to put down the Wild West Show, and Mrs. Gertrude Bonnon who is introducing settlement work among the Uintah Utes.

It is now just ninety years since, in 1826, General Lewis Cass wrote to James Buchanan, then Secretary of War, "upon the immediate fate of these persons (French mixed-bloods) depends the issue of all our experiments upon the moral elevation of the Indians which we are making in this quarter." It was a voice crying in the wilderness, but even at this late day our Government might well look more seriously than it has yet done to the large number of Indians who own and are proud to own to a strain of French blood, for aid in their still difficult problem of making American Indians into American citizens.

MILWAUKEE

LOUISE SEYMOUR HOUGHTON

## ROCHAMBEAU

*(Concluded)*

On his return to France, Rochambeau should in all decency have received a Marshal's *bâton*; he had given proofs of courage, he had held independent command of a French Army although second to Washington in general command, and had won a decisive victory over a foreign foe. The services of La Fayette to America were undoubtedly greater than those of Rochambeau, but so far as services to France were concerned Rochambeau would appear to have deserved the greater reward. One, a boy of nineteen holding a Lieutenant's Commission in the Musketeers, obtained by court favor, had deserted his command without leave and entered the service of a country in rebellion against a sovereign with whom at the time France was at peace; the other, a man of fifty-six, had served faithfully in the French Army for forty years, had become a Lieutenant-General and had gone to America at the command of the King. The same reward was given both, that of a commission as Major-General.

La Fayette was rich, his wife was rich, he was at the same time the leader of the Aristocracy and the head of the party of liberty.

Rochambeau was comparatively poor and of no political importance, and they promised Rochambeau the first vacant governorship but when the vacancy occurred, the Minister in charge demanded a "loan" from Rochambeau of such an amount that he was unable to raise it and the governorship went to some one else.

The members of the American expedition all returned to France full of the new doctrines of democracy. Buckle says their return to France was the greatest immediate cause of the French Revolution. "Our young men," says Madame Campan, "returned at this time all filled with republican notions." On their lips the tobacco plantations of the Connecticut valley became the Elysian fields, the Massachusetts of John Hancock, Plato's republic. They had found in Jonathan Trumbull of Connecticut, in Washington, in Adams, in Greene, and Knox all the fabled heroes of antiquity, the last glimpse of whom had hitherto been in the school books of the youth of Europe, sailing on their last voyages westward beyond the pillars of Hercules.

Rochambeau however neither intrigued, spoke nor joined secret societies but quickly slipped back into his accustomed harness and devoted himself to the administration of his military department, which was that of Picardy. At the first assemblies of the Notables, he was elected by his "fellow citizens" of Orleans a deputy to represent the nobility of the Province, as its senior member, and the government be-thought itself of its promise in regard to the governorship made after Yorktown, but its blundering Minister as has been said, coupled the appointment, with the suggestion before referred to in regard to the "loan". They did however, as a solatium add Artois to his command of Picardy, but made the further blunder of appointing the Duke of Luxembourg to preside over the Notables of Vendôme, an honor and distinction which properly belonged to Rochambeau himself.

On the very brink of the Revolution, which one pictures as a time when the very stones of the street had obtained voices and the leaves of the trees were plotting unknown things, Rochambeau writes that for his part he was extremely happy that he had neither Parliaments, Departments of the Treasury or the Court to trouble him, and profited by that "moment of calm," to obtain a brief leave of twelve days for his first genuine vacation. This leisure he spent in viewing London, its environs and Portsmouth. It was the first time he had ever entered one of the eight foreign countries of his travels without a column of the Grenadiers behind him, and he was delighted with his reception. The writer once crossed the ocean with a gentleman who was perhaps the leader of the New York Bar, who said he was going to England for a complete rest from his professional duties,—his first vacation for ten years. Two days after landing I found him in the Scottish Law courts, listening with absorbed attention to the conduct of a trial by Mr. Justice Hawkins, and when we recrossed two months later, he said he had attended court every day of the two months, Sundays excepted, and felt completely refreshed. I asked him what he had done Sundays, and he said he had spent them writing up notes of the evidence. Of Rochambeau's "vacation" he writes as follows, "At Portsmouth I was received by Admiral Hood, to whom I had been opposed on opposite sides during the war. He received me with the greatest distinction, every military honor, and salutes from all the vessels. He permitted me to view all the fortifications of Portsmouth with the same facility that I could have exercised in passing in review those of Calais. I followed with interest the road that I would have had to take, at the

head of the Grenadiers of the French Army, in the descent we had prepared to make in 1779."

Shortly after his return he was appointed by the King to the Second Assembly of Notables, the famous Assembly in which La Fayette precipitated the Revolution by calling for the States General. Rochambeau was probably appointed by the King, as "safe and sound" and likely to vote for the interests of the throne, but the General had quietly made up his mind, and his account of the situation is interesting, if for no other reason on account of the allusion to the history of America.

There were, he says, a great number of Bishops and Archbishops among the Notables who were planning to form a majority against the plans of Necker to tax their order.

"I found myself one day with the Bishop of Blois, who sustained as an article of the creed, the representation given to the Third Estate in 1614. I answered him that 'the States of 1614 are to those of 1789, as the United States of America, since their Revolution, are to the first legislature of their peaceable founders; the English have committed an irretrievable blunder; let us guard against imitating it.' 'It is not a question,' said he, 'of Philadelphia. Think you, that, if the Third Estate has made progress since that epoch, that the other orders have not gained in knowledge and power in the same proportion?' No, I answered, they have lost in proportion as the others have gained. The church has lost three-quarters of the bones of its Saints (reliques) and of its authority over the people. The *Noblesse* has no longer its chateaux or fortresses, a simple policeman can enter them on an equality without opposition. The Third Estate has gained since that period a sea-borne commerce, manufactures, which did not exist, a mass of intelligence and of love for liberty which will direct it, and which will tear in flinders with an acerbated violence any false policy adopted to oppose them."

When the Notables met Rochambeau voted in the caucus of the *Noblesse* in favor of double representation for the Third Estate; in other words to give twenty-four millions of men in opposition to less than one million, a representation somewhat proportioned to their numbers; the sound and popular view but opposed to that of the courtiers and the richer nobility. He was in his vote with a majority of thirty against twelve of the minority, his view was that of La Fayette.

During the elections he preserved order as military commander of Artois and Picardy and everything was so quiet that he could not resist going over to London again, where the Marquis de la Luzerne was about to give a great *fête* in honor of the recovery of the King of England. Rochambeau, like General Sherman, who in his later years in New York was as eager for a dance as a *débutante*, had lost his distaste for general society and liked being a prophet outside his own country. During his visit, which lasted fifteen days, (and those fifteen days were the fateful days from the 28th of June to the 13th of July, perhaps the most fateful days of France) Cornwallis and his officers, who had never forgotten the consideration shown them after Yorktown, gave him the "time of his life;" he was entertained by them in public and private, at clubs, at residences. Everywhere he was made the hero of the occasion by his late opponents. In fact, the tremendous significance of the American war was even then appreciated, it was a mark of distinction to have been engaged in it on either side. It was to the officers of all the armies also a great "Sporting event"—a great social occasion, and in England particularly it was a certificate of social fitness to have been either an American or French officer. Cornwallis himself, "fought in arms against Washington, in the forum for him."

He celebrated his sixty-fourth birthday in London, and happy as a boy, returned to France. He reached Paris two days before the attack on the Bastile, and learning that de Broglie had been appointed Minister of War went to him for orders. He found him almost distracted with inconsistent directions and engaged in hurrying on the mobilization of the fifty thousand troops assembled at the orders of Marie Antoinette and the party of the princes to overawe Paris. The King spent those days in hunting. In response to his request de Broglie threw up his hands, and repeated a Latin quotation, to the effect that in times of trouble one said nothing but sent a wise man, and told Rochambeau to go to Strasbourg and take command. Whereupon with no political interest in the pending struggle as to whether sovereignty should rest with the King or the people, he retired to his house in Paris and began to pack up. As he was packing he heard musket shots from the court yard of the Tuileries, and as he finished and mounted on horseback to take the long ride to his destination he found the streets filled with armed citizens, the patrols of the Guards fraternizing with the populace, and processions bearing through the streets with cheers the effigies of the Duke of Orleans and Necker, the news of whose dis-

missal had just been received. It was at mid-day of the 15th that he rode out through the barrier of Fontainebleau, obliged to take an indirect way for fear of being stopped in the streets. All that afternoon, and night and the next day, with cool head and unruffled spirit he rode through exploding France, apparently one of the few men of those terrible three days who was entirely sane or apparently entirely indifferent. He clattered through Sens as it rose in insurrection, at Troyes was a universal consternation, on the rivers and canals mobs were seizing the flour barges, at Nancy they told him the country was all afame except in his own department of Lorraine, and that there the sparks were already falling. On all sides the night was illumined by burning chateaux, and the day disturbed by the sacking of abbeys and convents. He slept at Phalsbourg and reached his quarters on the eighteenth, four and a half days after leaving Paris.

"A violent rain" he says, "and my arrival two days before I was expected, not having given the troops an opportunity to greet their commander, gave me a pretext to order a special review, during which the magistrates and the representatives of the people consulted."

In other words he knew the effect of military discipline, of a "ceremony," when every soldier should be on his best behavior under the eyes of a new commanding officer; on the other hand, the citizens would see the familiar rigid lines of the famous garrison regiments deploying like clock work under the eye of Rochambeau and would be less likely to get turbulent. Things went smoothly enough until about three o'clock in the afternoon, after the soldiers had been sent back to barracks, when three or four hundred hoodlums burst into the Hotel de Ville, looted it, and then started to wreck what corresponded to our Probate office and Registry of deeds. People of all sorts joined the rioters, the officers sensed disaffection among the troops, and it looked for a moment as though disorder in the name of the Revolution would get the upper hand. Rochambeau however clearly distinguished between order and disorder under whatever name, and rose to the occasion, beat to quarters, and knowing well how to talk to his troops, who were mostly men of the district, put himself at their head and cried out,—"My lads, those are *your* papers and your title deeds that are being pillaged and destroyed. Will you let those vandals destroy your property? Get in there and drive them out with the flat of your swords." The soldiers obeyed him to the letter; and having them in hand he

suppressed other riots that occurred and was fairly successful in making Strasbourg one of the places where some degree of order was maintained. Other commanders declared they fought for the King, or resigned or sympathized with the people, or did not know what to do in view of decrees passed by the provincial assemblies that whoever fired on the people was worthy of death. Rochambeau went to the magistrates and said, "Here,—you are the people, there are certainly a lot of brigands about,—you say you want order, give me your warrant to maintain it. I am no politician, I am a soldier." As the magistrates, although of the popular party, found that the mob was as likely to loot their houses as the chateaux of the nobility they acceded, and Rochambeau although he did have some terrible riots with which to contend, when necessity arose had no compunction in dealing with the "brigands." His situation and that of his colleagues was not unlike that of our own National Guard officers summoned for strike duty, who must carefully discriminate between lawful demonstrations and unlawful rioting, and his situation was not rendered any more comfortable by the voting down of Lally Tollendal's proposal on July 20th that the authorities should be commanded to repress disorder and to exhort the people to obey the law.

The situation of the law-abiding citizens, who were even then probably in the majority, was not unlike that of our own property owners when, if ever, the protection of the law expressed by the injunction shall be withdrawn.

On August fourth came the "night of Pentecost" when the nobility themselves abolished their feudal privileges. Rochambeau did not mind in the least being taxed, he thought all the nobility should be taxed, but was not at all pleased to lose his "honorifics, the decorations and titles that had come to him and his as marks of honorable distinction won on the field of battle in the service of France. He liked little the prospect of being called "Citizen Vimeur," to have men say, not—"There is the Comte de Rochambeau," but like Parolles in *All's Well that ends Well*:

"You shall find in the regiment of the Spinii, one Captain Spurio, with his cicatrice an emblem of war."

As a matter of fact Rochambeau never was called "Citizen Vimeur;" when every one else was being called "citizen" he seems never

to have been addressed in any other way than as either "General," "Marshal," or "Comte de Rochambeau." However he had been brought up to obey the Minister of War, and he kept straight on obeying, whether that Minister was today a Monarchist, tomorrow an Orleanist, or the next day a red republican. Whatever the party, the routine was the same and the red tape unrolled through the same channels.

In the latter part of the year they offered Rochambeau himself the post of Minister of War, which he very prudently declined on the ground that having refused the appointment when the Royal authority was absolute, he did not propose to take it in a time of revolution when he had neither the force nor ability to be engaged in constant squabbles with contending factions. He did, however, at the solicitation of the Assembly, assume the oversight of the Committees who were at work on the new army regulations, and was able to bring about among other things, the placing of the artillery and engineers on an equality with the infantry and cavalry. In other words, he chose the substance rather than the form, as the new army regulations would be the body of governing law for the entire army and for himself and his brother officers.

On the morning of June 21, 1791, within ten days of his sixty-sixth birthday, Rochambeau like all Paris was astounded to find that the King had fled during the night. The thoroughly frightened populace who expected an immediate civil war, coupled with a foreign invasion, were at once inclined to hold all the army officers who had sworn to support the King and the Constitution but had received their commissions from the King and their orders from the Minister of War, appointed by the King, as members of a vast plot. Rochambeau, although he does not say so, was like many other officers evidently in a quandary as to where lay his duty to the proclamation left behind by the King was this postscript—

"The King forbids his Ministers to sign any order in his name until they have received further orders." The refuge of the orders of the Minister of War was therefore closed for the time being. Meanwhile the very first decree of the Assembly passed in the hurry of the moment, ten o'clock in the morning of June 21st, was ("Mercure de France" June 25, 1791, p. 289.)

"That General Rochambeau shall proceed to Flanders:" (the military department of the north) the motion being introduced by

Charles de Lameth. When the Assembly reconvened many officers appeared to swear to maintain the Constitution and "MM. d'Afry,<sup>1</sup> de Montesquiou-Fezensac, de Tracy," (the son of our old friend "M. de Latour-Marbourg," who had given the order in the trenches before Maestricht more than thirty years before: "Noble and worthy of a French General", and "de Rochambeau" gave "Proofs the most dazzling (*éclatant*) of their civism, "—among this group was also Charles de Lameth. Note that all these men mentioned by name had the prefix "de." So runs the official record; Rochambeau's account is a little different.

Early in the morning, he says, a trumpet sounded in the street outside his residence, and criers announced the flight of the King, and a moment after that Rochambeau was held responsible for the safety of the northern frontier. He immediately "shut himself up" and thought over the terrible events that would be likely to follow. During the forenoon a messenger came from one of the committees charged with the new army regulations asking him to join them, he refused on the ground that he was not a Deputy and had no right to take a place with them. Soon after arrived a messenger from all four of the Committees asking him by unanimous consent to take part in their deliberations; while another messenger asked him to attend the Assembly. All these requests he refused, evidently not wishing to become involved with the Assembly till he knew how events would shape themselves. He inquired where the Ministers were, evidently being uncertain whether they had joined the King or had remained in Paris. He was told that they were in their offices, and he immediately joined them, remaining there during the day. The next day he took the new oath prescribed by the Assembly, to resist all foes of the Constitution from without the country and those within. By further decree the Committees charged with the reorganization of the army were ordered to complete their labors within twenty-four hours, and immediately after Rochambeau, accompanied by two Deputies to see that the new oath was administered to the officers, left for the frontier.

The flight of the King hopelessly split the party of the Constitutional Monarchs, to which party the bulk of the officers of the army had adhered,—now those who had inclined more to the royal prerogative

1 "Chum" of Rochambeau when he lived on "lard and potatoes" and afterwards Commander of the "Swiss."

very generally resigned; those to whom the Assembly represented the government remained, among them Rochambeau. He was beset with tremendous difficulties in his command, on account of the almost universal resignations, although the Engineers and Artillery held firm and most of the officers of the "American" Army. Constitutional as technically Rochambeau was, he was terribly upset over the appointment of men not of the nobility to commissions, and cast his words a curious side light on the snobbishness of the times:—"As soon as most of them received their swords, they thought they had become nobles and promptly emigrated." He did not yet realize that there was as good material in the one class as the other. Of Napoleon's eighteen Marshals, ten came from the nobility, eight from the lower or middle classes. Of the men famous for their ability, though one or two were traitors, the names of Hoche, Pichegru, Murat, and Dumouriez are household words, Napoleon himself was of the hitherto middle class artillery, and its uniform coat of iron-gray became the mantle of Caesar.

After the capture and return of the King, Charles de Lameth and Barnave managed to still keep the monarchy in existence, and when Narbonne became Minister of War Rochambeau was appointed as Marshal of France. It was almost the only popular appointment of the King, and it is highly probable that he expected by making it to attach Rochambeau strongly to his interest. The promotion was deserved, it had been earned a thousand times over, it was attained by strict attention to duty but it is one of the blunders of the Bourbons that it should have been conferred so late.

Rochambeau was now placed in command of the Flanders frontier and the northern coast, Narbonne was anxious for a foreign war, so was the Queen; the King was opposed, he was afraid that this would mean a victory for the enemy and the placing of his brother, the Comte d'Artois, or the Duke of Provence, on the throne. Rochambeau was summoned in to council. He looked only at the question from the standpoint of the officer, the army was disorganized, there were neither officers, provisions nor supplies. His arguments prevailed, but the Queen's party decided that he was too trustworthy to be trusted.

Dumouriez became Prime Minister. This was a concealed victory for the Orleanists, who hoped to eventually count on La Fayette, Rochambeau, Ségur, Dillon and the rest of the "American" Army that was placed on the frontiers. They were however mistaken in the loyal-

ty to France of all those men, every one of whom appears to have at all times placed country above party. Whenever you find all through this confused epoch one of the men who served in America you find an honest man and a patriot. They were all aristocrats, and all democrats,—they formed the “better element” of the time.

The appointment of Dumouriez also marked an epoch. He was the first man not of the nobility to hold the position, and all parties expected to use him. The Queen expected to control him through his love for pretty women and money, the Republicans, the Girondins, had confidence in him as one of the upper middle class. He named Roland for the Cabinet, Madame Roland suspected him but supported him, the sincere hoodlums the Jacobins were afraid of him, the others in the pay of the Queen did what they were paid to do and became quiescent. Most of the loyal aristocrats accepted him, as he was a high officer of the Army. The Orleans faction said nothing, he was secretly pledged to them. All Rochambeau knew of him was that he was Minister of War.

Dumouriez promptly decided on war; he meant to win the war, and he put in command where the first successes were likely to occur, men that he thought were or could be persuaded to be Orleanists. The King would probably oppose the war, he could be held up as little less than a traitor, and on news of victory could be deposed and the Duke of Orleans installed. In furtherance of this the Duke of Orleans wrote to Rochambeau offering his services. Rochambeau answered by bluntly saying that as the Duke was his senior, he would be happy to resign his entire command to him, providing he came with the knowledge and consent of the King. “For this,” said Rochambeau, “I think he never forgave me.”

The Queen also had her scheme; she would apparently fall in with the plan for the war but would manage to have it a failure, the Orleans or supposedly Orleans officers, discredited by a defeat, which would be followed by an invasion by her friends the Austrians and the *émigrés*. The King was negligible.

As Rochambeau knew that war was decided on he submitted an excellent plan of campaign, which if carried out would probably have been successful. He was told his plan was accepted, and made his preparations accordingly. Without his knowledge Dumouriez changed the plans in essential particulars and gave orders differing from his own

to his subordinates. One of the essentials of the plan was a surprise movement in flank upon the Austrians in Brabant. Dumouriez published this in the newspapers in advance.

As if this was not enough Rochambeau was harassed at every turn. Every day trusted officers either resigned or went over the frontier without resigning, the young nobility so eager for liberty a short time before beheld Gaza toppling and joined the *émigrés*. The army contractors were all men of the old *régime* from which they had had every opportunity for graft and thievery; they all wished for the return of absolutism, had received some hints from the Court and Rochambeau was put to his wits' end to procure supplies.

#### (PART IV.)

Orders came from Paris, that Rochambeau was to lead no one of the three columns which were to invade Flanders, but was to remain at Valenciennes and assemble a reserve. It was lucky for France that the suspicions of the Queen that Rochambeau was too trustworthy to be trusted, and the jealousy of Dumouriez coincided in this order, for it was all that saved anything to France after the frightful disaster that ensued. However he obeyed his orders though very uneasy, and "was apprised by an English General, whom I had taken prisoner in America"—(Cornwallis,) who sent his old opponent and life-long friend a quiet "tip"—that "all the Austrian troops were in motion, and that he had seen the roads clear from Brussels filled with them and that they were directing themselves upon us and upon Tournay, where they knew that an attack would be made." We have strong suspicions now that the Queen of France had also given a quiet "tip" to an official enemy.

Cornwallis gave the same information also to our old friend Lauzun who forthwith doubled his precautions and probably owed his life and the remnant of the army to the kindly warning.

Among the other officers in America had been the gallant Irishman Theobald Dillon, a descendant of one of the officers who followed King James to France after the battle of the Boyne. He was a cavalry leader, not unlike Custer and his end was similar; he was detached to head the second column. His advance guard by orders from the Court, again arranged by the Queen, was composed of one of the old royal regiments.

Suddenly the regiment, one of chasseurs on heavy horses, when they had scarcely reached the enemy, (some say before the enemy was in sight) cried out that they were betrayed, turned about and caused a panic in the whole army, as they galloped madly through the ranks marching along a narrow way filled with cannon, caissons and baggage wagons, all commingled with the infantry. Furthermore these rascals, whether from fear and so desiring to throw the blame on others or previously instructed, cried out that M. de Berthier,<sup>1</sup> one of the finest officers in the army, and Dillon himself were the men at fault, and foully murdered them both. The execution of Marie Antoinette horrified the world, but all in regard to her was not written by Carlyle or her biographers.

As soon as the news of this terrible disgrace reached Biron he commenced a retreat. The troops were undisciplined and green for the bulk of the army had not smelt powder for thirty years, but Lauzun held them down, and was ably assisted by young Rochambeau, the Marshal's son, to whom was intrusted the rear guard, and the two managed to bring off the men in fair order through a long night march until they camped along the river near Quievrain. Scarcely however had they pitched their tents, when a squadron of Uhlans who were pursuing were fired upon by an outpost, and on this a hopeless panic seized the army, some regiments throwing down their arms, others firing upon each other, and the great mass fleeing pell mell, rushing into Vincennes in utter rout and confusion. As the first fugitives reached the place Rochambeau, who was you must remember sixty-seven years old, racked with rheumatism and troubled with old wounds which had reopened, leaped on horseback, summoned three regiments of cavalry and one of infantry recruits who had just arrived from the interior, harnessed up eight cannon, and started for the front. On the road he picked up the Hussars of Biron's third regiment, the only unit that had kept its integrity, and with this small force covered the retreat, met the advancing Austrians, repulsed them and remained in the saddle, directing, commanding, fighting, principally at the head of the Grenadiers of one of the regiments. It was his part always, by choice to "lead the Grenadiers" —for all that day, and all the next night without respite and without dismounting. When he had saved the day or at least the remnant of the army, had turned back an invasion which only his courage prevented

<sup>1</sup> Not the Marshal.

from being fatal to France, and had learned of the orders given over his head—General-in-Chief, Marshal of France that he was—and of the idiotic changes in the plan agreed on which had prevented La Fayette from entering Flanders at the time agreed, and of the publication in the Paris journals of the carefully planned “secret” invasion by Dumouriez he curtly sent a report to the King, and ending it by saying “That it was impossible for him to be in charge of the command of an army with which M. Dumouriez, his minister of foreign affairs, wished all the different parts of his Cabinet to meddle without any regard to my opinion and my representations, and that I tendered him in consequence my resignation.”

This resignation caused a fearful tumult in Paris. One of the Cabinet resigned, the rest tottered. It was felt that if the resignation should be accepted as tendered, the whole Cabinet would have to go, and if it went the last hope of the monarchy would go with it. Dumouriez, frowned on by the Rolands, the Feuillants and the rest of the Constitutionalists threw himself for support on the advanced Jacobins; but even with their support his “trumped-up explanation” was ill-received, but Rochambeau was advised to accept a discharge on account of “the evil state of my health.” He was directed to turn the command over to Biron. Biron in a stinging reply scornfully refused to accept it. Then they offered it to the old, ambitious German soldier of fortune Lückner, who set out in all haste for Paris. When he reached the city he found so much outcry that he declared that he would not accept it, but that he had come merely to serve as Aide-de-Camp to Rochambeau until the latter should recover his health, and that he would forthwith return to Alsace. All at once too, as though by pre-conceived design, every junior officer in Rochambeau’s late army, appeared to have been stricken with a pestilence, as all tendered *their* resignations on the ground of “ill health.” Rochambeau patriotically stopped these latter, and willy nilly no one being found who would incur the odium of replacing him, and by military law a General being in command until a successor is appointed, he remained as Commander.

La Fayette came to him and besought him to take the command of his army, offering to serve as his second, which of course he refused. “The intimacy of the war, we had fought together in America” says Rochambeau, “persuaded me of the sincerity of his regrets.”

He patriotically went back to the army and repulsed the Austrians

again, then became in fact so seriously ill with inflammation of the lungs that he was compelled to retire, and turning over the command to Lückner returned to Paris. His triumph had been so complete, so genuine and so overwhelming, that Dumouriez felt he must discredit him. He apparently failed to understand that Rochambeau's strength came from his character, was impressed on the people and owed nothing to family or party. It was ward politician *versus* gentleman.

He had a scheme for discrediting some of the generals by accusing them of an Austrian plot, and intended to connect Rochambeau in some manner with it. Rochambeau marched in on the Cabinet, and told them that if they had anything in mind in regard to him, that he demanded a trial at the National Court at Orleans, and that he had artillery enough in his portfolio to blow them all up. The matter so far as Rochambeau was concerned was dropped, and it is probable that he knew something, and Dumouriez knew he knew something of the latter's connection with the Duke of Orleans, which later resulted in the Minister's becoming in spite of his transcendent abilities as a soldier, a declared traitor.

It was under these circumstances that Rochambeau ended his active career. The fate of the King and Queen, the flight of La Fayette, the parts played by the Rolands, the treason of Dumouriez, the great battles and campaigns that followed have caused the historians generally to pay scant attention to him. His reasons for going into retirement he gives thus:

"I was in Paris a month with a fever, without leaving my chamber. I left the fifteenth of June for Rochambeau, firmly resolved to never mingle again in any active affairs, and to there repose my old age.

Frankness and loyalty were no longer in season, and it did not seem that I could be of any further benefit to my country."

He found the chateau standing as he had left it, and it is a tribute to the respect paid his name that the peasants of Rochambeau had made no attack on the house nor offered any indignity to his wife or family.

On his estate and at his chateau, scorning to emigrate, taking a keen interest in everything pertaining to the Army, absorbed in the career of his son and apparently having but little interest in and the most

supreme contempt for political matters, he settled down to write his memoirs and to review his campaigns. Meanwhile the Republic was proclaimed, the King and Queen lost their heads, the Girondins took their turn on the scaffold, Robespierre and the Jacobins inaugurated the Reign of Terror, and it was only sufficient to be noble, or even respectable to be accused and guillotined; the heads of the "American" Army fell fast in those days, but Rochambeau was as yet untroubled. Priests, lawyers, farmers even *sans-culottes*, if disliked or suspected all were imprisoned and brought to execution.

On either side of the entrance to his house stood a cannon, guns captured at Yorktown, which had been suitably engraved and presented to him by Congress. They were demanded by the Committee of Public Safety "for the defence of the country." It was a useless bit of petty annoyance, and Rochambeau uttered some peppery remarks but delivered the cannon. Shortly afterward, on the "15th Germinal" some commissioners arrived from the Committee of Public Safety, arrested him and took him to the Conciergerie to be tried by the Revolutionary Tribunal, for no cause except that he was an "ex-Marshal of France, Commander in Chief of the Army of the North and had been a colleague of La Fayette and Lückner."

He found among others at the Conciergerie, Malesherbes, who had not long before defended the King at his trial. Malesherbes had at the bar the same integrity of character that marked Rochambeau in the army, and Rochambeau had for him the greatest respect,—they were well met.

"Good God," said Malesherbes as Rochambeau entered "Monsieur le Maréchal, what have you been up to bring you here?"

"Well, what brought you here?" said the Marshal.

"Gold," said Malesherbes "that they say I received from the English for defending Capet. I have the indictment, and tomorrow I go up for trial, but what grieves me is to have my daughter, my granddaughter and her husband, who were arrested at Malesherbes with me, and who with me will go to trial." Rochambeau sat up all night with the old lawyer, going over the latter's defence.

His experience generally in the Conciergerie was like that of many others, which are always, however often repeated, of ever-fresh interest, but the limits of this article will not permit a detailed repetition.

On the fifteenth day of his imprisonment, they brought down twelve acts of accusation, equivalent, writes Rochambeau, to "twelve burial certificates," against, among others, the saintly Madame Elizabeth, sister of Louis XIV, who was a fellow prisoner, and which would have to be answered the next day before the Revolutionary Tribunal. Rochambeau, leaning on his cane, indifferently reached out his hand for his which he supposed was among them, when the court officer cried out, "You were not then paying attention, Marshal, to what I said on entering,—There is nothing for you."

"I am deaf," said Rochambeau shortly.

"But you would be well frightened if I repeated it a second time," sneered the man. It was probably the only time the Marshal's courage had ever been questioned, and the Marshal one of the few men that the vulgar officer had not seen show some sign of emotion at his entrance with the terrible summonses. The Marshal coldly turned his back, and went into his cell to pass the night in examining with the others their indictments and in giving them advice. This was a brave act in those days, when Robespierre, if he could find nothing else against a prisoner, would accuse him of a prison plot and have presented as evidence the fact that he had counselled those afterward condemned.

He bade them farewell at eight o'clock in the morning and they left him to pass through the Tribunal to the scaffold.

Two days later he was called to be interrogated, it having been written in the commitments that he was the "last Marshal of France appointed by the last Tyrant of France." However, no one appeared against him, and the Judge had not a line of writing in regard to him and obtained nothing by his questions. When he had concluded, Rochambeau remarked coolly that he supposed he had now been sufficiently judged and that following common custom he should expect an act of accusation in the morning. Such a remark would have been an insult to any court at any time, and showed the utter contempt Rochambeau had for the judge and the entire proceeding, and also the haughty insolence of the old officer. The judge replied, however, with sufficient dignity and more restraint than would probably be shown in any court in our peaceful times at a like remark, that all who had been previously interrogated had not been condemned, and that Rochambeau might retire. During the next three months Rochambeau remained in prison

still unscathed, though there passed through on the way to the guillotine his nearest and dearest friends and the most eminent names in France, among them Lavoisier, who had as profoundly revolutionized chemistry as the others had government, Admiral D'Estaing, the wife of Lauzun, "Honor and virtue personified," Marshal Mouchy, and his wife, grandparents of the wife of La Fayette, (It was under the Marshal that Rochambeau had served in Bavaria). the saintly Duchesse d'Ayen, La Fayette's mother-in-law, the Prince de Broglie and Arthur Dillon. Finally Robespierre fell and Rochambeau was told that he could be released, but this did not suit the old stickler for discipline in the least. He was not one to be arrested and then sent about his business with a wave of the hand, and perhaps be arrested again tomorrow,—he proposed that the authorities should publicly confess their error\* and clear his reputation by a formal acquittal, and he demanded a trial.

No officials are eager to publish a blunder and the Revolutionary officials least of all, so they delayed and Rochambeau insisted on staying in jail. Finally he wrote a letter recounting his career and ending with a delicate hint in regard to at least one ruler of the earth who might be expected to become interested, should the honorable Court think it true patriotism to leave an old soldier to rot in jail—"These are not the principles which I received from Washington, my colleague and my friend, during the war I made with him for the liberty of America."

This letter had its effect and Rochambeau came off with flying colors. Every Judge was compelled to write down that he had found nothing against him, but in addition a declaration was exacted from every member of the Committee of Public Safety to the effect that each one had no ground for an accusation and in addition that there was not the least trace of anything against the Revolution to be found in regard to him. Furthermore the Public Prosecutor was required to publish the entire finding throughout the Republic. Realizing what those times were, this victory brought about by pure force of character is worthy of Yorktown,—it was a tribute to Rochambeau's principles of "France whoever rules her,"—"My country right or wrong, may she be right, but right or wrong my country."

\*And now do they thrust us out privily? Nay, verily, but let them come themselves and fetch us out.—*St. Paul, Acts 16: 37.*

In 1795 Rochambeau's son, who had been captured in the West Indies owing to Robespierre's failure to send needed reinforcements, was exchanged for General O'Hara, who had surrendered Cornwallis's sword at Yorktown, the exchange being brought about largely by the influence of Rochambeau's friends in England.

In 1798 Rochambeau was grieved to the heart at the troubles between the United States and Napoleon. He ascribed the situation largely to the fact that American boys went to England for their university courses and that France had made no arrangement by which young Americans could be admitted to her schools; he also criticised sharply the impudence of Genet.

In fact Rochambeau had a keen and just appreciation of politica, and military questions in all parts of the world, and no more succinctl clear and accurate history of events from the time of the first invasion of Silesia by Frederick to the accession of Napoleon has ever been written than that contained in his memoirs.

Toward the close of his life two significant events showed the general estimate in regard to him; on a visit to Paris he was summoned to the presence of Napoleon, whom found at the end of a great room, surrounded by that brilliant assemblage of Generals which had won the admiration of the world, at their head as Chief of Staff, the boy with the queer head who had insisted on going to America,—Berthier. As the old Marshal entered, they all saluted and Berthier advancing said—“All your pupils, Marshal.”

At Napoleon's coronation, when the great dignitaries of the Empire were being named, profound interest was shown as to the appointment of the first Grand Commander of the Legion of Honor.

The titles of the new nobility seemed pinchbeck to a generation which had executed a Bourbon and a Hapsburg, and Grand Constables and Grand Chamberlains somewhat tawdry and theatrical to men who had seen surrendered at the “Night of Pentecost” the feudal privileges of centuries, but the “Legion of Honor” was different, its Commander would typify the honor of France, not the success of a party, the honor of all the ages of France and not alone the honor of a period. He must typify Roncesvalles as well as Austerlitz, the honor of personal achievement,—the empire of Napoleon, the honor of the French nobility,—

the kingdom of Henry IV, the honor of history,—the empire of Charlemagne, the honor of the ideal,—the Revolution. The private character of the Commander must have neither spot nor blemish, his public character must stand for that of France.

Napoleon appointed Rochambeau.

BOSTON

MARSHALL P. THOMPSON



## THE INFLUENCE OF THE CLERGY IN THE REVOLUTION

*(Third Paper)*

THE zeal and enthusiasm of the patriots, and the stubborn resistance they put forth against overwhelming numbers, reminded the British officers of the days of Cromwell, causing them to attribute it to the same source, that of the clergy; for whom they entertained the most bitter hatred; and for whose capture, dead or alive, placarded every fence and tree upon the highways, endeavoring, through the offers of large rewards, to frustrate the work of the clergy. That they saw in the character of the clergy such objects of venomous hatred was a highly important testimonial to the services of the clergy, as one of the potent influences enabling the patriots to continue the struggle under the most adverse circumstances.

As an illustration of this type of the patriot clergy, it is only necessary to take the instance of the Rev. James Caldwell, of Elizabethtown, as an illustration of the clergy as a whole. Mr. Caldwell was a man of great stature, tireless energy and devotion to the cause of his country. His voice had a peculiarly sweet and persuasive quality, well known throughout the State, where he was not loath to let it be heard in the cause of liberty; and with such telling effect that where the recruiting officers failed to raise a corporal's guard, Caldwell would raise a regiment. General Washington had no firmer supporter than this same Caldwell; nothing escaped his eye; not a movement of the British that was not reported by him to the American officers; he drew maps of the entire State, established a system of express messengers, and collected stores; no commissariat was more zealous than he; in recognition of these many services he was appointed by General Washington Assistant Commissary General. Caldwell was married to a woman worthy of his temper, who assisted him by turning the church into a hospital for the sick. His popularity amongst the people is said to have been so great as to have made his name a household word among the British, who attributed to him the miscarriage of every plan, and failure of every expedition. On every fence, stone, and surface, exposed to public gaze, was affixed a bulletin, heralding the reward that would be paid for his apprehension by the British general. That his wife should have been foully murdered, and her body thrown into the street, while Mr. Caldwell was on his way to apprise General Washington of the raid

of Knyphausen and his hirelings, and his subsequent murder by an American sentinel, bribed to do his dastard's deed by British gold, are but fitting testimonials of the efficiency of the service rendered by the clergy to their country's cause.

Age was no deterrent to these men, as shown by that doughty old patriot, Rev. Nathan Ker, too old to accompany the army, but apprised that the fierce Mohawk chief, Brant, had made common cause with the Tories, and was descending upon the stores at Minisink, assembled about him his parishioners; and notwithstanding the overwhelming numbers of the foe, did not hesitate to stand his ground. Of one hundred and eighty that assembled to the defense, only thirty remained "to tell the story of how they fought, and how they fell." Widows and orphans there were in plenty that assembled to worship God, and give thanks that even this little band had remained from the fierce massacre.

Or Ebenezer Prime, of Huntington, L. I., who at the age of seventy years, being too old for service, used his great powers in arousing his people to the defense of their homes; on'y to have his house and library burned, and himself driven forth to perish from exposure; dying, his grave was made the site of a British' colonel's tent, so as the officer put it, he "might tread on the old rebel every time he passed in or out of his tent."

That hatred of an honored foe could lead these men to commit deeds not only contrary to the usage of civilized warfare, but scarcely paralleled in the history of barbaric races, is incomprehensible,\* except in the light of the tremendous influence exerted by these men. The record was the same everywhere throughout the provinces.

The Rev. Moses Allen, who aroused Georgia to the defense of Savannah, was first confined aboard a pest ship, and afterward buried in a swamp, because he was reported to the British general as "more dangerous than a dozen colonels."

The Rev. John Rosburgh had set, to the retreating troops of the army, a most conspicuous example of bravery in face of adverse circumstances; his calm and noble work among the troops in the face of the enemy, had so enraged the British that on his being captured he was given five minutes in which to pray, and prayed not for himself

\*The author could not foresee the German invasion of Belgium, with its record of murdered Catholic priests.—{ED.]

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As an illustration of this type of the patriot clergy, it is necessary to take the instance of the Rev. James Caldwell, of Elizabethtown, as an illustration of the clergy as a whole. Mr. Caldwell was of great stature, tireless energy and devotion to the cause of His voice had a peculiarly sweet and persuasive quality throughout the State, where he was not loath to let it be known for the cause of liberty; and with such telling effect that where British officers failed to raise a corporal's guard, Caldwell would not be moved. General Washington had no firmer supporter than Caldwell; nothing escaped his eye; not a movement of the British army was not reported by him to the American officers; he did not leave the entire State, established a system of express messengers, and no commissariat was more zealous than he; in recognition of many services he was appointed by General Washington to the office of Commissary General. Caldwell was married to a widow, who assisted him by turning the church into a hospital for the sick. His popularity amongst the people is said to have been great as to have made his name a household word; and it is said that who attributed to him the miscarriage of every plan, every expedition. On every fence, stone, and surface, the eye could gaze, was affixed a bulletin, heralding the reward for his apprehension by the British general. The reward was to have been foully murdered, and her body thrown into the river. Mr. Caldwell was on his way to apprise General Washington of the British movements when he was overtaken by a party of British soldiers, who

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but for the enemy, that they might be forgiven their offences and reform; a word so odious to the British that at its utterance, the sentinel, standing over the kneeling man, drove his bayonet through his back, killing him instantly; his body was thrown to one side of the road, with contempt. Truly the British, in their hatred of the patriot clergy, testified that reform was as odious then as it has been to some of this day and generation; and the words ascribed to our late "distinguished" District Attorney,\* with reference to reform, are but the echoes, gentlemen, of the sentiments expressed by the British towards ministers of the Gospel one hundred and twenty years ago.

The first shot of the Revolution was the outcome of the teachings of Rev. Jonas Clark, of Lexington, who on the evening previous to the battle of Lexington, was entertaining his brother-in-law, John Hancock and Mr. Adams, giving them the details of the organization of the minute men, and of the careful watch being kept over the whole country, where every church spire was a sentry box; and of the signals agreed upon against surprise, as well as the stores of arms and ammunition secreted beneath the church; little dreaming that the British, in hopes of capturing the stores, as well as two such patriots as Hancock and Adams, were then on their way to Lexington.

At break of day two musket shots gave instant tongue to the deep toned bell in the church tower, followed by the beating of the drums and the call to arms. In less time than the telling, the village green was filled with the farmers and mechanics that were to challenge the seasoned troops of England. After a fierce fight, the British retreated, to find death lurking behind every fence, and tree, and stone; and to learn that the despised "Minute Man" was not to be lightly considered in the contest before them. As the sun rose, the white smoke lifted in the morning air, revealing upon the green, stark and stiff in death, seven stalwart men; the venerable man, his gray hairs matted with blood; the strongest wrestler in Lexington, who the previous evening had sworn never to show his back to the enemy, pierced by bullet and bayonet, had kept his word. Standing amidst his fallen parishioners, Jonas Clark uttered this prophecy: "From this place, and from this day, will be dated the liberty of the world."

One of the most striking scenes of the Revolution was that in the

\*Asa Bird Gardiner: "To h-l with reform!"

church of the Rev. Cotton Mather Smith, in Sharon, Conn., at the time when Burgoyne, descending from Canada, had forced his way past Ticonderoga to Saratoga, where the two armies lay waiting the final test. General Clinton, from the south, had broken through West Point, and burned Esopus; it now seemed that no human power could prevent a junction of the two English armies, and by establishing a cordon of forts from Canada to New York, cut in two the Colonies and blight their hopes of victory.

Dr. Smith, invalidated home by camp fever, was trying to encourage his people to greater faith in God; that he would deliver His people though the thick darkness surrounded them. Not a woman in that congregation who had not a husband, brother or child present at the impending battle. The text that Sabbath morning, was from Isaiah xxi: 11, 12: "Watchman, what of the night? The watchman said, The morning cometh." Speaking with eloquence and enthusiasm, he carried his hearers from the gloom of despair to the height of God's promise of deliverance; when, as though carried away by his enthusiasm, he said: "We are now, even now, about to receive news of the fulfilment of God's promises. Amen! so be it." As these words were spoken, a deep silence fell upon the assembly, each one deep in silent prayer, that this promise might be fulfilled; when, upon this awful stillness, there came the faint sounds of flying hoofs; the steady beat came nearer, louder, as down the village street, to the church door, flew a foam-flecked horse and rider; drawing rein, the rider leaped from the saddle, and leaving the foam-covered steed unattended, "he strode up the main aisle, his armed heel rang as the blows of a hammer," in the awful silence not a person breathed; each eye seemed held in a fascination by the white paper carried in the hand of the messenger. What were its contents? What news of disaster and death? Faces paled, and lips moved in prayer. "As Dr. Smith," says a witness of this scene, "reached forward to grasp the message, his hand trembled, and an ashy pallor overspread his face. Tearing off the covering, the first words to meet his eye were, '*Burgoyne has Surrendered.*'"

At this same moment a similar scene was being enacted at Peekskill, where the Rev. Timothy Dwight, appointed to Parsons' brigade, under General Putnam, was preaching to the discouraged and disheartened troops. About him were assembled the entire army, General Putnam and his staff sitting well to the front.

He was a Captain in the 10th Regt. of the U.S. Cavalry, and was engaged in action on the 1st of July, 1863, at Gettysburg, where he was severely wounded. He was taken to the hospital at Gettysburg, and died on the 1st of August, 1863. He was buried at Gettysburg, and his body was interred in a cemetery near the battlefield. He was a brave and gallant soldier, and his death was a great loss to the Union cause.

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tre to that star.

EDWARD BRUGLER



Dr. Dwight took for his text Joel ii:20: "I will remove far off from you the northern army." The effect of the text was electrical; the heavy breathing of the soldiers was audible, under the intense excitement produced by these words; General Putnam started from his seat, as though a cannon's roar had sounded on the stillness, so great was the tension.

As the preacher spoke, his form seemed to expand; his very words were inspired: "Though the day of darkness and gloominess, the day of clouds and thick darkness was upon them. . . . Though the people fled before the irresistible legions of Burgoyne, . . . And the ministers of the Lord wept between the porch and the altar, . . . and cry, Spare Thy people, O Lord. . . . Yet fear not, O Land, be glad, and rejoice! Their prayer has been heard! He will remove far off from you the *northern army*." Continuing, he assured them of victory. "Giving to God all the glory, and declaring he saw in it the bright assurance of final triumph for the American arms."

The effect of this sermon upon Putnam and the troops was magical; it seemed as though God had appeared in their midst and renewed to them the promises made to Israel.

Though sincere in his praise, Putnam said: "Of course there is no such text in the Bible; Dwight made it up for the occasion." Nor would he believe differently till a Bible was brought, and, to his amazement, the text pointed out; he read it carefully and exclaimed: "Well! There is everything in that Book, and Dwight knows just where to lay his finger on it."

The influence of Dr. Dwight was none the less potent during the long winter. While General Washington and his troops were enduring at Valley Forge, all the rigors of ice and snow, "unclad, unshod, unpaid and starving," Parsons' troops were equally destitute, working in two feet of snow, under the precipitous Highlands, attempting to erect fortifications, before the opening of the river to navigation should bring back the British ships.

Dr. Dwight labored with the soldiers, sharing their hardships and privations. The sufferings of the troops can be better appreciated from a report sent to General Putnam: "Part of Meigs' regiment is down with the small-pox. Dubois' regiment is unfit for service, there being not one blanket in the regiment. Very few have either a shoe,

or a shirt, and most of them have neither stockings, breeches nor overalls." Under conditions such as these did the army chaplain of that day serve the cause.

In our comfortable homes of today, well clothed, well fed and attended, enjoying the heritage for which these men fought, it is difficult to realize the meaning of these words, "unpaid, naked, starving," yet accomplishing tasks that to the best armies, under favorable circumstances, would be Herculean.

General Sherman has said that war partakes of the characteristics of the "other place." However this may be, no Continental soldier was ever heard to complain of the heat.

To realize that it required men of nerve to serve as chaplains in the Continental army, requires but a slight acquaintance with its personnel. That they possessed it, is seen in such cases as Dr. Naphtali Daggett, of Yale, who, in the absence of the militia, led his fellow townsmen to the defense of New Haven, and sat on his black mare loading and shooting, unmindful that every man had retreated, leaving him the sole combatant. After escaping the balls from this single rifle, the British finally made him prisoner, when he was prodded with a bayonet to force him to reveal the hiding-place of the stores. Resolutely refusing to do so, he was rescued by a friendly Tory, and next year died of his wounds.

One of the most remarkable instances of coolness in action occurred at White Plains, when General Howe, instead of engaging the main army of Continentals, turned aside to Chatterton Hill, where McDougall, with fifteen hundred troops, had been stationed to protect the flank of the main army, and engaged this small force with his entire army, pouring in upon them such a fierce fire of musketry and grape shot as to quickly demoralize McDougall's forces of green men. The militia, thoroughly disorganized by the fierce fire, began to give way, when two men (observing that the cowardly manifestation of a few was about to create panic amongst all), grabbing rifles from the ground, stepped through the lines, well to the front, in plain view of all, coolly loaded and fired as though at target practice, while shot and shell rained about them. The troops, steadied by this exhibition of pluck, stood firm, till the officers were able to withdraw them in an orderly manner.

These two men who rendered such signal service, at a critical moment, were both chaplains; Benjamin Trumbull and John Gano. Trumbull was a large swarthy man, while Gano was small of stature. Having accomplished their purpose, they followed the retiring troops. Gano to explain his absence from the rear, where he had been stationed, as assistant to the surgeons; Trumbull to rejoin his regiment in the main army. Going down to the banks of the Bronx, Trumbull sought a place to cross; at this moment Colonel Tallmadge spurred his horse into the water, when Trumbull, seeing an opportunity to cross, and determining that the Colonel's horse should bear two across the stream, by a prodigious leap landed squarely astride the crupper. The horse, frightened by this new accession, with a powerful spring cleared himself of both men, leaving the astonished Colonel seated in the cold water, astride, not of his horse, but of the burly frame of the Chaplain; an instance where both sides got the worst of a horse trade, and, probably, the basis of that sage remark of the immortal Lincoln, "Never swap horses while crossing a stream."

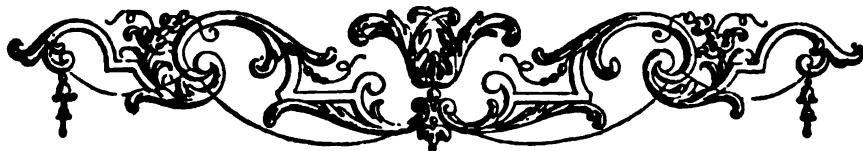
Time will not permit me to relate the labors of the Rev. Dr. Spring, with Arnold and Morgan, on that terrible journey through the forests of Maine, to Quebec. Or of those many devoted and brave men who shared the perils and hardships of the troops, hiding their own sufferings while encouraging the men to more heroic action; never flinching nor complaining; proud to do their whole duty in that struggle which their conscience taught them was in obedience to the highest mandates of heaven.

If, then, in that brilliant group that clustered about Washington, I seem to ascribe to the Clergy of the Revolution any prestige over gentlemen of the other professions, I pray you bear with me the memory that it was they who acted as the commissariat to his army, prepared maps of their respective provinces, over which he might lead his armies; who kept him informed of the enemy's every move; who were his recruiting officers and brought armies to his leading; who counteracted and frustrated the influence of the Tories, who made every church steeple in the land a sign of succor to the struggling patriot, a station for the express rider, a hospital to the sick, a source of every human comfort to the footsore and bleeding patriot.

Above all, in those desolate days of retreat, amidst the nakedness and starvation of Valley Forge, conditions where the star of the illustrious Washington ever shone the brightest, it was the prayers, example, and loving, zealous service of his clergy that lent lustre to that star.

NEW YORK

CHARLES EDWARD BRUGLER



## THE DIARY OF JOHN FRIZZELL, 1756-60

John Frizzell was born Sept. 30, 1730, in Framingham, Mass., and died—1815 in Northfield, Mass. He served during the French and Indian War and was taken prisoner at Oswego (1758), thence to Canada and finally to England for exchange. He is probably the John Frizel of Walpole, N. H., who is on the Mass., Rolls as of Capt. Jeremiah Smith's company, Colonel John Smith's regiment, April 19, 1775.

**T**HE following are extracts from an old book which seems to have been a diary and account book combined, used for many years by John Frizzell.

There is nothing to show the residence of the writer except by inference. On one page is a receipt signed by Aaron Burt for one deerskin, witnessed by Stephen Belding and dated Northfield, March 28, 1765. On another page is the following:—"May ye 24, 1762 then begun to Lay out the highways in the Town Shippe of Gilford which took me 4 Days and another hand." As we know that Frizzell or at least his descendants lived in South Vernon, Vt., and as that town lies between Northfield, Mass., and Guilford, Vt., it is likely he then lived in Vernon.

On the inside of the cover is the following: "Plymouth, Nouember ye 6 day 1757 John Frizell his book". This evidently means Plymouth, England, as the diary shows that he was there at that date. Scattered through the book are various entries seemingly made at the time of the occurrences noted, in the years 1757-9, some of which are repeated in the diary, which would seem to have been written while the writer was yet on shipboard and before his return to America, as the continuous narrative leaves him in a port of the Mediterranean, and a subsequent entry which is several times repeated shows that April 15, 1759 he took a ship homeward bound. The later entries are from 1762 and relate to business affairs during the next few years, and also include the record of the birth of the writer's children, the last entry being in 1784.

The ink is yet distinct, the handwriting good, and the orthography peculiar. The connected narrative begins abruptly, with nothing to show where the scene is laid, where the soldier came from or what command he belonged to. But a comparison of the dates and events with historical data shows that it was the siege and capture of Oswego by the French and Indians under Montcalm. Oswego being at that time the most advanced post held by the English forces, and the only one on the

Lakes, it being garrisoned by a force of 1200 to 1600 of both English regulars and provincial troops, to the latter of which the narrator doubtless belonged.

The diary is as follows, "verbatim et literatim":—

"August the—10—day 1756 atacted by our enemy and the—14—day Surrendered ourselfs to our enemy and afterwourds being conued (confined) to close Quarters and was glad to buy our water and giue fие (give five) shilling a quarte for yt (it) and and yf (if) you had not the money go without and the next day the yndens (Indians) came to the guared (guard) and said that thay next would Come and Cut us yn pises, (in pieces), no sais the Generall y cannot answer yt well well sais the yndens we must haue our revenge. The next day they came with Resolutn to execute us acorsing (according) to their one (own) way. The french generall said take what folers, and emedetly thrust three of them through with his sord, which struck a dred to them and hee (yet) saw that they ware so hard sett that hee could not Passify them, so he called out seventeen men and gave (them to) the yndens to pasify them.

Y cant say but yt (that it) amid me look round amongst my feller creters to se hos (whose) lot yt must bee. (next)

—3—day being striped of all but my life the Cannadens came and said alley alley (Allez, allez) the ynglish of that was to march. when we Came to the Lake their was several battows; (bateaux) thay Pinted to the battows and then across the Lake so we gumped (jumped) ynto the battows so we made sum sail and steered north and nor west, so they gaue (gave) mee an ore and said Rum, Rum, that was to take hold of the ore and Roo (row) so we continued our Corse and some yndens conows, (canoes) fooloing (following) us uery (very) cloose and making sins (signs) and floorishes with their Kniues how they would serue us yf thay could but Lay hands on us. The Cannadans made signs that we should Lay down in the battow that thay should not see us. you must think our Case was uery sad and solitiry but how to miss of Them we knew not. At night sailed to Lose them and as yt happened in our meloncoley stait the wind bloode out of the South so hard that we could not command ourselfes so Lay at the marchy of the wind and as yt was ordered drew ashore yn a nook where we Sculked among the Rooks (rocks) and saw no more of the yndens that night. The next morning

we applied to our battows to proced one (on) uur (our) gurney (journey) we sailed that day and came to a plaice called Gattrooksway—60—mills from—. To the northerd an niland (northward an island) with a small fort mounts—12—guns, and yn the habor was sum snows\* and briggs. Son after we maid Sanlorinces (St. Larence) River and sum yndens Canows so we Perseued (perceived) that they had a Staff yn the starn of the Canow strung full of men's Scalps; their was hooping (whooping) and Regoicing to see us going yn Captiuity we had but little to say for ourselves for we (thought) that yt was all yn uain (vain) so we must Submit ourselfs to their Pleshur and make the best we can of a bad bargin. So at night we came to a place on the Riuver called new Crown Pint—80—miles down the River beloo the Leike Ontario we gladly Steped a shore and finding their sum wild Cheris gladly laid hold of them and fell to eattin of them, being a long Time without uicttis (victuals) and the day being fare spent we camped their that night and the next morning uery early the Cannadans maid motions to have us go yhto a battow; we had not sailed far till we saw seueral battows Persouing us—the Cannadans made sins first to the yndens and then to the ores and said Rum, Rum that was to say Roo (row) away for the yndens will Scalpe you alive. So we being past all hope said nothing, laid hold of an ore but uery Carlsly and mayking mosehns to get oute of their way but did not (care) much what became of us, but thay could not come up with us so we contiued on our gurney till we came to a Plaice called Cubey—40—mills lire (lower) down but maid now (no) stop their. Saint Johns a small fort with some yndens wigwams so they maid signs for us to go a Shore but Pinted all Round and said on boon the Sauiges, that was to say the yndens would devour us yf we went oute of that Plaice and we saw on the Riuver bank a thick Grooue (grove) of woodand foraboute—20—feet wide and about —5—Roods in length the trees ware all Cutte of about won size wich y suposed to be—15—feete from the ground; y could not studey how that should come to be yn that form but y considered with myself and as yt is a usual thing for ydens to Powwoy before they go to battle y appryhend that thay Rased him their, and would not turn him out an ynden so he maid a shelter amongst the wood.

So the next day we Preseded on our way down the Riuver and came to a fine leuel land sum vileges setteleed with Cannadens and contined that way one—100—mills then came to the Graite falls aboute—30—

\*An old-time rig.

millis down so when y see that yt was my Portion to Lanch down them falls y thote we might call outselues yngens men so tho made signs for us to ly down in the battow so we did Likewise and thay carried us down safe But y did not expect it and after that we went ashoore and traullled—12—milles and came to a paice called Swaygochway a very fine forte aboue—30—peses of Cannon one (on) the south side of the riuers and aboue—12—milles furder to mooreal (Montreal) where some shipps come up the Riuers. When we came to Moyrall (Montreal) we was turned yn to a yard under look and Kee. tho yt Rained usery hard in deed, but we thot that the leest of al our grijences as it was the next day at—10—clock came the (word illegible) and told us to go aborde won Shippe or go and Trauelly (Travaille) the ynglish of it is worke, but we Told him that we was Prisoners od war (of war) and we hoped that he would use us as such, this being soom of the last days of the month of August so we gladly embraist the opertunity as their was a shipp bound to Sainfraincway (St. Francis) and so down the Riuer 200 millis to a country called Quebeck thd Captall Citey in Cannaday being gust in the Pint at the meeting of two Riuers it being a place that contains one mille square and a very large bay so that a first Raitt (rate ship) might sail.

After we ariued (arrived) in this plais being on the—9—day of September—1756—our portion was then a prison as other Captiues, and for how long we know not but as yt was our misforting we knew that we must (make) the best of yt we can Knowing that God hath power ouer the deuil (devil) so they cannot take our lius

October ye 6 an order come to ymbarke for old fraince (France) as for myself y was yn a uery Poor stait of helth that y dare not uenter (venture) the passige. the next day the doctor come and carried me to Sain joseph horspitall and continued their—30—days not able to get out of my bed but still thot that y must Submit myself unto deeth before my eyes and in my destress the fryor (friar) came to uisit (visit) me once a day one day he came and gau me a pinch of Snuf and said how do you do? y told him no better. Ah, y am uery sorry for you, said he, you will die and go to hell like a doge; he sais yf you will be a christon and Receiue the Srement and be anointed y will sau you y told him y hope you will hot do me any harm for y know you cannot do me any good. he told me that he would go home and Pray for me y told him as yt was god's will that y should be a Prisoner of war y should

—(trust?) yn his marcy for my deliuerence. then one of the nuns came and brott a Crusefix to one of my Pardnors which had turned thier way and said he is won boon Christo, and Pinted to me and said no boon, no boon that ys no good Christon. but as Gods marcy was greater than their Power y Recouered out of my sickness so that y went to Prison and out of —50—or—60—that turned in, won man Liued (lived) to come out alie. yt being then the last of December y went to Prison tho with a uery heuy hart, (very heavy) the snow being —9—feet deep upon a leuel and yn that Contry the winter ys—8—months so y continued the winter out.

yn March two offircers taken at Ohigo (Ohio), had been Prisoners —2—years and a half and they had drawn a plan of that Country and was sending of yt home to England, and yt was the misforting of the Shippe to be Taken and carried to fraince and a little before y came away thare came an order that one of them shoule be xecuted: as yt happed the night before the yndens came and took them out of the Dungen and thay saw no more of them. Know we that the time long and tedus to bare for our luing was uery Short—5—months of the time our liuing was bread and water one Pound of Pea (bread) breed a day yn the morning take your pees (piece) of breed and go to the water cask your yorn (horn ladle yn the other hand so three times a day. nothing extrodny july ye—22—day embarked on bord the frinch Cantical (Canticle) for yngland—300—leegs (leagues) down the Riuver one fort that mounts—9— guns.

The—3—day we saw yn the Riuver—13—sail of frinch Shippes —60—36—one (On) grand banks of nufoundland we saw—13—sail of small Shippes but could not tell whether frinch or ynglish.

When we came to the Bay of biskey we lost one man died with small Poox and being uery sickly a bord yn generall y myself being syck also with the feuer and Small pox. before we got to Plymouth sound men died uery fast yndeed—3 or 4 in a day; you yon must consider our lodgin was hard and almost starued besides one quarte of Pee broth a day for—10—men [and?] —15—ounces of meet which you will think uery Short yndeed ye—28—day we maid Plymouth sound we had [a] uery good Passig (passage) y must say, otherwise yt would have gon uery hard with us our sickness was so mortal. after we came ynto Plymouth Sound y was abord —4—days without uittles water y had. Thay how (who) ware not sick went ashore uery soon after we came yn.

After going yn Plymouth horspittle y continued their—4—mountshs being sick with feuer and small Pox. December ye—6—day being Recouered of my sickness and hauing—18—Pence yn my Pocket, began to trauel to see yf y could secure a pasig home but money being spent and y myself almost did not succeede yn my undertaken. December—9—day was obliged to go on bord a priuetteer of —18—guns. febuary—5—day sailed being bound up the straits one (on) the cost (coast) of gerusalem (Jerusalem?) and to be—6—calendar mounths at sea—14—days lay under a Reef foorsel (foresail) expecting euery moment when would be the last. Nothing extrodny. the next bay was Cape Sainuinsons (St. Vincents) yn Portingill (Portugal) Cape finesster (Finisterre) we made next, yn Spain, when we came to Gebaralter nothing extraodinary the next Plaice we made was the Cattergeen (Cartagena?) nothing extrodny—the next Port was Port Mahon, the next plaice we made was the Gulf of lions (Lyons) nothing the next Post was Costoco nothing more then Common; the next was Leghorn in Ety, (Italy) the next Port we maid was Sisely (Sicily) the next Caloney in sardeney. (Sardinia)—————

This seems to be the end of the connected narrative. Following are the names of places, thus: Napels, Moolter (Malta?) Conday formerly called the land of Connon yn Turkey. Seerago (the island of Cerigo) Consternoble. La Sant (Zante) yn greece—and many others, some of which canhot be understood.

Then in another part of the book appear the following entries: April the—23—1758 Mr Noble commander Samuell Olliuer Took a frinch Turkeman a pollaker (polacca) shippe. Apriell—13—1759 to a snow homered bound. Apriell—15—1759 took a brig San Franinges (Fernandez) homered bound, Captain Mootry.

The last is “August ye—18—1759 one Board (on board) his Ma-jesty’s *Theristes*\* ship on short allowince of wine for seuen days. Aug. ye 28—1759 Short allowance of bread.”

The next entry in point of date is “October ye—23—day 1760” when he did something, but the word is unintelligible. It is likely that he was back in America.

\**Thersites*?

The family record is as follows:—

August ye—38—1765—then Lousey (Lucy) was born. December the—15—1768 then was Earl born—Looies (Lois) was born Apriel the—9—day 1770. Calmey (Calma) was born August the—3—day in the year—1772. Apriel—16—day ye 1776 then was Pattey born. May—25—ye 1779 was \*Lefey born. January—26—1784 then John was born.

HARTLAND, Vt.

FLORENCE H. STURTEVANT

\*Liefey is nickname for Relief. She was called Aunt Liefey and was unmarried.—F. H. S.



## MINOR TOPICS

### THE PENMAN OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

There died in Holmesburg, Pa., April 15, 1829, a man who had a share in the Declaration of Independence—after it had been written by Jefferson—not generally known.

One of the clerks in the office of Charles Thomson, the Secretary of Congress, whose duty it was to officially promulgate the Declaration, was Timothy Matlack, probably the finest penman in the United States—and when quills were the only pens known.

To him was intrusted the work of copying the Declaration, on the great skin of parchment three feet by more than two, which was to be signed by all the members of Congress. The handwriting is nearly twice the usual size, and unusually handsome and clear. Matlack had previously made out Washington's commission as Commander in Chief, and the identity of the penmanship in that, and an entry in the Journal of Congress June 12, 1775, as well as with an autograph letter of Matlack's preserved with the papers of the Congress, is certain.

He copied the Declaration from the broadside, printed by John Dunlap, the official printer—as is shown by the heading of the broadside, which he reproduced in the written Declaration in the same form of lettering.

Matlack was more than ninety-nine years old when he died, but retained his faculties to the last.

*Youth's Companion.*

GAILLARD HUNT.

(As Mr. Hunt says nothing about Matlack's other services, we add from Appleton's *Cyclopedia of Am. Biography* the following—ED.)

Timothy Matlack was born in Haddonfield, N. J. in 1730. He had been a member of the Society of Friends, but at the beginning of the Revolution left it for that of the Free, or "Fighting Quakers," and is described by Christopher Marshall as "one of the most active spirits of the days of 1775-6". When he first wore his sword in the streets of Philadelphia some of the Orthodox Friends ridiculed him and inquired what its use was. "It is to defend my property and my liberty," he replied. He was one of the general committee of safety in 1776, a Colonel of the battalion that served against the Delaware Tories, who in June of that year had cut off the land communication with Dover. He was also a deputy with Franklin, McKean, John Bayard and others from Philadelphia to attend the state conference of June 14, 1776. He was also a delegate from Pennsylvania to the Congress of 1780-87, and for many years was Master of the Rolls of the state, residing in Lancaster; but on becoming Prothonotary of one of the Philadelphia Courts, returned to that city. In 1783 the Committee of Safety of Philadelphia presented him with a silver urn "for his patriotic devotion to the cause of Freedom, and for the many services rendered by him throughout the struggle."

With Franklin, Robert Morris and others, he established and contributed the funds to build the Free Quaker Meeting house of Philadelphia.

## ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS

### LETTER OF MARTHA WASHINGTON

(Referring to the suffering of the army while in winter quarters at Morristown, N. J., in the winter of 1780.)

Mount Vernon, July the 13, 1780.

Dear Sir:

When yours and my dear Fanny's letters came to my hands—I was in expectation of leaving Camp every Week—I left the General about the middle of June—the last I heard from him, he was going up the North river, I got home on Friday—and find myself so much fatigued with my ride that I shall not be able to come down to see you this summer and must request you to bring Fanny up as soon as you can—I suffered so much last Winter by going late that I have determined to go early in the fall before the Frost set in—if Fanny does not come soon she will have but a short time to stay with me—we were sorry that we did not see you at the camp—there was not much pleasure there the distress of the army and other difficultys tho' I did not know the cause, the pore General was so unhappy that it distressed me exceedingly.

I shall hope to see you soon after the assembly rises, with Fanny, please to give my love to her and the Boys who I should be very glad to see with you—my compliments to Mrs. Dangerfield, Mr. and Mrs. Davis and all friends—I am dr. Sir your affectionate

friend & Hble. Servt.

MARTHA WASHINGTON.

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THE

# MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

WITH

## NOTES AND QUERIES

*Americanus sum: Americani nihil a me alienum puto*

SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER, 1916

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## LOVEJOY'S INFLUENCE ON JOHN BROWN

THE last word in the biography of John Brown will not be written until his biographer shall take account of the influence exerted upon him by Elijah P. Lovejoy, who died a martyr to freedom at Alton, Illinois, November 7, 1837. Even Villard's excellent biography does not mention this influence. Yet the author seemed to realize that some powerful influence unnamed by him was necessary to account for John Brown's purpose to destroy slavery. He said: "When was it that John Brown, practical shepherd, tanner, farmer, surveyor, cattle expert, real estate speculator and wool-merchant, first conceived what he calls in his autobiography his (greatest or principal object) in life—the forcible overthrow of slavery in his native land? Why should one who so hated the profession of arms be the first to take up in order to free the slave from his chains? What was there in the humdrum life of an Ohio farmer to cause him to espouse the *role* of a border-chieftain in the middle of the nineteenth century?" I do not think such questions as these can be satisfactorily answered without referring to the influence of Lovejoy.

A few days before his death, according to Dr. Edward Beecher's report, Lovejoy said at a meeting of the citizens of Alton: "I know that I am but one and you are many. You can crush me if you will; but I shall die at my post, for I cannot and will not forsake it . . . You come together for the purpose of driving out a confessedly innocent man, for no cause but that he dares to think and speak as his conscience and his God dictate . . . It is because I fear God that I am not afraid of all who oppose me in this city . . . The contest has commenced here, and here it must be finished. Before God and you all, I here pledge myself to continue it, if need be till death. If I fall, my grave shall be made in Alton."

Soon after this martyr of freedom was in his grave John Quincy Adams wrote: "The incidents which preceded and accompanied and

followed the catastrophe of Mr. Lovejoy's death point it out as an epoch in the annals of human liberty. They have given a shock as of an earthquake throughout this continent." The *Boston Recorder* declared that these events called forth from every part of the land "a burst of indignation which has not had its parallel in this country since the battle of Lexington."

A mass meeting, to give suitable expression of the sentiments of the people of Boston in regard to the murder of Lovejoy, was held in Faneuil Hall. Among those who attended was the young lawyer Wendell Phillips, who had not expected to take part, but who was there moved to make his maiden speech for freedom. Among the other similar meetings was one at Hudson, Ohio, which was attended by John Brown. The account of this meeting which I shall give was written by Rev. Edward Brown, who was likewise present. But before this account is introduced, something should be said of the witness whose testimony it is.

Rev. Edward Brown was cousin to John Brown, Edward's father being Judge Frederick Brown of Wadsworth, Medina County, Ohio. At the time of Lovejoy's death Edward Brown was a student at Western Reserve College, Hudson, Ohio. After studying there three years, he spent four years in teaching and seven years in the practice of law. In 1853 he was ordained to the ministry, and served as pastor of Congregational churches in Ohio, Wisconsin, Minnesota and South Dakota most of the time until 1885. He died in 1895. He possessed a keen mind and such power of concentrating his attention that, when pursuing the study of law, he did not need to read a paragraph the second time. At the sixtieth anniversary of the first settlement of Wadsworth, he gave the historical address and preached the memorial sermon. These addresses abounded in reminiscences of pioneer days, and with other historical papers were published under the title of the "Wadsworth Memorial." It is evident that their writer possessed an unusual memory.

In 1892 he wrote for *The Northwestern Congregationalist*, of Minneapolis, of which I was editor, thirteen articles, all of them of a reminiscent character. The papers containing these articles are in the library of Oberlin College. In one article he described the meeting at Hudson which was held soon after the martyrdom of Lovejoy and the impression which that event made on John Brown. But his account

was written nearly fifty-five years after the meeting was held. Was not the intervening time so long as to render his testimony unreliable? This question may be answered by an examination of the other twelve articles which he wrote the same year. Some of them reported incidents which occurred several years before this meeting. One contained reminiscences of important transactions in the early history of Ripon College, and several were occupied with reminiscences of pioneer missionary labor in South Dakota, while one described the beginning of prohibition in that State. Six articles, however were devoted to reminiscences of pioneer days on the Western Reserve in Ohio and to incidents in the life of John Brown.

Some of them refer to matters mentioned in Mr. Villard's biography. For example, we read on page seventeen of the biography: "When a tall stripling, either in 1816 or 1819, Brown revisited Connecticut with his brother Salmon and another settler's son, Orson M. Oviatt, with the idea of going to Amherst College and entering the ministry. During his brief stay in the East, he attended the well-known school of the Rev. Moses Hallock at Plainfield, Massachusetts, and Morris Academy in Connecticut . . . But an attack of inflammation of the eyes put an end to Brown's dreams of a higher education, and he returned to Hudson and the tanning business." Rev. Edward Brown's article says: "Among the earliest of the pioneers at Hudson, Ohio, was Owen Brown, my father's brother, in after years a trustee of Oberlin College. His eldest son John, a very bright and energetic young man, making a religious profession at sixteen years of age, was desirous of studying for the ministry, incited thereto chiefly by that ardent founder of the American Board, Samuel J. Mills, a kinsman. Unable to furnish him money, his father gave him two horses, which he took, riding one and leading the other, to Connecticut and sold. Then he went to Plainfield, Massachusetts, where at an academy and under the private instruction of one Moses Hallock, he was fitted to enter the junior class of Yale College, which he was prevented from doing by a chronic disease of the eyes." The biography on page eighteen confirms what Mr. Brown said of John's "making a religious profession at sixteen years of age."

Here is another example of the way in which, at various points, Mr. Villard's biography and the Edward Brown articles confirm each other. The biography contains an extract from a letter of John Brown, jr., which mentions a "Mr. Fayette" as "a colored theological student at Western Reserve College." Rev. Edward Brown wrote of Western

followed the catastrophe of Mr. Lovejoy's death point it out as an epoch in the annals of human liberty. They have given a shock as of an earthquake throughout this continent." The *Boston Recorder* declared that these events called forth from every part of the land "a burst of indignation which has not had its parallel in this country since the battle of Lexington."

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the time when the meeting was held. When and where he was born is uncertain until later. His parents or some of the other twelve who were there were the same. Some of them reported that the meeting was held in the meeting house. The records of the early history of New Bedford were examined, but nothing was found. The author of the history of New Bedford, while not describing the meeting house, says that some six acres, however, were given to the cause of the slaves in the Western Reserve, and the life of John Brown.

After these refer to matters mentioned in the

letter read on page seventeen of the History of New Bedford in 1810 or 1819, Brown received a small inheritance from his father and another settler's son, from whom he got a sum to Amherst College and enough to pay his passage to the East, he attended the Massachusetts School at Painesfield, Massachusetts.

But an attack of smallpox put an end to Brown's dreams of a higher education.

He became the earliest of the pioneers of the town of New Bedford, his brother, in after years, became a tanner, John, a very bright and

intelligent at sixteen years of age, and

had fitted thereto directly a

small hammer. He made

the first nail ever made in New Bedford.

He then

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Reserve College: "Among its earliest students were Edward Cowles, a Potawatomie Indian, and John Sykes Fayette, a mulatto. Fayette graduated in 1836, pursued his theological studies there . . . Not only Fayette, but three black students, Richard W. Miller, Samuel Nelson and Samuel Harrison were in Western Reserve College. Their room was opposite my own. In 1837 Miller died of consumption, his head resting on my breast when dying." I think that, if any candid person will place the Villard biography and Rev. Edward Brown's reminiscences of his cousin side by side and examine them carefully, the impression made upon him will be that both are reliable.

At the time of the meeting in Hudson, of which Rev. Edward Brown's account follows, he was twenty-three years of age. He would naturally take a special interest in what his uncle and cousin might say at the meeting. The sentiments attributed to Professor Hickok and the impression made on John Brown were such as, with the Faneuil Hall meeting and Wendell Phillips in mind, we might expect. And is it to be wondered at that the exciting scene made an ineffaceable impression on the mind of a student endowed with such a memory as that of Edward Brown? Here is his account of the calling of the meeting and of what was said and done there:

"Prof. Laurens P. Hickok (since President of Union College and a distinguished preacher and writer of philosophical works) became, in 1836, professor of theology in Western Reserve College. He was regarded as conservative on the question of emancipation. One afternoon in November, 1837, we heard a rapid tramping through the college halls, and every room entered. Soon we saw it was Prof. Hickok, who entered greatly excited. He said, 'I want you all to come down to the old chapel-room immediately on the ringing of the four o'clock bell. I have some very important news to tell you.' Promptly on time the room was filled with both faculty and students. Prof. Hickok had brought a paper containing an account of the murder of Lovejoy and the destruction of his press, at Alton, (where he was publishing a religious paper of decided anti-slavery views), by a Missouri mob from St. Louis. They had before destroyed his presses both at St. Louis and at Alton. After reading it he proposed to us to call a meeting at the Congregational church in the village two days later. The next day he mounted his horse and rode all over the township, calling at every house and inviting the people to the meeting.

At the meeting he made a most eloquent speech, burning with indignation, in which he said: 'The crisis has come. The question now before the American citizens is no longer alone, "Can the slaves be made free?" but, "Are we free, or are we slaves under Southern mob law?" I propose that we take measures to procure another press and another editor. If a like fate attends them, send another till the whole country is aroused; and if you can find no fitter man for the first victim, send me.' During the afternoon many speeches were made and strong resolutions passed.

Just before the close of the meeting, John Brown, who had sat silent in the back part of the room, rose, lifting up his right hand and saying, 'Here, before God, in the presence of these witnesses, from this time, I consecrate my life to the destruction of slavery!' His aged father then rose and, with stammering speech (for he was a great stammerer), said, 'When John the Baptist was beheaded, the disciples took up his body and laid it in a tomb and went and told Jesus. Let us now go to Jesus and tell him.' Then in a very fervent prayer, weeping (but not stammering, for he scarcely ever stammered in prayer), he closed the meeting."

That we may fully understand the relation of Lovejoy's death to this oath of John Brown, we should not forget that Lovejoy fought against the mob that killed him. And this oath of John Brown helps us to understand his action in administering a similar oath later to other members of his family, as described in the letter of John Brown, jr., to F. B. Sanborn, published in *The Nation*, Dec. 25, 1890. An extract follows:

"Father, mother, Jason, Owen and I were, late in the evening, seated around the fire in the open fire-place of the kitchen, in the old Haymaker house where we then lived; and there he first informed us of his determination to make war on slavery . . . He said that he had long entertained such a purpose — that he believed it his duty to devote his life, if need be, to this object, which he made us fully to understand . . .

After prayer he asked us to raise our right hands, and he then administered to us an oath, the exact terms of which I cannot recall, but in substance it bound us to secrecy and devotion to the purpose of fighting slavery by force and arms to the extent of our ability . . . At that time Jason was about sixteen years old, Owen, between fourteen and fifteen; and I was between eighteen and nineteen years of age.

If there had not afterwards been an opening for slavery in Kansas, it is possible his attack upon it in the States would have been longer delayed; but he was not the man to abandon the most deeply cherished purpose of his life. He would have played his hand even if he played it alone." The mention of the ages of three sons of John Brown fix the time of their taking this oath at about the year 1839.

It is reasonable to conclude that John Brown was indebted to Elijah P. Lovejoy for these two things: (1) Before he entered upon his career he was able to understand the spirit and purpose of the pro-slavery men of this country better than he could have done had not Lovejoy suffered as he did. Because of Lovejoy's martyrdom John Brown was able both to see the need and to count the cost before he devoted his life to the destruction of slavery. (2) In the second place, the heroism of the Alton martyr made a powerful appeal to John Brown to take up the work for the freedom of the slave which Lovejoy left unfinished. This appeal may have been stronger because the two men were of nearly the same age and had much in common. It proved sufficient to bring John Brown to a great decision from which he never went back.

JUSTUS NEWTON BROWN

OBERLIN, O.

## THE GOLD FEVER OF 'FORTY-EIGHT AND 'FORTY-NINE.

"Gold! gold! gold! gold!  
Bright and yellow, hard and cold,  
Molten, graven, hammered and rolled;  
Heavy to get, and light to hold;  
\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*  
Spurned by the young, but hugged by the old  
To the very verge of the churchyard mould.—*Hood.*

**C**ALIFORNIA was declared to be a territory of the United States on August 15, 1846. This was in the Pierce administration and while we were at war with Mexico, and in 1850 it became our eighteenth state. Before 1846 this state, now the second in area of our forty-eight, belonged first to Spain, then to Mexico (1822). For a few years there were pleasant relations between California and Mexico but then dissatisfaction arose which increased in 1835 when Governor Figueroa died. In 1836 Alvarado obtained control of the province, excepting in regions around Los Angeles and San Diego. His scheme was to make California a sort of sovereign state having a federal union with Mexico. So successful was he that in 1838 the Mexican government recognized him as governor of the "department of California," and in 1845 his army defeated a Mexican force sent to put a Mexican governor in his place. About this time Americans began to appear in California, and settlements were made by them, particularly in the Sacramento Valley.

On May 13, 1846, Congress declared that war existed "by the act of the Republic of Mexico". Mexican territory then consisted of what are now California (where Alvarado had been successful in retaining his position as constitutional governor), Utah, Nevada, Arizona, New Mexico, and parts of Colorado and Wyoming. Of course, this vast region was virtually a wilderness with the exception of here and there a small settlement. In June, 1846, Frémont's band of American explorers captured Sonoma, California, and on July 4th issued a proclamation which declared the province to be independent. Although this independence was not at once officially recognized by the United States, instructions were soon issued to Commodore Sloat who took possession of Monterey (then the capital of the province) and San Francisco (known as Yerba Buena). The region was soon conquered by a fleet under Commodores Sloat and Stockton assisted by Frémont, and

on August 15, California was declared to be a territory of the United States. This, however, did not wholly end the resistance of the Mexicans, who afterwards rose in revolt, but were defeated, in 1847, in the battle of San Gabriel, not far from Los Angeles.

Thus the Mexican province of California passed into the possession of the United States. But except for its large area, a few towns and settlements and a small trade, we had not apparently gained any remarkable prize. It had not been much developed by the Mexicans. A splendid description of it about the time that Alvarado first obtained control, is given in *Two Years Before The Mast*. We quote:

"The external political arrangements remain the same. There are four or more presidios, having under their protection the various missions, and the pueblos, which are towns formed by the civil power and containing no mission or presidio. The most northerly presidio is San Francisco, the next Monterey, the next Santa Barbara, including the mission of the same, San Luis Obispo, and Santa Buenaventura, which is said to be the best mission in the whole country, having fertile soil and rich vineyards. The last, and most southerly, is San Diego, including the mission of the same, San Juan Capistrano, the Pueblo de los Angeles, the largest town in California, with the neighboring mission of San Gabriel. The priests, in spiritual matters, are subject to the archbishop of Mexico, and in temporal matters to the governor-general, who is the great civil and military head of the country.

The government of the country is an arbitrary democracy, having no common law, and nothing that we should call a judiciary. Their only laws are made and unmade at the caprice of the legislature, and are as variable as the legislature itself. They pass through the form of sending representatives to the congress at Mexico, but as it takes several months to go and return, and there is very little communication between the capital and this distant province, a member usually stays there as permanent member, knowing very well that there will be revolutions at home before he can write and receive an answer; and if another member should be sent, he has only to challenge him, and decide the contested election in that way.

Such are the people who inhabit a country embracing four or five hundred miles of sea-coast, with several good harbors; with fine forests in the north; the waters filled with fish, and the plains covered with

thousands of herds of cattle; blessed with a climate than which there can be no better in the world; free from all manner of diseases, whether epidemic or endemic; and with a soil in which corn yields from seventy to eighty fold. In the hands of an enterprising people, what a country this might be! we are ready to say. Yet how long would a people remain so, in such a country? The Americans (as those from the United States are called) and Englishmen, who are fast filling up the principal towns, and getting the trade into their hands, are indeed more industrious and effective than the Mexicans; yet their children are brought up Mexicans in most respects, and if the 'California fever' (laziness) spares the first generation, it is likely to attack the second."

But the "gold fever" of '49 seems to have cured the "California fever" of long standing, at least there are no indications of it at this present day. As Dana wrote, it was known, before 1835, that the later "Golden State" possessed forests, fish, herds of cattle and a remarkable soil. Respecting its mineral wealth, there was practically nothing known until 1848. It is true that about 1800 some gold had been found near San Francisco, and that in 1818 Governor Sola reported that most of the mountains showed traces of it. Then, the "Ortega mine" near Monterey had produced both silver and gold, and in 1842 gold was discovered not far from Los Angeles. Other indications of ore were in all probability seen by some of California's inhabitants from time to time; but until 1848 no one is known to have reported any large amounts of it. It may indeed be that the "California fever" was responsible for the long-delayed discovery of the province's mineral treasures. However it was, the world did not hear of California as a golden territory until it was part of the United States, about the time that a new Mexican government agreed to receive \$15,000,000 for the cession to us of this and other provinces.

We now come to two names, both more or less well known to history. The first is John A. Sutter, the second James W. Marshall.

Sutter was born of Swiss parents at Baden, February 28, 1803, receiving his education in that city. He entered the military service of France with rank of captain, remaining in the army until 1833, when he sailed for New York, his object in visiting America being to find a proper locality to establish a Swiss colony. He went as far as westward of the Mississippi; but the idea of such a colony was finally abandoned. Afterwards he became an American citizen, and travelled around in the

western wildernesses, having various experiences. On the 16th of August, 1839, he reached the vicinity of the present city of Sacramento, and chose a spot for his headquarters. Here he built what was known as "Sutter's Fort" and entered actively and successfully into business. Captain Sutter remained in this region until after the discovery of gold.

The other name is that of James W. Marshall, the first real discoverer of gold in this new territory.

Marshall had migrated from New Jersey to Oregon, in 1843, and in 1844 from Oregon to California, where he was engaged in farming and stock-raising until the beginning of the Mexican war, when he enlisted under Frémont. When he returned home he found that his possessions were strayed or stolen, and in order to get enough money to buy other live-stock he applied for employment to Captain Sutter who by this time had become very prosperous. His "fort" was a very important trading and distributing point, and the three hundred or so whites dwelling around this region were dependent upon him for work. Marshall was an excellent mechanic, a quiet, industrious, honest sort of man, and Sutter was very willing to find a place for him.

At the time when he entered the employment of Sutter lumber was in great demand among the settlers in the Sacramento Valley. Sutter had for a long time perceived the advantages of owning a saw-mill, and so satisfied was he with the judgment and trustworthiness of Marshall that in May, 1847, he sent him out to select a good spot on which to build one. Marshall soon found an excellent location, about 40 miles east of the Fort, on the south fork of the American river, at a point called by the Indians, "Cul-loo-ma" now known as Coloma. Here was not only plenty of water-power but also abundance of pine trees. Later Sutter made Marshall his partner, to oversee the building of the saw-mill, which was completed in January, 1848.

Its dam had been finished; but it was found necessary to open the sluice-gate at night so that certain accumulations could escape. On the morning of January 24, 1848, Marshall was preparing to close the gate —when some tiny glittering particles caught his eye. At once the thought that these particles might be gold came to him, and collecting a few of them he tested them with a means he had at hand—a hammer. Beating them with this hammer, these particles did not break but were flattened out. Still in doubt, he gathered quite a lot of them and hastened to seek

Sutter, who was at his Fort. Fortunately, Sutter happened to have a bottle of nitric acid, and despite his great doubts, soon proved beyond question that these glittering particles were real gold. We can easily imagine the excitement and interest of this discovery.

But it soon occurred to Sutter that were this discovery to become public, all his men would leave him to search for gold, and he would be absolutely without assistance in carrying on his business. This would ruin him. Therefore, he endeavored to keep the discovery secret, but such secrets are revealed after a while. It was possible, he thought, that the gold might be present only in a small amount; but on personal investigation he found that it was in quantity all over that region. He asked the workmen at the saw-mill to say nothing about it, although he himself communicated the discovery to several of his friends.

As he naturally wanted some of the gold for himself, he sent a messenger to Monterey, the capital of the territory, to see Governor Mason about obtaining title to the auriferous land. This was an excellent idea; but unfortunately his messenger spent a night at Benicia, got drunk, and very talkative, particularly respecting the discovery. It did not take long for the information to spread all over California. The messenger had not returned to Sutter's Fort before prospectors with tools commenced to arrive in the neighborhood of the saw-mill.

But the report was not at once believed. Indeed, the nearest newspapers hardly mentioned the fact. However, ere long, the inhabitants of California began to be interested and excited. At first only a few left the settlements and started for Sutter's mill. Soon they returned, laden with gold. There was great and greater excitement, and then a grand rush to the mines —by the first of May, 1848, the famous Californian "gold fever" had fully begun.

San Francisco became the center of this "fever". People now madly rushed to reach the "diggings". All sorts of means of transportation were employed. Settlements and firesides were deserted, and even newspapers had to suspend publication, for the printers had gone to the mines as well as the subscribers. At the commencement of summer the larger part of San Francisco's population had left for the gold fields.

Of course, all ordinary business in the territory was practically at an end; but food, clothing and mining implements soared in prices. It was indeed a wild and general scramble. Even judges deserted their

courts and doctors their patients. Everywhere people were either hastening towards the mines or talking about going. There were no laborers, there was no one to employ. At Monterey the territorial government had almost disappeared; in fact, it was reported that the Governor was finally obliged to cook his own meals.

But all the inhabitants were not thus attacked by this violent fever. Some remained at home, others made money by supplying prospectors with means for reaching the gold fields and with the necessary mining tools and equipments. But this gold craze ruined Sutter. He was soon left without sufficient help to run his business. Later, he received a pension of \$3,000 from the legislature. In 1873 he went to Lititz, Pennsylvania, to live, and he died in Washington in 1880.

And this gold craze also ruined Marshall, who caused it. The fever took strong hold on him; but he was never fortunate in finding a bonanza. He was a very obstinate sort of man and he continued his search. Finally his mind was somewhat affected, being obsessed with the idea that he owned all of the precious ore in California. Indeed he became so morose and peevish that he was actually driven from one mining camp to another, until at last he died in utter poverty.

But the news of gold in California fast spread all over the United States and then all over the world. It was carried by ships, by the Mormons, and messengers were dispatched from San Francisco to announce it in the eastern states. The first regions, outside of California, to become interested in the discovery were the Hawaiian Islands, Oregon and British Columbia. In the eastern part of the country the news was not believed for a while, the first published report in a prominent eastern paper being as late as the fall of 1848. The information, however, was soon verified by personal letters, Governor Mason's official report and finally by most convincing shipments of gold ores. Then, the so-called "forty-niners" began to start for the western treasure land.

And, so, in a comparatively short time California occupied the center of the world's attention, and, as a result of the gold discovery, the population increased from 26,000 on January 1, 1849 to more than 100,000 January 1, 1850. Of this increase about four-fifths were Americans, the rest from all over the world.

In 1849 there were three routes by which to reach California from the east and south. Prospectors from the Atlantic states and Europe

could come by way of Cape Horn; those from the southern states across the Isthmus of Panama; and there was the third route directly overland, by means of the "prairie schooner". Of the three that round Cape Horn was the easiest, and in one month, (February, 1849) about 140 ships left the Atlantic coast for California. It looked as though the Panama route might not be difficult; but although the emigrants could easily get to Panama and cross the Isthmus, there were no means of transportation thence to California; because on arrival at San Francisco most of the sailors deserted the ships for the mines and the vessels were left without seamen to take them back to the Isthmus.

T. Robinson Warren, who was at Panama in September, 1849, has left a graphic picture of it, in his *Dust and Foam* (New York, 1859) "The population of the town was more than doubled by some thousands of Americans, awaiting conveyance to California. Having bought through tickets, in the United States, in good faith, and supposing that they would be at once forwarded on their arrival here, they now to their dismay, found that they had been misled, and that they would be obliged to wait months before they could get a passage. As a result, prospectors who took this route had usually to remain at Panama for weeks or months, and hundreds died from climatic sicknesses. Moreover, baggage and personal possessions were often lost in the mad scramble to get abroad an occasional ship sailing for California, large prices being paid for passage to San Francisco. Indeed, it was reported that as high as \$1000 was paid by one passenger for "sleeping quarters" consisting of a coil of rope. The situation of many was deplorable; without means in a deadly climate and unable to speak Spanish, with others dependent on them; exposure and unhealthy diet soon caused awful fatality—the cholera and native fevers vying with each other in their ravages. People were absolutely mad to get to California and tickets for steamers expected to leave soon were sold at an enormous premium. As much excitement was manifested as at the New York Stock Exchange, and at noon the corners and saloons were crowded, and speculation frantic. Shrewd Yankees, who held tickets for the first steamer *up*, "calculating" that a month would not make much difference to them, sold out at an advance of a thousand dollars or so, pocketed the money and bided their time."

He reached San Francisco in October, and went at once to a place called Columbia "then containing two or three thousand inhabitants;

but one morning better digging were reported, and before night there were not ten people left in the place."

The overland or direct route was from the eastern or southern states to the present cities of St. Joseph or Independence, Missouri, from which points the trail followed the general line of the later Union Pacific railroad or what was known as the "Old Santa Fé trail." Every sort of wagon was used, a number of prospectors forming a party. During the day their wagon or "prairie schooners" advanced in a long line; but at night the party would stop, their wagons forming a circle not only as protection against the possible attacks from Indians or wild beasts but to prevent their animals from being stampeded or wandering away. The Indians at first did not cause much trouble but later they were a great danger. The "overland route" was full of hardships and disasters.

Bayard Taylor, who reached San Francisco in August, 1849, has this to say (in *El Dorado*) of the hardships of the overland route:

"The emigrants we took on board at San Diego were objects of general interest—lank and brown "as is the ribbed sea-sand"—men with long hair and beards and faces from which the rigid expression of suffering was scarcely relaxed. They were the first of those who had reached San Diego a few days before by the Gila route. Their clothes were in tatters, their boots generally replaced by moccasins, and they had left of the abundant stores with which they had started, only their rifles and some small packages wrapped in deerskin. They gave a terrible account of the crossing of the Great Desert, lying west of the Colorado. They described this region as scorching and sterile—a country of burning salt plains and shifting hills of sand, whose only signs of human visitation are the bones of men and animals scattered along the trails that cross it. Corpses—of either—lay half-buried emitting stifling effluvia.

If a man faltered, he was gone; none could stop to help him without a likelihood of sharing his fate."

At San Francisco he says: "Many of the passengers began speculation at the moment of landing. The most ingenious and successful operation was made by a New Yorker, who had brought out fifteen hundred copies of *The Tribune* and other papers, which, he sold out in two hours, at a dollar apiece! Hearing of this, I took a dozen

papers which I had used to fill spaces in my valise, and offered them to a newspaper dealer in the "City Hotel". He took them at ten dollars for the lot. I was satisfied—it was a profit of four thousand per cent!"

Probably no better description of a California "diggings" exists than that by Taylor, of the one on Mokelumne River, in 1849. He says: "Our first move was for the river bottom, where a number of Americans, French, Kanakas (Sandwich Islanders) and Sonorians (Northern Mexicans) were at work in the hot sun. The "bar," as it was called, was nothing more or less than a level space at the junction of the river with a dry "arroyo" or gulch, which winds for about eight miles among the hills. It was hard and rocky, with no loose sand except such as had lodged between the large masses of stone, which must of course be thrown aside to get at the gold. The whole space, about four acres, appeared to have been turned over with great labor, and all the holes slanting down between the broken strata of slate, to have been explored to the bottom. No spot could appear more unpromising to the inexperienced gold-hunter. Yet the Sonorians, washing out the loose dust and dirt which they scraped up among the rocks, obtained \$10 or more each daily. The first party we saw had just succeeded in cutting a new channel for the shrunken waters of the Mokelumne, and were commencing operations on about twenty yards of the river-bed, which they had laid bare. They were ten in all—with only shovels, a rude cradle for the top layer of earth, and flat wooden bowls for washing out the sands. Baptiste took a bowl, full of sand, and in five minutes showed us a dozen grains of bright gold. The company made that day about seven ounces for each man: gold of the purest quality and most beautiful color. When I first saw the men carrying heavy stones in the sun, standing nearly waist-deep in water, and grubbing with their hands in the gravel and clay, there seemed to me no temptation to gold-digging; but when the shining particles were poured out lavishly from a tin basin, there was a sudden itching in my fingers to seize the heaviest crowbar and the biggest shovel\*\*\*\* If anyone expects to dig treasures out of the earth in California, without severe labor, he is awfully mistaken. Of all classes of men, those who pave streets and quarry limestone are best adapted for gold-diggers".—*El Dorado*, Chap. 9.

Stopping in San Francisco only long enough to purchase a pick, pan, shovel, rocker, dipper, basket, blankets and cooking utensils, most of the gold-seekers proceeded first to the vicinity of Sutter's famous saw-

mill, which had been heard of by all of them, and there remained until discouraged with their ill-luck or excited by rumors of marvellous discoveries elsewhere. Mining towns and settlements were likely to be of uncertain duration. Several thousands of people would gather in some place where there was a rich "find". In a remarkably short time a real town would spring up, houses of wood and brick being built, with sewers and even gas-works. A newspaper would be published and an application made for a city charter. Suddenly a new "rich find" somewhere else—a far richer one than the present—would be announced, and in a very few days or less time all the citizens of "Golden Gulch" or whatever the name was would have abandoned it.

At first mining operations were conducted upon the surface of the ground or in shallow diggings. When the supply of gold dust failed on the surface the miners dug deeper, and then turned aside streams from their courses, gathering the precious glittering particles from the former beds of these streams. In the beginning of Californian mining the so-called "cradle" was most useful. This was a long box in which some of the "pay-dirt" had been placed. This "pay-dirt" was then flushed with water, the heavier gold that it contained settling to the bottom of the "cradle", while the lighter earth was washed out; the simplest and easiest method of accumulating gold.

But the early miner's life was as a rule a very hard one. In some cases it was a veritable struggle for existence. To engage in such mining it was necessary to possess a strong and vigorous constitution. The exposure to climate conditions was very trying, the work being under the hot sun or in the cold waters of the Sierra Nevada and sickness and death often resulted. In October, 1850, there occurred an epidemic of cholera which carried off about one-tenth of the mining population.

Probably on the whole these prospectors would have done just as well, or even better, had they remained at home. It is true that some of them found their fortunes and there was always the chance of discovering a valuable mine; but like in all gambling experiences the odds were against the prospector. Many of these miners averaged as much as \$100 worth of gold daily, and a few from \$500 to \$700, and still fewer found an occasional big nugget or pocket; but most of them, no matter how long a time they remained at the gold fields, just about picked up a livelihood. Many returned home poorer and wiser than when they so enthusiastically set forth.

Frank Marryat, son of the novelist, who was in the diggings in July 1851, records in "Mountains and Molehills" (New York, 1855) that even then the day had passed when diggings were so readily abandoned, and that at "Murderer's Bar" where the gold was found in coarse flakes, the bank washings (the "Bar" was on the American River) averaged \$5 to \$6 a day per man. The day of "big strikes" had passed, but the conditions of life were much better, and shovels no longer cost \$15 while a man who owned the ferry across the river had received for ferrage \$60,000 in one year, which he certainly would not have made by gold-washing.

Moreover, there was, particularly at first, much disorder and crime in these mining camps and settlements, as well as in the larger places. But there was a spirit of effective, even if rude justice, among most of these early Californian miners that made it very perilous for any of them to be dishonest. Indeed, such severe treatment was meted out to thieves that men would often leave their "dust" unguarded in their tents. It is true that everybody went armed; but this well-known and evident fact had its advantages, for it prevented much bloodshed, as a miner would hesitate about drawing his "gun" when the person provoking him might shoot first. As a result, many disagreements were settled with a fist battle.

Gambling of different sorts was almost universal during the early mining times. It was typical of the search for gold, and after a day's hard work the miners naturally turned to it for social relaxation. At any rate, gambling was a very popular diversion, almost everybody taking part in it. Faro, monte and roulette were the chief and favorite games of chance, the stakes ranging from fifty cents to five dollars. At times the gambling wagers would be much higher, on one occasion \$45,000 being staked.

But, although the return from mining probably did not average any better than that from less exciting pursuits, there was during 1848 and 1849, and particularly afterwards, a large amount of gold mined within Californian territory. Statistics of 1850 announce its yearly production in the United States as \$50,000,000, and since most of this was from Californian sources, it is evident how the local price of the metal must have depreciated. Indeed, gold went as low as \$4 an ounce. But though it so depreciated in value, the prices of other things soared tremendously. A pick or shovel cost \$5 to \$15, a tin pan \$5, a butcher

knife \$30, roast beef and one potato \$1.25, baked beans \$1, a whole meal \$3, wages for ordinary labor \$1 an hour, while one might live at a good "hotel" by paying \$50 a week. In fact, the average prospector arriving in San Francisco could not stay very long, for the prices of necessities of life would be very high when the smallest coin of exchange was no less than a 50-cent piece.

Thus the gold fever of 'forty-eight and 'forty-nine was contracted by thousands of otherwise most sensible citizens of the United States. It was a fatal one to many of them while others recovered and were better off, in some cases, financially, than before they "took the fever". As an exposition of human nature it is certainly most interesting and instructive. From the historical standpoint it is also most interesting. There is not the slightest doubt that California would in time have become as great as it is today. But that it would have reached today its present greatness may well be doubted had it possessed no gold mines to attract thither the ten thousands of courageous and sturdy immigrants. Population, as a rule, without some particularly attractive cause, does not pass rapidly from one part of a country to another—especially over a long distance and through hardships—and there was no reason that could make California an exception. Not only did the lure of gold actually mined create immediate wealth, but the effort and the toil in obtaining it did much to cure forever the "California fever" mentioned by Dana. Moreover, the inrush of population and general activity resulting therefrom were additional reasons why California is so advanced today. And, not only California but also the whole West would not now be what it is except for the "gold fever" of those days. A quotation from Dana's sequel to "Two Years Before The Mast", called "Twenty-Four Years After", is graphic and instructive. This quotation is applicable to the whole state of California, although written with respect to her greatest city:

"How strange and eventful has been the brief history of this marvellous city, San Francisco! In 1835 there was one board shanty. In 1836, one adobe house on the same spot. In 1847, a population of four hundred and fifty persons, who organized a town government. Then came the *auri sacra fames*, the flocking together of many of the worst spirits of Christendom; a sudden birth of a city of canvas and boards, entirely destroyed by fire five times in eighteen months, with a loss of sixteen millions of dollars, and as often rebuilt, until it became a solid city of brick

and stone, of nearly one hundred thousand inhabitants, with all the accompaniments of wealth and culture, and now (in 1859) the most quiet and well-governed city of its size in the United States. But it has been through its season of Heaven-defying crime, violence, and blood, from which it was rescued and handed back to soberness, morality, and good government, by that peculiar invention of Anglo-Saxon, Republican America, the solemn, awe-inspiring Vigilance Committee of the most grave and responsible citizens, the last resort of the thinking and the good, taken to only when vice, fraud, and ruffianism have entrenched themselves behind the forms of law, suffrage, and the ballot, and there is no hope but in organized force, whose action must be instant and thorough, or its state will be worse than before. A history of the passage of this city through those ordeals, and through its almost incredible financial extremes, should be written by a pen which not only accuracy shall govern, but imagination shall inspire."

CHARLES NEVERS HOLMES.

NEWTON, MASS.

There exist a few of the "Forty-niners," in and near Boston. They have a club, and meet regularly to talk over the exciting days which Mr. Holmes describes.—(Ed.)

## WHEN WASHINGTON TOURED NEW ENGLAND, 1789

*(First Paper)*

(This is the first of a series of several interesting articles which appeared in the *Boston Globe*. The author is Mr. Winfield M. Thompson. In connection with this installment, the reader should refer to the article on Washington's visit to Springfield, in our issue for April, 1905)

THE motor tourist in New England today, rolling over smooth boulevard roads in a fast and powerful automobile, and making the journey from New York to Boston in a day, has but to follow, with the mind's eye, the journey of George Washington in 1789—when, as first President of the United States, he toured this section of the country—to see the great change in the road traveler's lot in one hundred and twenty-six years.

A week was the ordinary time for a stage journey from New York to Boston in Washington's time. The President, delayed by bad roads and the need of accepting public attentions, was nine days making it in his own coach. Where the traveler of today finds luxurious hotels and the best of food, elegantly served, at his principal points of rest, Washington lodged at humble taverns, and often was served with the plainest fare.

Where he saw barren wastes or unbroken forest, there are today smiling acres rich in crops. Hamlets through which he passed are now thriving towns, and villages that entertained him are cities.

But the greatest change of all is in the roads, and the conveyances that travel over them. Where Washington's four horses toiled through sand or over rocky hills, covering at times scarcely three miles of road in an hour, the highway today is as smooth as a house floor and as hard as cement, and the motorist, journeying for his pleasure, may speed through rich landscapes, between historically interesting and commercially important centers, at from twenty to thirty-five miles an hour, for hour after hour.

Study of Washington's journey, made as one travels by motor, serves delightfully to carry the student back into a past rapidly becoming misty from time; but it serves also most admirably to make one conscious of some of the blessings he enjoys from the abundance of the great republic that was made possible by Washington.

Washington had been but five months in office as President of the United States when he made plans for his first official tour into New England, or, as he described it in his diary, "through the Eastern States." The adjournment of Congress on Sept. 29 gave him his first opportunity to make the journey.

Its purpose, he wrote, was "to acquire knowledge of the face of the country, the growth and agriculture thereof—and the temper and disposition of the inhabitants toward the new Government."

As a Virginian, Washington had never felt great warmth toward the people of New England, whose manners and methods of thought were far different from those of his own people of the south. He did not allow his personal feelings, however, to dissuade him from undertaking a journey that presented itself as a duty. He wished to fit himself, in every possible way, for his duties as President, and study of the section of the country that he least understood seemed to him important in the premises.

Washington did not rely on his own judgment alone as to the desirability of making such a journey, but talked the plan over with several of his advisers. He broached the subject first to Alexander Hamilton, Secretary of the Treasury, "who thought it a very desirable plan, and advised accordingly."

He next spoke of it to Gen. Henry Knox, Secretary of War, who, as a New Englander, could offer a sound opinion as to the probable effects of the trip; John Jay, Secretary of Foreign affairs, and James Madison, then a Representative in Congress, all of whom approved the plan.

Having thus cautiously paved the way for his journey, Washington began to make his preparations for absence from his family. The trip would entail about 600 miles of travel and was not to be undertaken offhand.

The roads were bad for coaching, but Washington could not proceed on horseback, as he had done on other long journeys. He was but recently recovered from a dangerous and painful illness, which had confined him to the house through the hottest period of the Summer. The Presidential Mansion, at 3 Cherry st, New York—where the Manhattan end of the Brooklyn Bridge casts shadows over Franklin square was far from commodious, and in one of its low-ceiled bedrooms the

President had lain six weeks—"on my right side," he wrote—because of a malignant carbuncle on "the protuberance of my (left) thigh."

For some days in June chains had been stretched across the street to prevent noise. At this time Washington had asked his doctor not to mislead him with false hopes, as he was prepared to die.

Recovery from such an illness naturally was slow, and it was not until September that Washington was able to ride in his usual posture in his coach. His first rides in his convalescence were taken "lying at full length."

Although but 57 years of age, and of naturally robust constitution, Washington was not in the best of condition for his journey when he set out from New York on the morning of Oct. 15, 1789, for "the Eastern States."

The President traveled in the coach that had brought him from Mt. Vernon to New York in April, when he came to be inaugurated. It was a substantial vehicle of English make, drawn by four bay horses, driven by a black servant in livery. Two negro boys rode the leaders.

Washington was accompanied by two of his secretaries, Col. Jackson, and Tobias Lear—the later a New Englander—who rode their own horses. There were six colored servants in all in the party.

Of what the President's baggage consisted we know not, but he must have had various portmanteaux to contain his four or more suits of clothes, his hats, ruffled linen, silk stockings and buckled shoes. He was very careful in his dress. A baggage wagon, drawn by two stout bays, conveyed his personal effects.

Accompanying the President in the first stage of his journey were various members of the Government, including Hamilton, Jay, and Knox. Dinner was taken at Kings Bridge at a tavern kept by "one Hoyatt." Here Washington parted from his honorary escort.

The afternoon was rainy, but Washington pushed on, and reached a "very neat and decent inn" kept by a "Mrs. Haviland," at Rye. Here he lodged, having made 31 miles for the day.

The President's route through Connecticut lay near the Sound shore, to New Haven. On this second day he breakfasted at Stamford dined and lodged at Fairfield. The third afternoon found him at New

Haven. Here he remained over Sunday, resuming his journey Monday, and passing *via* Wallingford and Middletown to Hartford, where he arrived "about sundown."

Washington halted here for a day—Oct. 20—to inspect a woolen manufactory, and to receive and answer a formal address from the people of the town. The next morning he was to have set off early, on his way to Springfield, having promised to breakfast at Windsor "at Mr. Ellsworth's"; but the morning proved very wet and it was 10:30 before he set out. He called, however, on Mr. Ellsworth, and stayed with him an hour. He then resumed his journey to Springfield, by the road on the west side of the Connecticut.

To those familiar with the richness of the Connecticut Valley farms particularly those producing tobacco, Washington's description of the land between Hartford and Springfield, as he saw it on a wet October afternoon 126 years ago, is of much interest.

"Between Windsor and Suffield you pass through a level, barren and uncultivated plain for several miles," he wrote in his diary. "Suffield stands high and pleasant, the Ld. (land) good. From hence you descend again into another plain, where the lands, being good, are much better cultivated.

The whole road from Hartford to Springfield is level and good, except being too sandy in places, and the Fields enclosed with Posts and Rails generally, there not being much stone."

Washington was about six hours on the road between Hartford and Springfield, a distance he estimated at 28 miles. This was a better pace than he had been able to set earlier in his journey, for he had found the roads between New York and Stamford, and along the Sound further east, exceedingly rocky.

Toward the end of his journey he crossed a considerable stream, the Agawam, a tributary of the Connecticut, on a bridge, but he had to ferry across the latter stream to reach Springfield.

The old ferry landing on the west side of the river is a few rods north of the present railroad bridge. The traveler of today on a train crossing the bridge may distinguish it by a wide-spreading maple tree that stands near the edge of the river's shelving shore, a few feet downstream from the end of a red sandstone retaining wall.

## AN INDEPENDENT CITIZEN

There have been preserved for the present generation a few local traditions that, in connection with antiquarian instinct, may assist the tourist of today in getting a glimpse of the first President's arrival at Springfield.

To reach the ferry his coach passed through a street in the straggling village of West Springfield, then known as Shad Lane.

It chanced that a worthy citizen, Jonathan Parsons, was then in the lane, guiding a team composed of two yokes of oxen and a horse, drawing toward the ferry a load of cornstalks, which we may assume was of liberal proportions.

Presently his attention was engaged by two horsemen, who rode up to him and requested that he turn out of the road, to allow General Washington's coach to pass.

Possibly thinking the couriers were playing a joke on him, the worthy man declined to draw out.

"I have as much right to the road as Gen. Washington," he replied, and kept on his way. It appears that Washington must have been obliged to mark time behind Jonathan Parsons and his oxen until an open space at the ferry was reached.

There, as the President waited for the ferry boat, he commented on the democratic spirit of Jonathan Parsons, saying to one of his companions, "That man was right: he had as much right to the road as I."

Jonathan Parsons heard the President's words, which he repeated many times in later years.

There is little inviting in the old ferry landing at West Springfield today. The motorist must have an eye to topography to find a way to it; but if he turns out of Main street into East School street, he will come to the old path to the river, beside the spreading maple tree.

The only remaining relic of the ferry is a link of chain protruding from the trunk of the tree, and evidently attached to another link now grown into the wood. To this chain doubtless the ferryman made fast his boat.

Washington crossed the river in a scow "set over with poles," he notes in his diary. He must have watched the ferrying process with much interest, for this ferry was for generations an important link in the main trade route by land between Boston and the Hudson and across it in the Revolution, many tons of supplies, and much strong New England rum, were conveyed in ox teams, for the use of Washington's Army, when New York was in possession of the British.

The Springfield landing of the ferry is no longer recognizable, as a high retaining wall of stone has obliterated the old shelving bank of the river at the point where the boat touched the sands to unload her passengers. The land at this point was conveyed to a railroad in 1860, and the old ferry rights were discontinued.

A number of prominent citizens of Springfield had mounted and ridden to the ferry to meet the President.

As Washington's coach drove up from the landing through Ferry Lane—a thoroughfare but one rod wide—a young woman engaged in making a bed in a house near by (she must have been an indifferent chambermaid, for it was then late in the day) is said to have snatched a sheet from the bed and waved it from a window.

This was Washington's first salute on his arrival east of the Connecticut.

There is a faint suggestion of ancient Ferry Lane today in a continuation of Cypress street, where, between two smudgy railroad buildings the road remains its original width, and is paved with cobble stones as in earlier times.

Cypress connects with Main st, a block below the railroad. Down Main Washington drove half a mile to the then center of Springfield, now recognized by the traveler as Court square, an open park flanked on its north side by the noble structures of the Civic Center, possibly the finest group of municipal buildings in America.

#### WHERE WASHINGTON PUT UP

This neighborhood was then, as now, the geographical center of Springfield. Here was the "one meeting house" mentioned in Washington's diary; the townhouse, and what was more important to the traveler, the town's chief inn.

The tavern, kept by Zenas Parsons, stood on ground now embraced in Court square—which was not laid out until nearly forty years after Washington's visit. A marker on a boulder sunk in the sward at the southeast corner of the square, marks approximately the position of its front porch.

The tavern, a large, three-story, rather bare building, is recalled by the older residents of Springfield, though not as it appeared on its original site. It was removed in 1819 to a site on Court street now covered by one of the buildings in the Civic group. It was torn down a few years ago.

Washington's coach drove up to its door under the branches of a great elm tree. No trace of it remains today. It died a few years ago and its stump, preserved for some time, for sentimental reasons, has been removed.

The tavern which received Washington under its roof on the afternoon of Oct. 21, 1789, was one of the best known in Western Massachusetts and was the center of the social life of Springfield.

In a wing in the rear of the main house was a hall much used by the young people for their frolics and by their elders for meetings, for many years.

Auctions were held at the tavern, and on training days the young men of the district assembled here for drill and refreshment. Travelers of standing usually put up here, and in Washington's time the Boston and New York coaches stopped here.

Washington found at the tavern a military company the Independent Cadets, drawn up to salute him, which they did with a volley.

Zenas Parsons evidently had short forewarning of President Washington's coming, for dinner was not ready for the party. The noonday meal was the important one then, and the preparation of meals at irregular hours was a matter to be arranged by due notice.

Finding that he must wait for his dinner, Washington improved the remaining hour of daylight by walking up the steep hill above the village to inspect certain public property at the top.

"While dinner was getting, I inspected the Continental stores at

this place, which I found in very good order at the buildings, (on the hill above the Town) which belong to the United States," he wrote in his diary.

Anyone who has visited the extensive armory, barracks and store-houses maintained by the Government at Springfield, will be interested in noting Washington's references to the property that preceded the present establishment (which was founded in 1795.)

"The Barracks (also public property,)" wrote Washington, "are fast going to destruction, and in a little time will be no more, without repairs. The Elaboratory (wch. seems to be a good building,) is in tolerable good repair, and the powder magazine, which is of brick, seems to be in excellent order, and the powder in it very dry."

No trace remains of any of the buildings mentioned here by Washington, but there is one relic on the hill which he must have seen. This is an odd stone marker, about five feet high, at the corner of State and Federal sts, known as the Masonic Stone, or the Wait Monument. It is such a quaint landmark that whoever guided Washington up the hill would have been remiss in not calling his attention to it.

Washington's ready interest would have been insured, for as a Mason he was much interested in anything relating to the craft, and the stone bears at its top rude carvings of Masonic symbols, including the sun, moon, a star, an arch and pillars.

On the arch is an inscription, partly obliterated:

PULSANTI PERIF—

Under the emblems is the motto:

VIRTUS EST SUA MERCES.

The further lettering on the stone is as follows:

BOSTON ROAD

This stone is erected by Joseph Wait Esqr

of Brookfield

for the benefit of

Travellers

AD 1763

The mason who wrought these lines was weak at spelling, and left the "e" out of Travelers. His omission becoming apparent, he put it above the line, where it may be dimly deciphered.

Tradition has it that Joseph Wait was a merchant from Brookfield, and that he lost his way at this point in a snowstorm. Doubtless he was homeward bound, since the Boston road passed through his town, some thirty miles beyond.

We are left to conjecture, as probably Washington also was, as to whether unconscious humor or a desire to convey the impression that none aided him in his stress, led him to inscribe upon his marker the motto "Virtue is its own reward."

#### WASHINGTON'S SOCIAL EVENING.

Washington seems to have dined to his satisfaction in the house of Zenas Parsons, for he noted in his diary that it was "a good house," while he was content to sit after dinner for "an hour or two" in social intercourse with various men of substance in the town who called to pay their respects.

He mentioned them as "A Col Worthington, Col Williams, Adjutant General of the State of Massachusetts, Gen Shepherd and many other gentlemen."

We may believe, as a matter of course, that the evening was not passed without a bowl of punch to stimulate conversation. Washington, though most dignified in company, was not above joining men of quality in a social glass at a tavern.

The men who called on him at Springfield must have been an interesting group. Of one we have ample anecdote. This was Col. John Worthington, who was long a leader in Springfield, and who at the beginning of the Revolution had been a loyalist.

It is told of him that on his meeting John and Samuel Adams at this tavern, before the war began, this conversation ensued:

"Adamses, where are you going?"

"To Philadelphia, to declare these colonies free."

"Gentlemen, beware! Look out for your heads."

Not long thereafter, Col. Worthington was obliged to make terms to save his own head. He had thought to fly to Halifax, but a friend had dissuaded him. One story about him is that his townsmen compelled him to kneel and swear to God to renounce his Tory views. He did, in fact, make a statement of his position in Town Meeting which satisfied the community.

Washington doubtless knew the Colonel's early views, but he was not the man to belittle another for an honest opinion. There had been many others like Col. Worthington when the Revolution began.

No record has been left of the subjects of conversation that evening in Zenas Parson's Tavern, but a knowledge of the times may lead one to some of the topics discussed.

That afternoon Washington had trod the ground, in front of the arsenal, where Daniel Shays and his rebellious farmers, in arms against the Commonwealth, to which they refused to pay the heavy taxes made necessary by the Revolutionary War, were dispersed with shots by the militia, on Jan 25, 1787.

Not two years had passed since that grave event when Washington arrived in Springfield. He had been deeply concerned at the time in the news of the outbreak under Shays, and had deplored it in his correspondence. This was his first opportunity to gather first-hand facts concerning it, on the ground where it occurred, and from men who had taken part in it. Gen. Shepard, one of the men who spent the evening with him, had been commander of the Militia that routed Shays and his men, and pursued them out of Springfield to Petersham.

We may assume that Washington talked of this, and of trade on the Connecticut River, since he mentions in his diary the commerce carried in flatboats, and the size of the boats. He also refers to the falls, ten miles above Springfield, which he could not have seen.

Probably he talked also of the road to Boston, which he was to begin following on the morrow. He was not a stranger to it, since he had passed over it on horseback fourteen years before, when riding to take command of the Continental troops at Cambridge; but it would be natural for him to inquire if it were better or worse after fourteen years, and also to ask regarding the best taverns along the way.

WINFIELD M. THOMPSON.

*(To be continued)*

## NEW YORK COUNTY NAMES.

*(Concluded)*

**S**CHENECTADY (1809) also taken from Albany county, also has an Iroquois word for its name—skoh-nek-ta- ti, or “beyond the pine forest”, evidently referring to the wood which originally existed between it and the city of Albany and of which region Charles Fenno Hoffman gives an interesting description in the thirty-ninth chapter of *Greyslaer*. The original settlement was the scene of one of the most notable massacres by Indians that is recorded in our history, in 1690, when a force of French and Indians spared only sixty old persons of the whole population. Again in 1748 it was the scene of a similar slaughter.

Schoharie (1795) taken from Albany and Otesgo, means “driftwood” in the Iroquois tongue. Its first settlers were German immigrants, known as “Palatines” in 1708. Its Revolutionary history is full of the tomahawk and the scalping-knife, it being a favorite battle ground for the Indians under Brant, Butler and the other British leaders of the time. Timothy Murphy the rifleman of Saratoga who killed General Fraser was a citizen of the county, as was also Wm. C. Bouck, Governor of New York in 1842. Howe’s Cave, a remarkable cavern which is five miles in extent, is one of the features of the county.

Schuyler (1854) made of parts of Chemung, Steuben and Tompkins, was named for General Philip Schuyler the Revolutionary leader and patriot—who waited a long time for this recognition.

Seneca (1804) was part of Cayuga, and preserves the name of the Indian tribe said to be the fiercest of the famous Six Nations. The name itself is Mohegan.

St. Lawrence (1802) taken from Clinton, Herkimer and Montgomery was named for the great river which is the boundary between Canada and the United States; and that from the French St. Laurence. It is the largest county in the State.

Steuben (1796) was carved wholly out of Ontario County and named for Baron Steuben, the drill-master who moulded Washington’s army into a compact and efficient force.

Sullivan (1809) was part of Ulster and was given the name of Gen-

eral James Sullivan of New Hampshire, who led the famous campaign against the Indians of Central New York in 1779.

Suffolk is one of the original ten Counties, and perpetuates the name of the English County; (which has also been given to one in Massachusetts). It is probably, also, the only county the name of which was ever given to a race-horse—the famous mare “Lady Suffolk”—and is also the only county where the whale fishery still exists—at Amagansett and one or two other villages a number of veteran sea-dogs make it their business to chase every whale which is sighted from the beach. It is within the limits of this county that is found the last relic of memorial territory in the state: the famous manor of Gardiner’s Island in the town of East Hampton, dating from 1653 and still in the hands of the family.

Tioga (1791) a part of Montgomery County is an Iroquois word, signifying “where it forks”—referring to the division of the Susquehanna and the Chemung rivers, just below the New York-Pennsylvania state line. It was the scene of much of Sullivan’s famous expedition against the Indians in 1779, and was largely settled by those of his soldiers who were of Massachusetts and Connecticut.

Tompkins (1817) was set off from Cayuga and Seneca and named in honor of Daniel F. Tompkins, then Vice-President of the United States, and governor of the State from 1807 to 1817.

It was during his last year of office that he recommended to the legislature the abolition of slavery; which was accordingly done, but the bill did not take effect until July 4, 1827. He died June 11, 1825.

Ulster, one of the original ten, has its name from the Duke of York’s third dukedom, that of Ulster in Ireland. He thus has three counties to represent him—Albany, (New) York, and Ulster.

Warren (1813) taken from Washington commenrates General Joseph Warren killed at Bunker Hill; who thus waited nearly forty years for a recognition so much earlier given to so many other patriots.

Washington (1784) originally part of Charlotte county, was named for the Father of his Country, who has twenty-seven other counties in as many states, named for him, besides a State, innumerable villages, and the National Capital.

Wayne (1823) was taken from Ontario and Seneca and named from the "dandy General" who captured Stony Point.

Westchester, the last of the original ten, commemorates the old city of Chester, England. The name was at first in two words, but gradually became one—though the town now a part of the Borough of the Bronx, New York City, has preserved the original form. It is a dairy and pastoral region, made famous in our Revolution as "The Neutral Ground", and the scene of many encounters between the patriots and the British; the best known of which was the battle of White Plains in October 1776.

It also furnished the scene of the capture of Major André (at Tarrytown, September, 1780) whose three captors were all natives of this county, as were also Bishops Samuel Seabury, who was born at Croton in 1729, and William H. DeLancey, at Mamaroneck in 1797.

Many notable literary men lived so long in the county as to be thoroughly identified with it, although not natives. Some of them were Horace Greeley, Gulian C. Verplanck, James Parton, Poe, Rev. Robert Bolton, author of the first history of the county, who lived at Bedford and Tarrytown, Irving, who is buried at Tarrytown. Admiral John L. Worden, captain of the *Monitor*, was born in the town of Mount Pleasant in 1817. John Jay, James Kirke Paulding, William Leggett, the editor and Samuel Woodworth, author of "the old Oaken Bucket," were also of the list.

Wyoming (1841) was a part of Genesee and has its musical name from Wyoming in Pennsylvania—a Lenape word (M'cheonimk) meaning "upon the large plain"; a designation more appropriate to the latter than the New York county.

Yates (1823) a part of Ontario was named for Joseph C. Yates, governor of the state in 1823-25. Its county seat bears a name of an extraordinary nature—Penn-Yan—being a record of the fact that its early settlers were in part natives of Pennsylvania and of New England—hence Pennsylvania-Yankee, shortened to Penn-Yan.

JOEL N. ENO.

## MEDAL WINNERS ON FRESH WATER SEAS

For many years the Editor has received the yearly reports of the Life-Saving Service, and found them, as Horace Greeley used to say when he opened the morning paper the day after some great event, "Some mighty interestin' readin' this morning". The present Administration has "re-organized" (a formula for change, not often for the better) the Service, which is now called the "Coast Guard;" an unmeaning, ill-fitting name borrowed from England, where it really is a coast guard, the duties of which used to be confined to watching for smugglers, the work of rescuing shipwrecked people being left to the Life Boat Service. The stories of rescuers, usually under great difficulties, in these reports, are most interesting and we ought to have printed some of them before. We make amends now by printing Mr. Spears' article, which deals exclusively with the Great Lakes, leaving the sea-stories for another time.

**B**EFORE relating any of the hero-stories to be found in the annals of the Great Lakes it seems worth while to note, for the benefit of readers living near salt water, certain peculiarities of the fresh-water seas. For instance, there is the "mush" ice. One may see mush ice, now and again, in the surf of salt water along the Jersey beach, and much more further north, but on the Great Lakes it is always present from the time cold weather sets in until the close of navigation—the whole period of bad storms and wrecks. The temperature of the air sinks until a time comes when the drops of spray that are thrown up from the whitecaps are turned to ice before they drop back into the water. These ice pellets melt as they touch water again—that is, they do for a time—but as the temperature of the water falls they remain solid. They then increase in number rapidly and grow in girth, but the constant agitation by the wind keeps them from uniting into sheets. Drifting before the wind they reach the surf in masses that cover the water far out from the beach—a sullen, searing-cold blanket of "mush" ice into which almost every wreck must come and through which every life-saver must work his way when going to the relief of the castaway.

By the fiercer gales this mush ice is thrown on the beaches. Salt water beaches are often clogged with snow and ice, but that is as nothing in comparison with the ice on the lakes. From Kingston to Duluth every beach is covered with huge ridges that lie parallel with the water and are sometimes of the size and steepness of the roof of a country church. Over these ridges the life-savers must climb and carry their apparatus.

The fact that fresh water freezes sooner than salt is also important in connection with this story, for the reason that wrecked ships, with their spars and rigging, become covered with a coat of ice much sooner

than a wreck on salt water, and the clothing of the cast-aways and life-savers is stiffened with an armor plate that clogs the muscles and breaks the heart.

With the ice-covered spars and the stiffened clothing of the cast-away crews in mind, we may recall the story of Frederick T. Hatch at the wreck of the iron-ore laden schooner *Sophia Minch*, sunk at the mouth of the harbor at Cleveland, O., during the night of October 3, 1883. As she was making her way to the harbor through a furious northwest gale a wave smashed her rudder, and she was then sunk where there was depth enough to let the waves make a clean sweep across the deck, while the booms swung just clear of the surging water. After a time the crew of the life-saving service fired a line across the fore rigging of the wreck, the breeches buoy was rigged, and all the sailors who had taken refuge in the fore rigging were brought ashore. In the course of this work Surfman Hatch was sent off to the schooner to help the sailors into the buoy, for they were growing helpless rapidly.

On reaching the mast, Hatch at once learned that two of the sailors had climbed the mizzen rigging, and when he had started the last of the men on the fore rigging toward shore, it became his duty to go to the aid of those remaining aft. But reaching those men was a problem that made the life-saver pause. For as he stood in the fore rigging, the solid water was sweeping across the deck below him in waves that no man could brave. Moreover, as the sails had been lowered and not furled, the booms and gaffs were swinging to and fro from rail to rail with every roll of the hulk. To descend to the deck in the hope of working aft was wholly out of the question. The masts were all standing in good condition yet, but as the *Minch* and all lake schooners were those days, there was no stay reaching from the main to the mizzen mast save a slender cord from the mizzen truck to the main, and to that no man, no matter what his agility, could climb when clothed for such a night.

While Hatch tarried, considering the matter, the keeper of the crew sent Surfman Distel off to learn why he did not come ashore. To Distel Hatch said:

"I am going aft. If I don't return in a reasonable time, it will be because I have reached the mizzen mast or have been washed overboard, and then you are to go ashore and report."

Climbing aloft, Hatch crossed to the mainmast by the horizontal stay. Then he slid down the rigging to the jaws of the main boom. The peak of the sail was in the water—the gaff was sheering to and fro over a part of the boom—and the boom, supported by the topping lifts, was swaying from rail to rail. Every part of the two spars was covered with a glare of ice. The night was, of course, black; but Hatch knew that the end of the main boom, as it swayed to the lee rail, reached within three feet of the mizzen rigging, and, crawling out to the end of that boom, he got his feet under him, rose up at the right moment, and then plunged forth. And he caught the rigging, though he could not see it. He arrived just in time, too, for one of the sailors, numbed by the cold, had sunk down through the rigging until his feet were just in the water sweeping across the deck.

Of course, the breeches buoy was transferred aft as soon as the life-savers on shore could see to do so, and the rest of the work was easy. The gold medal of the United States Life-Saving Service was awarded to Hatch for this work on December 3, 1884. By perilous but less picturesque work done on the night of February 26, 1891, Hatch earned another gold medal (he received a gold bar after, according to the rule of the service in such cases), and he was the first person to receive this distinguished honor.

During the afternoon of November 27, 1889, the big steamer *Calumet*, deeply laden with coal, was bound through Lake Michigan for Milwaukee. She should have reached her destination just at nightfall, but because of a blinding northwest snowstorm the lookouts failed to see the lights of the city, and she drove on past without knowing it. When the captain found what had been done, he was unable, because of the seas and wind, to round to and return, so he ran on to seek shelter at Chicago.

The *Calumet* at this time was leaking, and on the way to Chicago the leak increased rapidly. Then the one pump that had kept the water under control broke down, and the ship was thereupon beached to save her from sinking in deep water. She took the sand opposite Fort Sheridan, and settled until her deck was awash, and the waves made a clean sweep across her. Her crew gathered on the pilot house forward, where they were above the solid water, but every wave threw its spray over them, and they were soon cased in ice.

The nearest life-saving station was at Evanston, Ill. The station was located beside the grounds of the college—then called the Northwestern Academy—and the life-saving crew was chosen from among the most athletic of the students.

At half-past twelve o'clock in the morning of the 28th, news of the *Calumet* disaster reached the life-savers. By quick work they got their apparatus to a railway station just in time to catch a train for Fort Sheridan. When there they found a squad of soldiers ready to help them take the boat and line-throwing gun to the high bluff overlooking the scene of the wreck. There an effort was made to reach the *Calumet* with a shot but it failed because she was a thousand yards away—far beyond range. Then the boat was taken down a steep gully and launched into the surf that flowed to the foot of the bluff, but when the student crew tried to row off they found that the alongshore current and the wind together were more than they could overcome with oars, for the boat had been necessarily launched well a-lee of the wreck—necessarily because there was but the one gully down which the boat could be lowered.

For a time, as the life-savers pulled in vain against wind and sea, it looked as if the castaways would be left to their fate, but as the surf-boat drifted astern the keeper headed her back into water that was waist deep, just within the heavy breakers. Then all hands jumped overboard, three on each side and one at the stern, and grasping the rails they began tracking the boat up-wind along the beach. It was a college boy crew, but in spite of breakers that knocked them to and fro at frequent intervals, and in spite of ice and frozen clothing they persevered until the right point had been reached, when they knocked the ice from their oars and thole pins, and jumping in, they pulled off to the wreck and saved every man.

"In the annals of life-saving," wrote the veteran general superintendent of the service, "there can be found few instances so fraught with hardship and peril as it was the lot of these brave men to encounter . . . and in recognition of their noble devotion to duty each man was presented with a gold medal."

Lawrence O. Lawson was the keeper of the station, and the student members of the crew were George Crosby, William Ewing, Jacob Loring, Edson B. Fowler, William L. Wilson, and Frank Kindig.

As a sample of the ordinary, every-day work which these fresh-water life-savers do without receiving or expecting any reward, consider the brief story of Surfman Stillson at the wreck of the schooner *J. O. Moss*. The *Moss* lost an anchor and drifted into the surf near Grand Point au Sable, Michigan. The keeper of the nearby life-saving station was obliged to take his tackle by a roundabout route to the point where it was needed, because the direct route was so badly obstructed by the ice ridges already mentioned. But he sent Stillson running directly to the beach opposite the schooner in order that he might render assistance in case any one was washed overboard. When Stillson arrived at the point he found the surf blanketed over with mush ice, and because of the low temperature the ice was spreading rapidly. How that mush ice would add to the danger and difficulty of saving the castaways was very well understood by the surfman, but to the sailors on the *Moss* the absence of surf seemed to be a matter of great good luck. Getting a yawl to the rail they threw it into the water.

By shouting, jumping, and waving his arms Stillson did all he could to stop the sailors, but in a moment one of them dropped into the yawl, took the end of a rope down and made it fast to the ring at the stern, and then began rowing as swiftly as he could toward the beach. A few strokes carried him beyond the sheltering lee of the schooner and then, just as he reached the edge of the mush ice, a heavy blast of the gale struck the yawl, turning it over and throwing the man into the ice before he could give one cry. And there he would have perished quickly but for the fact that Stillson had started wading out to the rescue the moment the boat left the vessel, and he was neck deep in mush ice and right at hand when the boat was turned over. The foolish sailor was dragged ashore and cared for at a house not far away. Then Stillson turned to, without changing his frozen clothes, helped rescue the others on the *Moss*, and then went on nine miles further to another wreck from which the crew was also saved. Rescuing a sailor from the mush ice was a mere incident in the course of a day's work that was eighteen hours long.

One of the most picturesque stories of wrecks and rescues along the lake beaches is that of the stranding of the steamer *Robert Wallace* and her consort, *David Wallace*, six miles east of Marquette on November 17, 1886. It was a notable gale that sent these vessels to the beach, for no less than twenty-eight other ships were stranded and thirty-eight lives were lost in the two days it harried the Great Lakes.

The Wallaces struck the beach during the night bow on, and collided as they struck. Then they washed apart and began to break up. The crews—fifteen on the steamer and nine on the barge—took refuge on the pilot houses, as is usual in such cases, and there they were clinging when morning came. People at Marquette, who had come down to the water front to see the wreck of the lighthouse that had been destroyed during the night, saw, through a rift in the storm, the two stranded vessels. There was no life-saving station at Marquette then, but a hundred experienced lake men volunteered, and with a yawl and plenty of rope, they worked their way down the beach. Three times these men strove to force the yawl off to the castaways, but the yawl was upset at each attempt, and the rescuers themselves were saved only because they had a line from the yawl to the beach by which they were dragged ashore. Then a powerful tug from Marquette came from the harbor, but it was unable to reach the wrecks. Finally, as a last resort, an old cannon was brought and an effort to fire off a line was made, but the gun burst at the first shot.

With this shot the people were brought to a standstill; they could do no more. But in the meantime one man had remembered that a life-saving station was located at the end of the canal west of Houghton. Houghton was 110 miles away, and the station was six miles further. Moreover, there was neither telephone nor telegraph line from Houghton to the station. But going to the telegraph station at Marquette the man sent a message to the telegraph operator at Houghton, telling about the wrecks, and adding: "Will some one send word to the life saving station that unless they come all hands will be lost before morning?"

The operator in Houghton told the story. It was carried to the water front. The captain of the tug *Croze* heard it, and casting off his lines headed for the canal. He came back just at nightfall with the life-savers and their boat. The water front was crowded with men who faced the storm that they might help transfer the lifeboat from the tug, a special train was waiting to receive it, and the track had been cleared through to Marquette. The boat was lifted and carried across the tracks, the life-savers leaped on board their car, and a moment later the engineer opened his throttle, and drove the train away through the night in the longest run ever made for the saving lives from the winter surf. At 11:30 that night the train pulled into Marquette. A thousand men with teams were in waiting to give haste to the carrying of the life-

savers and their apparatus to the beach, and they arrived there just in time, for the castaways had been exposed for more than twenty-four hours, and it was with difficulty that some of them were saved even after the life-savers had brought them to the shore.

Now and again the elements have proved too much for even the ablest of the life-savers. While going off to rescue the crew of the lumber-laden scow *J. H. Magruder*, which was in the surf near Point aux Barques, the surfboat was turned over in the water just outside of a reef. The crew righted it but it was turned over again and again until they were chilled and worn out. All perished except the keeper, Capt. Jerome G. Kiah. For his unflinching courage in face of deadly peril, Kiah received a gold medal. He was afterwards made superintendent of the district.

It is an interesting fact that the work of the life-savers has made, and is making, an impression on the ideals of the people living along shore. I have seen boys playing at the life-savers' drill on the beach of Lake Erie, using an old scow as their life-boat. They even shoved their boat into deep water and stood erect on it while it sank, in order that they might "get used to wrecks, see?" Time was when all boys who lived along shore longed for the days when they could command the steamers they saw ploughing up and down the lakes. But now some of them hope to stand up in the stern of a surfboat and handle the long steering oar, and tell a crew of life-savers how to pull in order to get alongside a wreck that has sailors hanging in the rigging, or clinging to the top of an ice-covered pilot house.

Nor is that all, for boys in their teens have earned and received medals for real heroic work as life-savers, and so too have girls of equally tender years.

For instance there was Miss Edith Morgan, formerly of Hamlin, Mich. She was doubly distinguished in that she not only received a medal, but she was the first of her sex to receive that honor.

Miss Morgan was the daughter of Sanford W. Morgan, keeper of a life-saving station on Lake Michigan. On March 23, 1878, before the season opened, a fisherman's boat was upset in a gale off the station. As the crew had not yet been brought to the station, Morgan had no men to man the boat, but with the aid of Miss Edith and a couple of volunteers the boat was put afloat. Then the young lady took an oar,

Grace-Darling fashion, and handled it well until the castaways were reached and brought to the shore. The fact that the surfboat needed constant bailing while it was out shows to those who know surfboats something of the strength of the gale faced by this slender girl.

In December of the next year the steamer *City of Toledo* came ashore near her father's station. The breeches buoy was rigged. As the steamer was low in the water the lines dragged through the mush ice that covered the surf, and the toil of getting the castaways ashore was the severest ever endured on that beach. But in spite of the gale and of the ice on the ropes, Miss Morgan took a place at the whip and worked there until the last of the shipwrecked crew was saved—a period of just five hours. In sending to Miss Morgan her well-earned reward, the Secretary of the Treasury, then John Sherman, said:

"The medal I have the happiness to send you bears witness to the grateful fact that womanhood and youth are no bar to fine athletic heroism."

Mabel Mason was the name of another lake heroine who was decorated with the life-saver's medal. She rescued a man who had been thrown from a yawl by the swash of the waves of a passing steamer in the Detroit River.

Congress first provided medals for the heroes of the surf by the act of June 20, 1874. The first medals issued under this act were given to Lucien Hubbard and A. J. Clemons of Marblehead, O. On May 1, 1875, with "extreme and heroic daring," these men rescued two sailors from the wreck of the schooner *Consuelo*, in Lake Erie. Lake men thus set the pace for all other medal-winning surf heroes in the United States. Of the 603 medals that have been issued under the law, 104 have gone to the Great Lakes.

With every one of these medals there is a hero story, but space remains here for only one more, and that a brief one. The Canadian bark *Two Friends* was driven ashore in a snowstorm near North Bay, Wis. The crew climbed the rigging to get above the surf, but they were soon chilled through, and it was apparent that they could not last through the night that was shutting down as the vessel came to the reef. Of the throng that gathered on the beach to render help, only one man thought it possible to venture forth to the wreck. His name was James Larsen. Launching a yawl he strove to row out, but his boat was thrown

on the rocks and it as with much difficulty that he got back to the shore. Undaunted, however, by the proven danger, Larsen now applied to a man in the crowd for the loan of a yawl with which to make another effort, saying that he could not remain there with the cries of the castaways ringing in his ears. But the boat owner shook his head.

"You will only break my boat as you did your own," he said; "and I'm not going to risk it."

At that Larsen took out of his pocket the full value of the boat (and as it happened it took the last cent he had), and offered it to the boat-owner as security that the boat should be returned unharmed.

The picture of these two men, the boat-owner who took the money (for he did take it), and the life-saver who gave it, is the most interesting in the annals of the American surf. While one refused to risk even a boat the other gladly paid his last cent for the chance to risk his life in the saving of men in peril. Having paid the price he went off seven different times in the cockleshell, and thus brought ashore every member of the crew of the stranded bark. He was decorated with a gold medal on June 10, 1886.

JOHN R. SPEARS.

NEW YORK.

## COLONEL CHRISTOPHER GREENE.

THE oft-repeated story of battles, and sieges, and the marching of the troops may seem trite and uninteresting to those who see in it all only an array of dry statistics, a realistic recital of ancient history in conventional terms, a colorless portrayal of the misty past, but to those whose life-blood pulses with patriotic fervor, and who see in the White Plume of Navarre, in the Knights of the Round Table, in the Ironsides of Cromwell, or in the grim and ragged Continentals, yielding not, the impersonation of the aspiration of the ages for a larger liberty and the rights of man, "With Freedom's soil beneath our feet, and Freedom's banner waving over us" as the result of the heroic struggles of those who have gone on before, their memory shall be forever green, their lives incarnate. The dust of forgetfulness shall not cover them, but the story of the brave deeds of old, of the toils and sufferings, and self-sacrifice of the men of '76, of the soldiers of the Revolution, shall glow with increasing brightness through the centuries to come.

We their sons would indeed be unworthy of our sires if we did not sing their praises. We salute the Fathers. We glory in the splendor of their achievements.

The story of our hero is one of fascinating interest. His life was honorable, his career conspicuous, his death a tragedy; and high on the rolls of those who loved and served their country, and gave their lives as the last full measure of their devotion, shall be written the name of Colonel Christopher Greene.

The subject of this sketch was the second son of Judge Philip Greene and was born upon his father's estate in the town of Warwick, County of Kent, the Colony of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, May 12, 1737. He was of the fifth generation of the Greene family of Warwick founded by John Greene, surgeon, who came from Salisbury, England, in 1635, to Boston, thence to Providence, and finally to Warwick, and was the ancestor of the Greene family, so noted in the annals of Rhode Island. Christopher Greene became a freeman of the Colony in 1759. Exhibiting early in life his capacity and ability, he was elected to a seat in the Colonial Legislature from his native town in 1770, and so continued for two years. In 1774 the Legislature established a mili-

—An address before the Sons of the Revolution, in N. Y.

tary corps styled "The Kentish Guards," for the purpose of fitting the most select of her youth for military officers, and in that corps Christopher Greene was chosen a lieutenant, and so marched at the "Lexington Alarm" in April, 1775. In May of that year he was appointed a major in the so-called Army of Observation under command of his distinguished kinsman, General Nathanael Greene, and proceeded to Cambridge, Mass., with his regiment. After the battle of Bunker Hill and the siege of Boston, he volunteered for the "Canada Expedition," commanded by Colonel Benedict Arnold, was commissioned lieutenant-colonel, and placed in command of the first battalion. In September, 1775 he started on that perilous march and desperate adventure which had for its aim the conquest of an empire in extent. It was the most audacious undertaking of the Revolution, a tremendous effort at expansion of the then nascent Republic, but it had the approbation of Washington, and there were not wanting heroic spirits to dare the achievement.

The command to which his battalion was attached went by boat to the head of navigation on the Kennebec River, and from there toiled on through almost insurmountable difficulties, through obstacles and dangers which would have overcome the courage of weaker men. In that battalion under Greene was the company of Captain Goodrich, of Berkshire County, Mass., and in that company marched one of my forbears (John Percival, b. Sandwich, Mass., 1754; d. Gaines, N. Y., 1837), through whose Revolutionary services I am entitled to membership in this Society, and I hold in my hand as we read, the original of a statement by him on making application to Congress for a pension in 1818, which is in the old veteran's own writing. It is a graphic description of the perils and hardships of that march. A brief extract from it is here presented:

"We were in the Wilderness between Fort Weston on the Kennebunk River and the inhabitants of Canada for 38 days. We had a rapid stream to stem where we had to wade in the water from morning till night to get our boats along, and before we got through we had to break the ice as thick as window-glass. We had nothing to support nature for seventeen days but one pint of flour per day for ten men, a dog's liver, and the entrails of a squirrel, and we were almost famished when relief came to us on the Chaudière."

Again we quote from Cowell's *Spirit of 76' in Rhode Island*:

"Another uncommonly brave and meritorious officer of the Rhode Island line was Colonel Greene, who was in command of one of the Battalions that marched from Cambridge in the Canada Expedition. He endured all the incredible hardships of the campaign for more than forty days in going through the woods from the Kennebec to the St. Lawrence, and which have scarcely a parallel."

The troops arrived opposite Quebec about the 10th of November, but we must pass over the delay in crossing the river which probably caused the failure of the expedition, and come down to the desperate assault finally made on that fatal 31st of December, 1775, when the gallant Montgomery fell on the very escarpment of the citadel of Quebec, where with a heroism unsurpassed at Thermopylæ he had assayed to plant his standard.

No assault of friend or foe, of patriot or loyalist, during the Revolution exhibited greater valor or more sublime courage, and men still pause in the busy mart to salute the immortal Montgomery as they pass by the monument to his memory in the city of New York. There was no possible retreat after the repulse from the Upper Town, and most of the patriot troops were obliged to surrender, including Colonel Greene and a number of other officers. Colonel Donald Campbell, who succeeded General Montgomery in command, in a letter, now on file in the office of the Secretary of State at Washington, in commanding the officers who distinguished themselves on that occasion, after noting the tragic death of "the gallant and amiable Montgomery," places the name of Colonel Christopher Greene at the head of the list, which was honor enough.

He was held as a prisoner of war in the citadel of Quebec until August, 1777, when he was exchanged. Almost immediately he was commissioned colonel of the first Regiment Rhode Island Continental Infantry. In October of the same year, by order of Washington, he was placed in command of Fort Mercer, on the Delaware River. This post was on the Jersey side of the river, just below and nearly opposite to Philadelphia, as it was then, and in conjunction with Fort Mifflin, which was situate on a low island, almost in the centre of the river, formed the gateway of the water approach to the city. The strategic position was therefore of the greatest importance. It was the key to the situation. If it could be held the British army in Philadelphia would be forced to evacuate.

The garrison of Fort Mercer numbered only four hundred, altogether too few, but all that could be spared for that purpose. A letter from Colonel Greene to Washington, dated at Red Bank, 14th of October, 1777, is on file in Washington, from which we copied the following interesting extract: "May it please your Excellency: I arrived here on Saturday last with my regiment. They were much fatigued with the march, as I forced thirty-five miles in one day. Are now in high

spirits and go to their duties with the greatest cheerfulness. The fort I have in charge I am determined to defend with the small number I have at command to the last extremity." What vibrant valor, what stalwart courage, what promise of heroic deeds to be accomplished, what strenuous fibre in the man!

October 22, 1777, Fort Mercer was attacked by Colonel Count Donop, in command of twelve hundred Hessian troops, thoroughly disciplined and splendidly equipped. Colonel Greene was called upon to surrender his forces, at the same time being told that unless he did so no quarter would be given. "We shall neither ask for quarter nor expect it, and shall defend the fort to the last extremity!" was the gallant reply.

The enemy immediately opened fire and advanced to the assault. The Americans lay in silence until the Hessians had mounted the outer line of defence and had come within short range, when they replied with most deadly effect. The assaulting column wavered and fell back, officers and men alike falling under the withering volleys from the inner line of the fort. Again and again the charge was renewed, the enemy losing heavily each time. They finally broke and retreated in confusion having lost one-third of their force, in killed and wounded.

Count Donop, Lieutenant-Colonel Minnegerode, his second in command, and many others of his officers either lay dead or wounded. The former was taken from the field of carnage and carried into the fort for the night, but was removed to a nearby farmhouse the next morning. He was tenderly cared for, but died three days later, saying in French, with his latest breath, "It is finishing a noble career early. I die a victim of my ambition and of the avarice of my sovereign." The American loss was only eight killed and twenty-nine wounded. A signal victory.

For his gallant defence of Fort Mercer Colonel Greene was awarded an elegant sword by resolution of Congress, November 4, 1777. This sword was presented to his eldest son, Job Greene, January 7, 1786, after the death of his lamented father, by General Knox, then Secretary of War, in fitting terms referring to Colonel Greene's defence of Fort Mercer as "one of the most brilliant feats of the late war." The sword is described as of elegant workmanship, the blade a polished rapier, with its principal decorations of silver inlaid with gold. It is now in the possession of Edward Aborn Greene, Esq., of Providence, R.

I., who by direct lineal descent represents the family of Colonel Greene in the Society of the Cincinnati. Another descendant, Mr. Edward Greene of New York, is a member of our own Society.

In January, 1778, Colonel Greene was ordered to Rhode Island, and while there participated in the battle of Rhode Island so called, August 29th of that year. It was in this engagement that he commanded the famous regiment of blacks recruited from the slaves of Rhode Island, who were given their freedom for such patriotic service. He remained on duty in Rhode Island until 1781, though in a letter to Washington date of October 27, 1780, he made an earnest request to be sent on more active service, as follows:

"I should be very much pleased if your Excellency could, consistently with the good of the service, order me to the Southward with General (Nathanael) Greene. I have no other motive than of having a better opportunity of serving my country than I probably can have here."

That was the spirit of the true patriot soldier of '76.

But Washington had other fields of service for this gallant officer, as indicated in a letter addressed to him date of November 22, and soon after that he was appointed to the command on the Lines in Westchester County, which was a very important position, especially in view of the contemplated movement of the allied armies upon New York. The lines, so called, established soon after the battle of White Plains, at first extended easterly from Tarrytown to Saw Pitts, present Portchester, *via* Youngs' Corners, three miles from the Hudson River (which place was for several years the headquarters for the Patriot militia and Continental troops, and was the scene of several sharp engagements.) Various officers were in command there at different times, including Colonel Hammond of the Westchester County militia, Colonel Ludington of the New York Levies, Colonel Graham, Colonel Littlefield, Colonel Burr, and Colonel Thompson, the latter of whom was defeated in an engagement there February 3, 1780, the headquarters burned, and afterwards the Lines were pushed back to the Croton, the patriot families being also obliged to remove north of that position. Sheldon's Light Dragoons were then for a time placed on the Lines, and it was to the headquarters of Lieutenant-Colonel Jameson, in command there, that the captors of Major André, took their disguised prisoner on the 23rd of September, 1780.

And so the Lines were pushed back to the Croton and Colonel Greene placed in command. In a letter written to Colonel Ward, of

Warwick, R. I., he wrote, what seemed almost like prophecy afterwards in view of his sad fate: "I expect when I go upon the Lines to be more industrious and alert, otherwise I may be surprised; that you know I always held up as unpardonable in an officer." Scarcely had a month elapsed ere his worst fears were realized by his surprisal at his headquarters, the Richard Davenport house, about one mile from the Croton River. It occurred on the early morning of May 14, 1781. General Heath gives the following account of the tragedy: "Intelligence is received that on the 14th, Colonel Greene of the Rhode Island regiment, who was doing duty on the Lines of the American army, was surprised by a body of the enemy's horse, supposed to be about one hundred fifty dragoons, and that the Colonel, Major Flagg, two subalterns and twenty-seven men were killed, and several wounded. Colonel Greene was a brave and intrepid officer, and his loss is much regretted. The Colonel had taken post above and near to the Croton River, at a place where it was fordable, to prevent the enemy from passing up by this ford to ravage the country. He had practiced the greatest vigilance guarding this ford in the night-time, taking off the guards after sunrise, apprehending that the enemy would never presume to cross the river in the day-time; but the enemy having learned his mode of doing duty, on the morning of the fourteenth effected his overthrow by crossing the ford soon after the guards had come off, and surrounding their quarters before they had any idea of any enemy being near them."

Another account says that having crossed the ford, the enemy made their approach through a wilderness until they struck the road just west of the Davenport house, when suddenly they wheeled and galloping up the hill surprised the sentinel, who fired and fled toward the house. The American soldiers were lying on the stoop when alarmed by the firing on the west side, and some managed to escape, but between twelve and twenty fell in and around the house, and were afterwards interred in one common grave in the northwest corner of the lot. The spot was pointed out to us the other day when there. The enemy returned by way of Pine's Bridge, where they surprised and shot the picket guard of colored soldiers. They appeared to have have an especial antipathy to them.

Col. Henry Lee, in his history, gives the following graphic account of the sad affair:

"The enemy crossed the Croton before daylight, and hastening his advance reached our station with the dawn of day unperceived. As he approached the farmhouse where Colonel

Greene was quartered, the noise of troops was heard, which was the first intimation of the fatal design. Greene and Major Flagg immediately prepared themselves for defense; but they were too late, so expeditious was the progress of the enemy. Flagg discharged his pistols and instantly afterwards fell mortally wounded, when the ruffians (unworthy the appellation of soldiers) burst open the door of Colonel Greene's apartments. Here the gallant veteran singly received them with his drawn sword. Several fell beneath the arm accustomed to conquer, till at length, overpowered by numbers and faint from the loss of blood streaming from his wounds, barbarity triumphed over valor. His right arm was almost cut off in two places; the left in one; a severe cut on the left shoulder; a sword thrust through the abdomen, a bayonet thrust in the right side, and another through the abdomen; several sword cuts on the head, and many in different parts of the body.

Thus cruelly mangled fell the generous conqueror of Count Donop, whose wounds, as well as those of his unfortunate associates, had been tenderly dressed as soon as the battle terminated and whose pains and sorrows had been as tenderly assuaged. How different was the relentless fury here displayed!

The Commander-in-chief heard with anguish and indignation of the death of his loved, his faithful friend and soldier, in whose feelings the army sincerely participated. On the subsequent day the corpse was brought to headquarters, and his funeral was solemnized with military honors and universal grief."

Joshua Carpenter, of Yorktown, in an interview of November 1, 1845, said:

"This house where I now live belonged to my grandfather, Richardson Davenport, and was the headquarters of Colonel Greene and Major Flagg in the Spring of 1781. It is about one mile from Bemis' Ford, and two and one-half miles from Pine's Bridge. The following are some of the particulars of Colonel Greene's disaster as I heard them from my grandfather who lived here at the time: A party of Delancey's Refugees got to the house unperceived. They came upon the west side of the house where only a single sentinel was stationed, who did not see them until near him, but who then fired. Some soldiers lying on the stoop also fired. Greene and Flagg both sprang up, and the former encouraged the soldiers to defend themselves. Flagg advanced to the window with a pistol in each hand, and fired upon the enemy. He was answered by a volley, and fell dead, pierced by several balls. The Refugees then burst in the north door and fired in, thus making a cross-fire. Greene, a large, powerful man, met the enemy at the door, sword in hand. In the contest he received several shots, and was lamentably cut and hacked with the sabre. He then asked for his parole, which was refused. They then mounted him behind a dragoon for about a mile or more, when he fell off, and finding he was dying, they did not attempt further removal, but left him by the roadside."

The Davenport house, so-called, now in the possession of a great-grandson, Mr. George Griffin, was built in 1773, but has been much enlarged and changed since that time. It is a two-story frame house standing upon an elevated site with an extended view of the Croton Valley and the hills beyond. An ideal site as headquarters for military operations in that vicinity, but standing there, amid now such peaceful scenes, on a perfect April day, it was difficult to realize that such a tragedy had ever been enacted on that spot; that the gallant and ac-

complished Greene had fallen there by such cruel hands; that the blood of patriots had been shed there; that murder most foul had been done there, for even red-handed war legalizes no such atrocities.

Lydia Vail, a grand-daughter of Richardson Davenport, in an extended account of the tragedy, says:

"Greene was very much beloved by my grandfather's family, and his death was much lamented. This disaster happened a little before sunrise. I lived at my father's, half a mile northerly on the Crompond Road. Word came to us that they were all cut off and killed at headquarters, and we ran through the fields to Davenport's house. The Refugees were at that moment retreating through the woods towards Pine's Bridge, and when we saw their glittering caps and arms we stopped and hid till they had passed. We arrived at the house about sunrise, or a little after, and found the floors and walls covered with the blood of the dead, wounded and dying."

David Brown, of Harrison, in an interview, October 23, 1844, gave the following account of the tragedy:

"The door of the Davenport house was forced in by throwing large stones. Colonel Greene a strong man, used his sword and struck at Captain Totten, and would have killed him but that he was assaulted by others. Greene then asked to be paroled, but it was refused. He was then placed on horseback, and fainting, was left by the roadside where he bled to death. He was soon after found lying there, nearly naked, by Captain Henry Strang, of the patriot militia of that locality, and his body and that of Major Flagg carried to Crompond, where they were buried in the old churchyard there with military honors, there being also a large concourse of citizens present."

The late Jackson Odell, son of Colonel John Odell, a noted Westchester guide, in an interview, September 15, 1847, states that some twenty-seven years previously he had been present at a gathering of officers of the Revolution, among whom were Colonel Thomas Thomas of Westchester County, who produced some old pocketbooks, etc., which contained relics of the war, among which were the commissions of Colonel Greene and Major Flagg, and some letters, one being from Washington to Colonel Greene, in which he gave him advice in regard to the employment of his force on the Lines, and among other suggestions he mentioned the Cromwells of Harrison, as those who could be thoroughly trusted. These papers and relics had been given to Colonel Thomas by Colonel Delancey in 1783, just before his enforced retirement abroad. It is much to be regretted that they have since been lost.

The following letter to General Paterson at West Point, from that gallant Continental officer, Colonel Alex. Scammell, who a few months later was killed at the siege of Yorktown, is here presented. It was dated at Rhode Island Village, May 14, 1781:

"The enemy killed Major Flagg in bed. Colonel Greene also killed. Most inhumanly butchered about fifteen I long to retaliate. I feel unhappy at the fate of so many brave men."

Washington says:

"May 16 went to the post at West Point; received a particular account of the surprise of Colonel Greene and the loss we sustained, which consisted of himself and Major Flagg killed, three officers and a surgeon taken prisoners, the latter and two of the former wounded; a sergeant and five rank and file killed, five wounded and thirty-three made prisoners or missing; in all forty-four, besides officers. The loss of Colonel Greene and Major Flagg is to be regretted. Especially the former, who has upon several occasions distinguished himself, particularly in defense of the post at Red Bank (Fort Mercer), when he defeated Count Donop."

The following is a letter from Paymaster Thomas Hughes to Job Greene, the eldest son of Colonel Greene, announcing his father's death, the original in possession of Mr. Edward Aborn Greene, of Providence, R. I.:

"Rhode Island Village, 14th May, 1781.

It is with pain I write you a subject that is so nearly and closely connected to you as a parent. I must my dear friend inform you of the unhappy fate that befell your father this morning. The enemy made an attack on the Lines (which was a complete surprise), and he fell, a sacrifice to the cruel hand of tyranny, in defending himself against the strokes struck by Light Horsemen; he had his right wrist almost cut off in two places, his left in one; a severe cut in the left shoulder, a sword run through his body, a bayonet into his right side, and another through his body, his head cut to pieces in several places, his back and body cut and hacked in such a manner as gives me pain to inform you. He was carried about three-quarters of a mile from his quarters, where they left him to die or rather, through loss of blood and not strength to go forward, finished his days in the woods, and as they went by the houses informed the inhabitants, should there be any inquiry after the Colonel, that they had left him dead in the edge of the woods. This cruel and barbarous treatment was perpetrated by Dullenceas Core, (Delancey's Corps) himself at the head."

Rivington's *Royal Gazette* of May 16, 1780, says: "Last Sunday, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, Colonel Delancey, with about one hundred Cavalry and two hundred Foot, marched from Morrisania and penetrated about thirty miles into the country, distant 1½ miles beyond the Croton River, which they crossed with great difficulty, it being then unusually deep. The Cavalry were obliged to carry the Foot on horseback, and many were forced to swim. Directly after crossing the river Captain Kipp of the Horse, and Lieutenant Totten of the Rangers, with the troops under them, commenced to attack the Rebel Colonel Greene with a number of Continental troops. The Colonel was mortally wounded, and Major Flagg, with twelve privates, killed; one doctor, with twelve or thirteen men, were taken prisoners. At the same time Captain Knapp of the Horse attacked the house of Widow Griffin, about a mile distant, where he took an ensign and twenty privates, and

killed eight men. The above service was completely effected in twenty four hours."

On the return of this company of murderous marauders they stopped for the night at the historic Odell Inn, about 3 miles below Tarrytown, and held high carnival there. It was the homestead of the veteran patriot, Jonathan Odell, who had been carried off early in the war and incarcerated in the Old Sugar House Prison in New York. One of his sons was the noted Westchester Guide, just mentioned.

And so this gallant officer met his death, and together with his brave associate, Major Flagg, was buried with military honors in the churchyard at Crompond, present town of Yorktown, Westchester county, N. Y. Though not the theatre of any great military achievement, it is nevertheless historic ground. It was the scene of much activity during the Revolution. As the headquaters of the local patriotic militia and the Committee of Public Safety, it was twice attacked by formidable British force. On the 24th of June, 1779, Colonel Abercromby of the 37th regiment moved up from Verplanck's Point with a strong detachment and took temporary possession, burning the storehouse and parsonage, both belonging to the church, and considerable public stores. On the 14th of June of the same year, the two noted Colonels Tarleton and Simcoe made a raid upon it from the south and east part of the county, at that time burning the church, as much perhaps on account of hostility to the patriot preachers, Revs. Sackett and Burritt, the latter of whom had been captured and incarcerated in the Old Sugar House, as by the fact that munitions of war were stored there.

The church was rebuilt after the war, and is to-day one of the best sustained country churches in Westchester County. It was past the site of this church, then a blackened ruin, that Major André rode on his way that fateful morning of September 23, 1780, he having been enforced to stop the night previous at a house, the site of which is still pointed out, some two miles westward on the then King's Highway. As he passed by how little he was thinking of what the day would bring to him as he crossed his Rubicon at Tarrytown.

Amid such scenes Colonel Greene's companions-at-arms

"Slowly and sadly laid him down,  
From the field of his fame, fresh and gory;  
They carved not a line, they raised not a stone,  
But left him alone in his glory."

And he has slumbered there these many years, his fame secure. It had

long been thought fitting, however, that some memorial should mark the spot, that some tribute should be paid these patriots dead, that the passing traveler might note their high career, and that the youth of the land might be stirred by such example to noble emulation. The first and ill-considered movement was in the direction of the removal of the sacred dust to a mausoleum to be erected in their native State; but time itself had interposed objections, and there were other reasons in rebuttal. Other patriots were buried in and near that spot whose remains might have been disturbed by such desecration, and so a re-appropriation of the sum of \$2,000 was finally secured by an act of our Legislature for the purpose of erecting a monument at the site of the burial.

A majority of the Commission named in the Act for the accomplishment of that patriotic purpose, were members of this Society—the Sons of the Revolution of the State of New York. The patriotic work undertaken was carried forward by them, in the face of some obstacles, to successful completion. And there that monument stands to-day, and will continue to stand during all coming time in honor of the heroes whose names are inscribed upon it.

As was fitting, it is of Rhode Island granite. Simple but classic in design, it is creditable to the Commission concerned in erecting it, and to this Society which they so directly represented. By resolution of the Commission the Monument was to have been formally dedicated by the Sons of the Revolution, but unforeseen circumstances have hindered such public exercises until now. We may add that no work done by this Society surpasses it in importance and interest. The stone appropriately bears on its panels on either side the seals of the States of Rhode Island and New York, and has upon it the following inscription:

THE STATE OF NEW YORK  
MARKS THE BURIAL PLACE OF  
COLONEL CHRISTOPHER GREENE AND  
MAJOR EBENEZER FLAGG, OF THE  
FIRST RHODE ISLAND REGIMENT  
OF THE CONTINENTAL ARMY,  
WHO WERE KILLED TWO MILES SOUTH OF  
THIS SPOT, MAY 14, 1781, AND ALSO OF  
LIEUTENANT ABRAHAM DYCKMAN,  
A NOTED WESTCHESTER GUIDE,  
WHO WAS MORTALLY WOUNDED AT  
EAST CHESTER, MARCH 4, 1782.

Abraham Dyckman was of the noted Dyckman family whose home for several generations was near Kingsbridge; was mortally wounded in a skirmish near the noted Colonel Delancey's headquarters, was carried to Cromptond, where he died March 9, and was buried with all those honors a brave soldier merits, by order of the commanding officer on the Continental Lines.

There were few such tragedies as the death of Colonel Greene during the Revolution. He was an accomplished gentleman as well as a gallant officer. He had served with distinction on difficult and dangerous fields. He had won the warm friendship of his associates and the esteem and confidence of the Commander-in-Chief. The Revolution was evidently drawing to its close—he had participated in its perils and looked forward with hopefulness to the enjoyment of its triumphs. He had constructive statesmanship as well as high honor and chivalrous courage. His aspect was manly, his demeanor engaging, and mildness was happily blended with fortitude in his person. He was yet young and full of vibrant life. But dear as life was to him it was not so dear as honor, and to a large degree holding himself responsible for that unfortunate surprise, he could not survive it. He would not surrender—he would sell his life as dearly as possible, and brutal ruffians who were unworthy of his steel struck him to the death. A hero who stood with the immortal Montgomery when he fell, the victorious commandant at Fort Mercer, the trusted friend of Washington, murdered! What a sad fate for that brilliant young officer; but in his very death he showed himself most worthy to live, and as of many another it may be said of him

"With heart that beat a charge,  
Foeward he fell, as fits a man;  
But his high soul burns on to light men's feet  
Where death for noble ends makes dying sweet."

MARCIUS S. RAYMOND.

## MASSACHUSETTS AT VALLEY FORGE

### VII

#### MORE NOTES ON REVOLUTIONARY CLAIMS AND WESSON'S REGIMENT

FIRST Lieutenant Crocker Sampson of the Fourteenth Massachusetts and the Seventh Massachusetts, born at Kingston, April 25, 1749, died at Kingston, July 7, 1823; served as second lieutenant and regimental quartermaster in Captain Zebedee Redding's company, Fourteenth Infantry, from Jan. 1, 1777, to April 13, 1780, when transferred to Colonel Ichabod Alden's old regiment, the Seventh, and continued to serve until June, 1783. He took the oath of allegiance at Valley Forge. On Dec. 22, 1837, the committee on Revolutionary claims favorably reported from the First Session of the Twenty-Third Congress petition of Rebecca Sampson, wife of Zenas Crocker, and Lucy Sampson, for a duplicate military bounty land warrant (original lost by accident), for two hundred acres of land.

The case of Captain Amasa Soper was different. He was born in Dartmouth, and was second lieutenant in Colonel Timothy Danielson's Massachusetts Regiment, May to Nov. 15, 1775; captain Tenth Massachusetts Regiment, Nov. 6, 1776; resigned Oct. 30, 1780. The legal heirs, on June 27, 1838, based their petition to the committee on claims on the representation that his letter to Washington meant that he desired to be "relieved," not wholly retired. His letter of Oct. 30, 1780, now in the office of the Secretary of State, said: "I therefore most humbly request your Excellency to accept my resignation, and grant me a dismission from the army." This was granted. As the whole record in existence showed that Captain Soper intended to resign, and actually did so, it was the opinion of the committee that the claim presented in his behalf by Stephen R. Bradley ought not to be allowed.

Dr. John Thomas of Plymouth was born April 1, 1758; died Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Oct. 30, 1819. He was surgeon's mate of Theophilus Cotton's Massachusetts Regiment, May to December, 1775; surgeon's mate Twenty-Third Continental Infantry, Jan. 1, to Dec. 31, 1776. Dr. Thomas was surgeon Ninth Massachusetts Jan. 1, 1777; transferred to Eighth Jan. 1, 1781, and served to June, 1783. He became a member of the Massachusetts Society of the Cincinnati. The Committee on

Revolutionary Claims on Jan. 4, 1832, reported a bill for his relief. Petitioner claimed commutation in lieu of half pay for life as a captain of infantry in the Revolutionary Army under the resolves of Congress of 1780 and 1783. He had received no part of the half pay, or commutation in lieu thereof, due him under said resolves of Congress. An act granting him such five years' full pay as a captain of infantry, with interest thereon, was approved March 2, 1833.

On the claim Dec. 22, 1837, of Nathaniel Tracy of Newburyport deceased, for Congress to make good the value of two certificates, both specie value, amounting to the sum of \$733.86, issued from the Loan Office of the United States to him, since unsatisfied, the committee reported favorably.

James Witherell of Massachusetts was a sergeant in the Eleventh Massachusetts in 1777; later promoted ensign and transferred to the Tenth Massachusetts, Jan. 1, 1781; retired Jan. 1, 1783. On Dec. 22, 1837, his claim for commutation as an ensign was supported by the affidavit of Ensign Josiah Abbott of Andover, Mass., then a resident of Lexington, Vt., who kept a journal during his service as ensign in the Second Massachusetts, and who became acquainted with the petitioner when in the Revolutionary Army. The commissioner of pensions stated, also, that Ensign Witherell had been admitted to the benefits of the act of 1828. The committee reported favorably upon the petition.

On Jan. 3, 1826, the committee to whom were referred the memorials of the surviving officers of the Army of the Revolution reported to Congress the following extracts of letters from General Washington:

That, in the critical and perilous moment when the last-mentioned communication was made, there was the utmost danger that a dissolution of the army would have taken place, unless measures similar to those recommended had been adopted, will not admit of doubt.

That the adoption of the resolution granting half-pay for life has been attended with all the happy consequences I had foretold, so far as respected the good of the service, let the astonishing contrast between the state of the army at this instant and at the former period, determine; and that the establishment of funds, and the security for the payment of all just demands of the army, will be the most certain means of preserving the national faith, and the future tranquillity of this extensive Continent, is my decided opinion. By the preceding remarks, it will be readily imagined that, instead of retracing or reprehending from further experience and reflection, the mo<sup>re</sup> strenuously urged in the enclosures, I am more and more confirmed in the sentiment (and, if in the wrong, suffer me to please myself with the grateful delusion;) for if, besides the simple payment of wages, a further compensation is not due to the sufferings and sacrifices of the officers, then have I been mistaken indeed. If the whole army have not merited whatever a grateful people can bestow, then have I been beguiled by prejudice, and built opinion on

the basis of error. If this country should not in the event, perform everything which has been requested by the late memorials to Congress, then shall my belief become vain, and the hope which has been excited void of foundation; and if (as has been suggested for the purpose of inflaming their passions) the officers of the army are to be the only sufferers by this Revolution; if, in retiring from the field, they are to grow old in poverty, wretchedness, and contempt; if they are to wade through the vile mire of dependency, and owe the miserable remnant of that life to charity, which has, hitherto, been spent in honor, then I shall have realized a tale which will embitter every moment of my future life. But I am under no such apprehensions; a country rescued by their arms from impending ruin will never leave unpaid the debt of gratitude.

In a letter from Washington to Congress, dated March 18, 1783, he says: "I am pleading the cause of an army which has done and suffered more than any other army ever did, in defence of the rights and liberties of human nature." And in a letter to the governors of the different States he says: "The provision of half pay for life, as promised by the resolves of Congress, was a reasonable compensation, offered by Congress at a time when they had nothing else to give to the officers of the army, for services then to be performed; was the price of their blood, and of your independence; and, as a debt of honor, it can never be cancelled until it be fairly discharged."

After the conclusion of the war and after the army had been disbanded, certificates, bearing an interest of six per cent per annum, were issued; but as no provision, for want of means, had been made by Congress for their redemption, they remained almost valueless for any of the purposes on account of which they had been agreed by the officers to be received in lieu of their half pay.

#### CASUALTIES IN THE NINTH MASSACHUSETTS

Lieutenant and Adjutant Caleb Clapp of Rutland, Worcester County. Wounded at Stillwater, Sept. 19, 1777.

Captain Abner Dow of Falmouth, Plymouth County. Cashiered Aug. 9, 1781.

Captain Michael Farley of Ipswich, Essex County. formerly regimental quartermaster. Taken prisoner at Young's House, New York, Feb. 3, 1780.

Captain Nahum Ward of Shrewsbury or Brookfield, Worcester County. Died March 6, 1778.

Captain William Watson of Hatfield, Hampshire County. Prisoner from Feb. 3, 1780, White Plains, New York. Exchanged December, 1780.

First Lieutenant Richard Welsh of Dunstable, Middlesex County. Dismissed Aug. 28, 1781. Colonel James Wesson. Crippled by a cannon ball, battle of Monmouth, June 28, 1778.

Lieutenant and Paymaster John Woodward, probably Westminster, Worcester County. Wounded at Stillwater, Sept. 19, 1777.

FIELD, STAFF AND LINE OFFICERS OF COLONEL JAMES WESSON'S  
REGIMENT, NINTH MASSACHUSETTS INFANTRY, ARRANGED  
BY COMPANIES.

Transcript from Original Rolls, Volume X.  
Revolutionary Rolls, Massachusetts  
Archives.

DATED JAN. 25, 1778.  
Station, Valley Forge, Pennsylvania.

First Company—Captain Nathan Dix of Woburn, Middlesex County; First Lieutenant Thomas Lock of Lexington, Middlesex County; Second Lieutenant David Baker of Dorchester, Suffolk County; Ensign Jonathan Winship of Lexington, Middlesex County.

Second Company—Captain Joseph Pettingill of Fryeburg, Maine province; First Lieutenant Richard Welsh of Dunstable, Middlesex County; Second Lieutenant Nathaniel Trask of Woburn, Middlesex County; Ensign Benjamin Barker of Andover, Middlesex County.

Third Company—Captain John Blanchard of Sutton, Worcester County; First Lieutenant Abner Graves of Athol, Worcester County; Second Lieutenant Jonathan Ayres of Haverhill, Essex County; Ensign Abner Whitney of Newton, Middlesex County.

Fourth Company—Captain Abraham Childs of Waltham or Groton, Middlesex County; First Lieutenant Joseph Edes of Gloucester, Essex County; Second Lieutenant Henry White of Ipswich, probably, Essex County; Ensign Joseph Leland of Grafton, Worcester County.

Fifth Company—Captain Samuel Bartlett of Ashfield, Franklin County; First Lieutenant Samuel Allen of Ashfield, Franklin County Second Lieutenant Caleb Noble of Sheffield, Berkshire County; Ensign Anthony Morse of Worthington, Hampshire County

Sixth Company—Captain Nahum Ward of Shrewsbury or Brookfield, Worcester County; First Lieutenant William Watson of Hatfield, Hampshire County; Ensign Edward White of Brookline, Norfolk County.

Seventh Company—Captain Samuel Carr of Newbury, Essex County; First Lieutenant Wadleigh Noyes of Newbury, Essex County; Second Lieutenant Joseph Noyes of Newbury, Essex County; Ensign Joshua Chase of Newbury, Essex County.

Eighth Company—Captain Amos Coggeswell of Atkinson or Haverhill, Essex County; First Lieutenant Isaac Sturtevant of Roxbury, Suffolk County; Second Lieutenant Joshua Clapp of Hardwick or Rutland, Worcester County; Ensign Samuel Middleton of Haverhill, Essex County.

The Field and Staff Officers of the Ninth Massachusetts Regiment of Infantry, in January, 1777, were:

Colonel James Wesson of Brookline, Norfolk County; Lieutenant Colonel James Mellen (Miller) of Hopkinton, Middlesex County; Major Ezra Badlam of Milton, Norfolk County.

## REGIMENTAL STAFF

Adjutant—Lieutenant Caleb Clap (Clapp) of Rutland, Worcester County.

Quartermaster—First Lieutenant Michael Farley of Ipswich, Essex County.

Paymaster—Ensign Robert Williams (Lee's Additional) of Boston, Suffolk County.

Surgeon—John Thomas, M. D., of Plymouth, Plymouth County.

Surgeon's Mate—Henry Adams of Lexington, probably, Middlesex County.

Chaplain—No record of one.

The original manuscript returns of this regiment are exceptionally complete and are preserved in volume x., Revolutionary Rolls "Soldiers' Order Returns," dated to include Jan. ye 25. 1778, "All in camp before Aug. 15. Anno Domini, 1777. Mustered for the year 1777 to Jan. 25, 1778." These are preserved in the manuscript archives division of the office of the Secretary of State, and help form the basis of the seventeen volumes of "Soldiers and Sailors of Massachusetts in the Revolution."

BOSTON

PHILIP READE



ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS  
BRITISH PRISONERS OF WAR IN AMERICAN REVOLUTION

Dunstable, July 8th, 1777.

I am extremely sorry to be forced to trouble you with a narration of the following unprecedented transaction & to request you Sir to lay before the council the present state of those concern'd, & to claim justice in their behalf.—Some time in the course of last month a message was sent by the committee of Chelmsford to the prisoners of War at Dunstable desiring them to attend at Chelmsford and answer to some complaints laid against them, the prisoners turn'd in answer that they were ready & wish'd to give satisfaction whenever a complaint was laid before the committee of that town under the charge of which they had been put by the council but that they cou'd not appear or be call'd upon with propriety out of that town in which they were stationed.—They however proceeded to the trial of the prisoners of Dunstable, & having heard the evidences against them sentenced Lt. Campbell an officer upon parole & three of the Officers waiters to Gaol.—Upon Thursday a number of men several of whom were arm'd came to habitation of the prisoners & demand'd Lt Campbell & the waiters. Being ask'd by what authority they made their demand and to show any order of council they might have & which was apprehended to be necessary to remove an officer upon parole they refused to give any satisfaction & threaten'd to carry off the whole should the others make any objections, the prisoners ignorant how far the authority of the men might extend, thought it prudent to comply knowing they would meet with justice from the Council. One of the committee of the town now coming up demanded to see any order they might have, which was absolutely denied.—Lt Campbell & three waiters were then hurried off to Cambridge Gaol to close confinement. It will now be proper to acquaint you with the crimes laid to their charge which the Council will be able to judge, how far these men have been rigorously treated, & how far, supposing them to be guilty of everything laid to their charge the proceedings were proper or the punishment adequate to the offence. First, as to Lt. Campbell: the day the Chelmsford committee had fix to try Lt Campbell for an of [word not finished, supposed offence] which the committee of Dunstable had already acquitted him of. The complainants & several others were talking of the matter at [?] the door of the prisoner when many expressions which rusticity would alone excuse were made use of particularly by one, whom Lt Campbell unguardedly called an impertinent rascal, or words to that effect. The committee of Chelmsford finding they could not send the Lt to Gaol for the former complaint laid hold

of that unguarded expression & order'd to Gaol the Lt in the unprecedented manner above related. The complaint against the waiters proceeded from the following circumstances—Some person in the night attempted to break into the house of the prisoners but were discovered by the noise they made: the servants being alarm'd, were order'd to try and find who had made the attempt—they accordingly went & finding a man asleep at some small distance from the house he being asked some questions gave some equip [?] answers from which they concluded he knew something of the matter.—They brought him back to the house untill they could see what was missing; nothing being taken away & he not appearing to be the person concern'd departed & seemed perfectly satisfied.—He however upon getting to Chelmsford mentioned his story which was immediately laid hold of by their committee.—He said that the waiters abused him with their tongues, & some other circumstance, all of which they were willing to declare false and void of truth had they been heard in their defence.

Thus I have candidly related every circumstance, even the most minute, and as I entertain not a doubt but that upon the council causing inquiry be made into the case the sufferers will be released I hope they will be permitted to return to Dunstable where [?] we suffer much from their absence they being the persons employed in—provisions & bread for our families which can not be had in this place without them. I hope enquiry will be made as soon as possible —the situation of men in close confinement at this season being truly deplorable.

I am however happy to say that during a twelve months' residence in this place the prisoners have lived in harmony with the people of the town, notwithstanding several attempts made by the neighboring town to prevent it: am sorry to say there seems to have been too much of pique & prejudice in this affair. The whole neighborhood can testify that these men suffering in Gaol were in their stations exemplary in their behaviour.

I am Sir your Most  
hu'l Servt  
HAMILTON MAXWELL

Captain 71st. Regt.

In Council July 9, 1777

Read and Committed to Oliver Prescott Complaint mention'd in the above Letter & report.

(The soldiers of the Seventy-First Regiment of Foot, Highlanders, under the command of Lieutenant Colonel Archibald Campbell, were taken prisioners at the capture of the transport-ship *George* in Boston harbor, in June, 1776.)

## ETHAN ALLEN HOPES TO BE EXCHANGED

To the Hon the Board  
of War for the State of  
Massachusetts Bay

Gentlemen

You will not be surprised that I express some anxious desires for the Possession of Liberty which I have been a stranger to for near Two years the late manover of Takeing Majr General Prescot gives me hopes that Lieut. Col. Campbell may be exchanged as he will not be any longer de[t] ained on account of General Lee, and as my rank is the same as his and as I am the oldest Continental Officer that is Prisoner, do There-fore Indulge my self with fond Expectations that your Honours will facilitate my Exchange for that Gentleman.

I am with the grestest respect  
your Honors most devoted

Long Island,  
19th of July 1777.  
Obedient and Humble Servant,  
ETHAN ALLEN.

P. S. I am in health and in Spirits.

E. A.

(But he was not exchanged until May 3, 1778.)

## WASHINGTON TO HIS AIDE, LIEUT-COL. JOHN LAURENS

Dated at White Plains, N. Y., Aug. 8, 1778.

"About an hour ago I received a letter from General Maxwell \* \* \* which contains the following paragraphs. 'I have to inform your Excellency that early yesterday morning Lord Howe sailed out of the Hook, with his whole Fleet of Armed Vessels' \* \* \*

Some Transports are drawn up between Governor's Island and Yellow Hook, supplyed with wood, water and provisions. Their number about sufficient to carry three Regiments to the West Indies.' \* \* \*

Your journal & map were very satisfactory and I am deeply interested in the success of our operations. \* \* \*

P. S. In a letter from Gen'l Greene he mentions one from Gen'l Sullivan. \* \* \*

I dare say that Count D'Estaing has taken the wisest precautions

in his power to obtain information of any sea movements of the Enemy on our Coast & particularly of the approach of any fleet towards him. I hint however to *you* that if he has not already done it, I think he might employ light cruisers off Rhode Island & the south side of Long Island to answer important purposes."

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WASHINGTON TO COL. DAYTON

Headquarters, New Windsor, Feb, 7, 1781.

Dear Sir:—

I find by the arrangement of the Jersey Brigade, which has just come to hand, that Colonel Shreve has retired from service—this makes your presence extremely necessary with the troops; and the more so at this time, as some dispute about rank is said to exist between Lieut.-Col. Barber and Lieut.-Col. De Hart, which, while there is no superior officer both of them may produce parties and cabals to the great detriment of the service.

Although your health should not be perfectly established, I cannot but hope you will have so far recovered as to be able to join, and continue with the brigade. I would not wish you to expose yourself, or attempt impossibilities, but I am certain you will be persuaded of the necessity of being with your troops at such a critical and interesting period. Even if you are but in a convalescent state, I should suppose you might obtain such comfortable accommodations abroad as would promote your recovery as effectually as at home—especially since you will find the brigade at so small a distance as Morristown. I am. Dear Sir, with great esteem,

Your Most Obedt. Hble. Servt.,

G. Washington.

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ALEXANDER HAMILTON'S LETTER, GIVING A FULL VIEW OF THE SITUATION AND TEMPER OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK IN 1782 AND ALSO GIVING HIS OPINION OF THE INFLUENTIAL MEN HOLDING OFFICE UNDER STATE GOVERNMENT.

—This valuable letter was sold in Philadelphia (with many others addressed to Robert Morris) by Mr. S. V. Henkels, Jan. 16, 1917. We have used Mr. Henkels' notes, and add a few on the identification of the men referred to by Hamilton.

It is dated Albany, Aug. 13, 1782, and is no doubt the most interest-

ing, and in a historical sense the most important paper we have from the hand of one the most important figures in our struggle for independence and the forming of our nation.

It appeared that Hamilton kept no copy of the letter, which he wrote at the solicitation of Robert Morris. When John C. Hamilton was editing the works of Alexander Hamilton, he was cognizant of the letter being written to Morris, and being anxious to include it in the works of Alexander Hamilton, which he published in 1850. He communicated (through Mrs. Hamilton) with Mrs. Nixon (Robert Morris' daughter) for a copy of the letter. Mrs. Nixon answered that many of her father's letters had been destroyed, but in looking over those in her possession—

"I found but one letter from Genl Hamilton, dated Aug. 18, (13th) 1782, and as Genl Hamilton states, gives a full view of the situation and temper of the State of New York at that period. This letter I cannot send you, as Genl Hamilton also gives his opinion of the influential men holding office under the government, and expressly states that it is to be considered strictly confidential, and these opinions appear to have been given upon my Father's particular request. This letter I will copy with the exception of the above paragraph, and as it is rather lengthy, I will send it to Mr. Ingraham to forward to Mr. J. Hamilton, as I have reason to believe he is in correspondence with Mrs. H. on the subject; a distinct recollection of the high estimation in which my Father held Genl Hamilton, and of the great regard and unreserved confidence which subsisted between them, adds much to the sorrow and regret I have long felt for the loss and destruction of my Father's papers, which loss has no doubt deprived you of much valuable information," etc.

We quote this portion of Mrs. Nixon's letter, as it gives the reason why John C. Hamilton only quoted a part of Gen. Alex. Hamilton's letter in the work he was editing. Mrs. Nixon considered the letter of too personal a character for her, even at that late date, to allow it to go to the public, as she thought certain portions might reflect with discredit on some of the descendants of the individuals mentioned; and even Hamilton, in one of the concluding paragraphs, says:

"You will perceive Sir, I have neither flattered the State nor encouraged high expectations. I thought it my duty to exhibit things as

they are, not as they ought to be. I shall be sorry, if it give an ill opinion of the State for want of equal candor in the representations of others; for however disagreeable the reflection, I have too much reason to believ that the true picture of other States would be in proportion to their circumstances equally unpromising. All my inquiries and all that appears induces this opinion. I INTEND THIS LETTER IN CONFIDENCE TO YOURSELF AND THEREFORE I ENDORSE IT PRIVATE."

Even today, seventy years after Mr. J. C. Hamilton published his book, I have long debated with myself whether it would be proper to make the letter public. I have concluded that it is really a matter of history, and at this time it will be proper and right to give to the world his estimate of the characters of the leading men of his adopted State, and which now for the first time appear in print.

It will no doubt be proper to state that in the copy of the letter sent to Mr. Hamilton, Mrs. Nixon left out about one-third of the original letter, and has made the note in her copy: 'Characters of Individuals omitted'. All the personal matter is on the pages she omitted.

Albany Augt. 13, 1782.

Sir,

I promised you in former letters to give you a full view of the situation and temper of this State: I now sit down to execute that task.

You have already in your possession a pretty just picture of the lott (?) drawn by the Legislature, in (phrases?) perhaps too highly coloured in some places, but in the main true. It is the opinion of the most sensible men, with whom I converse, who are best acquainted with the circumstances of the State, and who are not disposed to exaggerate its distress as an excuse for inactivity, that its facilities for revenue are diminished at least two-thirds.

It will not be diffiult to conceive this, when we consider that five out of the fourteen counties of which the State was composed, including the capital, are in the hands of the enemy—that two and part of a third have revolted—two others have been desolated, the greater part, by the ravages of the enemy and of our own troops—and the remaining four have more or less suffered partial injuries from the same causes. Adding the fragments of some to repair the losses of others, the efficient property, strength and force of the state will consist in little more than four counties.

In the distribution of taxes before the war, the city of New York used to be rated at one-third of the whole; but this was too high, owing probably to the prevalency of the country interest; the proper proportion I should judge to have been about one fourth; which serves further to illustrate the probable decrease of the State.

Our population indeed is not diminished in the same degree, as many of the inhabitants of the dismembered and ruined counties who have left their habitations, are dispersed through those which remain; and it would seem that the labor of the additional hands ought to increase the culture and value of these; but there are many deductions to be made from this apparent advantage—the numbers that have recruited the British army—those that have been furnished to ours—the emigrations to Vermont and to the neighboring states, less harassed by the war, and affording encouragements to industry; both which have been considerable. Besides these circumstances many of the fugitive families are a burthen for their subsistence upon the state. The fact is, labor is much dearer than before the war.

This State has certainly made in the course of the war great exertions, and upon many occasions of the most exhausting kind. This has some times happened from want of judgment, at others from necessity. When the army, as has too often been the case, has been threatened with some fatal calamity, for want of provisions, forage, the means of transportation, &c., in consequence of pressing applications from the Commander in Chief, the Legislature has been obliged to have recourse to extraordinary expedients to answer the present emergency, which have both distressed and disgusted the people. There is no doubt that with a prudent and systematic administration the state might have rendered more benefit to the common cause, with less inconvenience to itself, than by all its forced efforts; but here as everywhere else we have wanted experience and knowledge. And indeed had this not been the case, everything, everywhere, has been so radically wrong that it was difficult, if not impossible, for any one state to be right.

The exposed situation of the frontier and the frequent calls upon the inhabitants for personal service on each extremity, by interfering with industry, have contributed to impoverish the state and fatigue the people.

Deprived of foreign trade, our internal traffic is carried on upon the most disadvantageous terms. It divides itself into three branches;

with the city of New York, with Jersey and Pennsylvania, and with New England.

That with New York consists chiefly of luxuries on one part and returns of specie on the other. I imagine we have taken goods from that place to the annual amount of near £30,000. The Legislature have passed a severe law to prevent this intercourse; but what will laws avail against the ingenuity and intrepidity of avarice?

From Jersey and Pennsylvania we take about thirty thousand pound more and we pay almost entirely in Cash.

From Massachusetts and other parts of New England we purchase to the amount of about £50,000, principally in tea and salt. We sell to these states to the value of about £30,000. The articles of tea and salt alone cost this state the annual sum of sixty thousand pounds.

The immense land transportation, of which the chief part is carried on by the other subjects of other states, is a vast incumbrance upon our trade.

The principal article we have to throw in the opposite scale is the expenditures of the army. Mr. Sands\* informs me that the contractors for the main army and West Point lay out in this state at the rate of about 60,000 dollars a year. Mr. Duer, for these northern posts, about Thirty thousand. If the Quarter Master general expends as much more in his department, the whole will amount to about 180,000 dollars. I speak of what is paid for in specie, or such paper as answers the purposes of specie.

These calculations cannot absolutely be relied on, because the data are necessarily uncertain; but they are the result of the best information I can obtain; and if near the truth, prove that the general ballance of trade is against us, a plain symptom of which is an *extreme* and *universal* scarcity of money.

The situation of the state, with respect to its internal government, is not more pleasing. Here we find the general disease which infects all our constitutions, an excess of popularity. There is no *order* that has a *will* of its own. The inquiry constantly is what *will please*, not what *will benefit* the people. In such a government there can be nothing but temporary expedient, fickleness and folly.

\*Comfort Sands.

But the point of view in which this subject will be interesting to you is that which relates to our finances. I gave you in a former letter a sketch of our plan of taxation; but I will now be more Particular.

The general principal of it is an assessment, according to *circumstances and abilities collectively considered*.

The ostensible reason for adopting this vague basis was a desire of equality. It was pretended that this could not be obtained so well by any fixed tariff of taxable property, as by leaving it to the discretion of persons chosen by the people themselves, to determine the ability of each citizen. But perhaps the true reason was a desire to discriminate between the *Whigs* and *Tories*. This chimerical attempt at perfect equality has resulted in total inequality; or rather this narrow disposition to overburthen a particular class of citizens (living under the protection of the government) has been retorted upon the contrivers or their friends, wherever that class has been numerous enough to preponderate in the election of the officers who were to execute the law. The exterior figure a man makes, the decency or meanness of his manner of living, the personal friendships or dislikes of the assessors, have much more share in determining what individuals shall pay, than the proportion of property.

The Legislature first *assesses*, or quotas the several counties. Here the evil begins. The members cabal and intrigue to throw the burthen off their respective constituents. Address and influence, more than considerations of real ability prevail. A great deal of time is lost and a great deal of expense incurred before the juggle is ended, and the necessary compromises made.

The Supervisors, of whom there are upon an average sixteen in each county, meet at the notification of the County clerk, and assign their proportions to the subdivisions of the county; and in the distribution play over the same game, which was played in the Legislature.

The Assessors, assembled on a like notification, according to their fancies determine the proportion of each individual; a list of which being made out and signed by the Supervisors is a warrant to the collectors. There are near an hundred upon average in each county.

The allowance to these officers has been various; it is now six shillings a day besides expenses; in some cases they have been limited to a

particular time for executing the business; but in general it is left to their discretion, and the greater part of them are not in a hurry to complete it, as they have a compensation for their trouble, and live better at the public charge than they are accustomed to do at their own. The consequence is not only delay but a heavy expense.

It now remains for the collectors to collect the tax, and it is the duty of the supervisors to see that they do it. Both these offices, as well as that of the assessors, are elective; and of course there is little disposition to risk the displeasure of those who elect. They have no motive of interest to stimulate them to their duty, equivalent to the inconvenience of performing it. The collector is intitled to the trifling compensation of sometimes four sometimes six pence out of each pound he collects, and is liable to the trifling penalty of twenty or five and twenty pounds for neglect of duty. The supervisors have no interest at all in the collection; and it will on this account appear not extraordinary, that with continual delinquencies in the collection there has never been a single prosecution.

As I observed on a former occasion, if the collector happens to be a zealous man and lives in a zealous neighbourhood, the taxes are collected—if either of these requisites is wanting the collection languishes or intirely fails.

When the taxes are collected, they are paid to the County treasurer; an officer chosen by the Supervisors. The collectors are responsible to him also; but as he is allowed only one-fourth or one-half per cent, he has no sufficient inducement to incur the odium of compelling them to do their duty.

The County Treasurer pays what he receives into the State Treasurer, who has an annual salary of £300; and has nothing to do but to receive and pay out according to the appropriations of the legislature.

Notwithstanding the obvious defects of this system, notwithstanding experience has shown it to be iniquitous and ineffectual and that all attempts to amend it without totally changing it are fruitless, notwithstanding there is a pretty general discontent from the inequality of the taxes, still ancient habits, ignorance, the spirit of the times, the opportunity afforded to some popular characters of skreening themselves by intriguing with the assessors, have hitherto proved an overmatch for common sense and common justice, as well as the manifest advantage of the State and of the United States.

The temper of the State, which I shall now describe, may be considered under two heads, that of the rulers and that of the people.

The rulers are generally zealous in the common cause, though their zeal is often misdirected. They are zealous of their own power; but yet as this State is the immediate theatre of the war, their apprehensions of danger and an opinion that they are obliged to do more than their neighbours make them very willing to part with power in favour of the Fœderal Government. This last opinion and an idea added to it, that they have no credit for their past exertions has put them out of humour and indisposed many of them for future exertions. I have heard several assert, that in the present situation of this state nothing more ought to be expected, than that it maintain its own government, and keep up its quota of troops. This sentiment however is as yet confined to a few, but it too palatable not to make proselytes.

There is no man in the government who has a decided influence in it. The present governor\* has declined in popularity, partly from a defect of qualifications for his station and partly from causes that do him honor—the vigorous execution of some necessary laws that bore hard upon the people, and severity of discipline among the militia. He is, I believe, a man of integrity and passes with his particular friends for a statesman; it is certain that without being destitute of understanding, his passions are much warmer, than his judgement is enlightened. The preservation of his place is an object to his private fortune as well as to his ambition; and we are not to be surprised if instead of taking a lead in measures that contradict a prevailing prejudice, however he may be convinced of their utility, he either flatters it, or temporises; especially when a new election approaches.

The next character of a most uniform influence is General Schuyler. He has more weight in the Legislature than the Governor; but not so much as not to be exposed to the mortification of seeing important measures patronised by him frequently miscarry. Your knowledge of him in my connection prevents my enlarging. I shall only add that he hazards his popularity in support of what you wish and what the public safety demands.

I omitted speaking of the Lt Governor<sup>1</sup> in his place; I shall only say he is an honest man, without pretensions. I shall be silent on the sub-

\*George Clinton. 1 Pierre VanCortland.

ject of the Chancellor and of Mr. Duane,<sup>2</sup> because I could not give you any additional light into their characters.

Mr. Scott<sup>3</sup> you also know. He has his little objects and his little party. Nature gave him genius; but *habit* has impaired it. He never had judgment; he now has scarcely plausibility; his influence is just extensive enough to embarrass measures he does not like; and his only aim seems to be by violent professions of popular principles to acquire a popularity which has hitherto coyly eluded his persuit. His views as a statesman are warped; his principles as a man are said to be not the purest.

In the senate Judge Platt,<sup>4</sup> Judge Paine<sup>5</sup> and Mr. Yates<sup>6</sup> have each their share of influence.

The first is a man of plain sense, thoroughly acquainted with agriculture. He intends to do well whenever he can hit upon what is right.

The second is a man of strong natural parts and of strong prejudice; his zeal is fiery, his obstinacy unconquerable. He is as primitive in his notions, as in his appearance. Without education, he wants more knowledge, or more tractableness.

The third is a man whose ignorance and perverseness are only surpassed by his pertinacity and conceit. He hates all high-flyers, which is the appellation he gives to men of genius. He has the merit of being always the first man at the Legislature. The people have been a long time in the *habit* of chosing him in different offices; and to the title of prescription, he adds that of being a preacher to their taste. He *assures* them they are too poor to pay taxes. He is a staunch Whig, that deserves to be pensioned by the British Ministry. He is commissioner of the loan office in this state.

In the assembly the leading members are Mr. Malcolm,<sup>7</sup> Mr. Lawrence,<sup>8</sup> Mr. Lansing,<sup>9</sup> Judge Treadwell<sup>10</sup> and Mr. Humphreys.<sup>11</sup>

Malcolm has a variety of abilities he is industrious and expert in business; he wants not resource and is pretty right on the subjects of the day; but he is too fond of popularity and too apt to think every

2 James Duane. 3 John Morin Scott. 4 Zephaniah Platt, of Plattsburgh, New York and Poughkeepsie fame, who represented the "Middle District" in 1782. 5 Ephraim Paine, also from the same district. 6 Abraham Yates, Jr. 7. William Malcolm, of Ulster Co. 8 John Lawrence, of Westchester Co. 9 John Lansing. 10 Thomas Treadwell, of Suffolk Co. 11 Cornelius Humphrey (not Humphrey), of Dutchess Co.

scheme bad, that is not his own. He is closely linked with Scott because he can govern him. A man of warm passions—he can controul all but his vanity, which often stands in the way of his interest. He is accused of duplicity and insincerity. He has it in his power to support or perplex measures as he may incline, and it will be politic to make it his interest to incline to what is right. It was on this principle I proposed him for a certain office.

Lawrance is a man of good sense and good intentions —has just views of public affairs—is active and accurate in business. He is from conviction an advocate for strengthening the Fœderal government and for reforming the vices of our interior adminstration.

Lansing is a good young fellow and a good practitioner of the Law; but his friends mistook his talents when they made him a statesman. He thinks two pence an ounce upon plate a *monstrous tax*. The county of Albany is not of my opinion concerning him.

Treaddle is esteemed a sensible and an honest man.

Mr. Humphreys has his admirers, because he is pretty remarkable for *blunder* and vociferation. He said the last session of the assembly—that it was very inconvenient for the country members to be detained at that season—that for his own part no motive would induce him to stay, but to *sacrifice* the interest of his country.

In the council of revision, which is composed of the Governor, Chancellor<sup>12</sup> and the three Judges; Mr. Morris<sup>13</sup> the chief Justice is a well meaning man—Judge Yates<sup>14</sup> is upright and respectable in his profession. Hobart<sup>15</sup> is solemn and sententious. He thinks rightly in the main as to the imperfections of our present system, both general and particular and the proper remedy; but he has a prodigious propensity to a *convulsion*; and he augurs many fine things from a second *bankruptcy* and a total derangement of our affairs. “Then (says he) and not till then *Order* will rise out of confusion”!

I have now touched upon the principal *public* characters among us; there are others who have their little circles of influence; some of whom deserve more others much less. I have contented myself with outlines, because Mr. G. Morris will be able to give you much more satisfactory portraits. What I have done is only in compliance with your request.

12 Robert R. Livingston. 13 Richard Morris. 14 Robert Yates. 15 John Sloss Hobart

The rulers of this state are attached to the alliance, as are the Whigs generally.

They have also great confidence in you personally; but pretty general exception has been taken to a certain letter of yours, written I believe in the Winter or spring. The idea imbibed is that it contains a reflection upon them for their past exertions. I have on every account combatted this impression, which would not fail to have an ill effect, and I mention it to you with freedom, because it is essential you should know the temper of the states respecting yourself.

As to the people, in the early periods of the war, near one half of them were avowedly more attached to Great Britain than to their liberty; but the energy of the government has subdued all opposition. The state by different means has been purged of a large part of its malcontents; but there still remains I daresay a third whose secret wishes are on the side of the enemy; the remainder side for peace, murmur at taxes, clamour at their rulers, change one incapable man for another more incapable; and I fear if left to themselves would, too many of them, be willing to purchase peace at any price, not from inclination to Great Britain, or disaffection to independence, but from mere supineness and avarice. The speculation of evil from the claims of Great Britain gives way to the pressure of inconveniences actually felt; and we required the event which has lately happened, the recognition of our independence by the Dutch, to give a new spring to the public hopes and the public passions. This has had a good effect. And if the Legislature can be brought to adopt a wise plan for its finances, we may put the people in better humour, and give a more regular and durable movement to the machine; the people of this state as far as my observation goes, have as much firmness in their make, and as much submissiveness to government as those of any part of the Union.

It remains for me to give you an explicit opinion of what it is practicable for this state to do. Even with a judicious plan of taxation I do not think the state can afford or the people will bear to pay more than seventy or eighty thousands pounds a year. In its intire and flourishing state according to my mode of calculating it could not have exceeded two hundred and thirty or forty thousand pounds; and reduced as it is with the wheels of circulation so exceedingly clogged for want of commerce and a sufficient medium more than I have said cannot be expected. Passed experience will not authorize a more flattering conclusion.

Out of this is to be deducted the expense of the interior administration and the money necessary for the levies of men. The first amount to be about £15,000—as you will perceive by the inclosed state; but I suppose the Legislature would choose to retain £20,000. The money hitherto yearly expended in recruits has amounted to between twenty and thirty thousand pounds; but on a proper plan ten thousand might suffice. There would then remain forty thousand pounds for your department.

But this is on the supposition of a change of system; for with the present I doubt there being paid into the Continental treasury one third of that sum. I am endeavouring to collect materials for greater certainty upon this subject. But the business of supplies has been so diversified, lodged in such a variety of independent hands and so carelessly transacted, that it is hardly possible to get any tolerable idea of the gross and net product.

With the help of these materials I shall strive to convince the Committee when they meet, that a change of measure is essential; if they enter cordially into right views we may succeed; but I confess I fear more than I hope.

I have taken every step in my power to procure the information you have desired in your letter of July '81—the most material part of it, an account of the supplies furnished since March '80 has been committed to Col Hay. I have written to him in pressing terms to accelerate the preparation.

You will perceive Sir, I have neither flattered the state nor encouraged high expectations. I thought it my duty to exhibit things as they are, not as they ought to be. I shall be sorry if it give an ill opinion of the state for want of equal candor in the representations of others; for however disagreeable the reflection, I have too much reason to believe that the true picture of other states would be in proportion to their circumstances equally unpromising. All my inquiries and all that appears induces this opinion. I intend this letter in *confidence* to *yourself*, and therefore I endorse it *private*.

Before I conclude I will say a word on a point that possibly you could wish to be informed about. The contract up this way is executed generously to the satisfaction of the officers and soldiers, which is the

more meritorious in the Contractor as in all probability it will be to him a losing undertaking.

I have the honor to be with sentiments and unfeigned esteem

Sir,

Your most Obedient & humble

Servant

A Hamilton

The Honble The Superintendent of Finance

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CHARLES SUMNER ON LINCOLN.

Washington, (1865)

The report in the papers of what passed at Richmond is substantially correct. But the President has today sent for Govr. Pierpont: On the main question he is reticent. But he saw with his own eyes at Richmond & Petersburg, that the only people who showed themselves were *negroes*, all others had fled or were retired in their houses. Never was I more convinced of the utter impossibility of any organization which is not founded on the votes of the negroes. The President is full of tenderness to all & several times repeated 'Judge not, that ye be not judged.' This he said—even when Jeff Davis was named as one who should not be pardoned. I hope that the complications at Richmond may be got rid of or, rather that the whole proceedings may fail so completely, that he will be without any embarrassement in adopting a just and safe system, &c.

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AARON BURR LETTERS.

A bundle of letters from Aaron Burr to Peter Van Gaasbeek, of Kingston, were found in Kingston, N. Y., some years ago. Their perusal discloses considerable political scheming. One of the letters throws light upon the notable contest for the Presidency between Burr and Jefferson in 1801, when the matter of choice was thrown in the House of Representatives. It was claimed by Burr, after Jefferson had been chosen President, that if he had had an equal number of votes with Jefferson he would have utterly disclaimed all competition, as he had no desire to be instrumental in counteracting the wishes and expectations of the people of the United States. Those sentiments were for the public.

The other side appears from a letter, upon the back of which was written "Private Instructions," which shows that, secretly, he had other designs. Peter Van Gaasbeek was a politician of considerable influence. He was a member of Congress. The "Private Instructions," in Burr's handwriting, read as follows:

"From the returns in Pennsylvania it is certain that Adams cannot be elected. The President and Vice-President must therefore be taken from Jefferson, Pinckney, and Burr. Six or seven votes for Burr in this State will make him President, whether intended for him as President or Vice-President. You know, I suppose, that no distinction can be made by the Electors. They vote for two men without declaring the offices for which they intend them. You see how important and critical the thing is, and must therefore spare no pains. It will be surprising, indeed, if you, Addison Bevier, and others cannot influence Miller and Cantine so far as to induce them to do what is right. Burr must be spoken of, however, only as Vice-President for the present. This caution must not be neglected for cogent reasons, which will in due time be communicated. Somebody must confer with Miller and Cantine personally and without delay."

With the "Private Instructions" was found a paper containing a sort of cipher, by which letters of the alphabet were to be used to indicate certain names. It reads as follows:

Lewis Morris.....	E	Abram Van Vechten.....	R
Rich' Thorne.....	F	Adams.....	S
A. Hammond.....	G	Jefferson.....	T
J. Miller.....	H	Pinckney.....	V
P. Cantine, Jr.....	I	Burr.....	W
Rob't Van Rensselaer.....	K	F. L. Witbeck.....	Y
Wm. Root.....	L	J. Addison.....	L
Abram Ten Broeck.....	M	P. Van Gaasbeek.....	A
John Honeywood.....	N	President.....	B
Charles Newkirk.....	O	Vice-President.....	C
Peter Smith.....	P		

Burr then adds: "Speak of yourself in the third person when you wish it to be concealed that you are the Person in Question, W & X, to be used differently."

The paper also has evidence of having been written with "invisible ink," which could only be made legible by being brought out by heat. The writing cannot now be read easily after the lapse of so many years. It is all in the handwriting of Burr. Major Van Gaasbeek is mentioned in one of the letters written by Mrs. Burr to her husband from New-York, in 1791, in this way: "Neither the package you left at Kingston nor the money and great coat by Colonel Gausbeck have yet reache me.

Burr, in his letters to his wife, during those days when he traveled on the circuit of the courts at Poughkeepsie, Albany, Catskill, and Kingston, speaks of Kingston often. In one of his letters, written at Poughkeepsie in 1788, to Mrs. Burr, he said: "I go, this evening, to Rhinebeck. You can write me by Monday's stage, directed to be forwarded to me from Rhinebeck. I shall be then at Kingston. Much love to the smiling little girl." The "little girl" was his daughter, Theodosia. Burr's correspondence with Van Gaasbeek was mostly regarding money matters. In nearly all his letters he speaks of pecuniary embarrassments. In one letter, in 1795, he wrote to Peter Van Gaasbeek, that he (Burr) must decline the nomination, that he (Van Gaasbeek) must inform the committee, and that "I shall bear a lasting remembrance of this instance of their confidence and attachment." In this connection, as a matter of interest in the history of Kingston, it might be said Burr refers, in one of his letters to his wife, to Vanderlyn. John Vanderlyn, who became celebrated as a painter, was a protégé of Burr. Vanderlyn was a resident of Kingston, and Burr having seen several of his sketches, became interested in him, which resulted in Vanderlyn's going to Europe, to study painting. In a letter, written in New-York, 1801, to Thomas Morris, Burr said:

Mr. Vanderlyn, the young painter from Esopus, Ulster County, who went, about six years ago, to Paris, has recently returned, having improved his time and talent in a manner that does very great honor to himself, his friends, and his country. Proposing to return to France in the Spring, he wishes to take with him some American views, and for this purpose he is now in his way through your country to Niagara. I beg your advice and protection. He is a perfect stranger to the roads, the country, and the customs of the people, and, in short, knows nothing but what immediately concerns painting. From some samples which he has left here he is pronounced to be the first painter that now is or ever has been in America. Your affectionate friend,

A. BURR.

## MINOR TOPICS

### OLD GREAT BARRINGTON

(This Address was delivered at the 150th Anniversary of the Town of Great Barrington' Mass., by R. Henry W. Dwight of Boston, a Great-Great Grandson of Joseph Dwight, who presided at the First Town Meeting held at Great Barrington.)

It is a compliment to me that on this interesting occasion, embracing historic memories, your committee should have selected me as one to be, (so to speak), taken up the centre aisle and given one of the front seats.

While I am glad to be present, yet I wish for your sake that in my place, my ancient forbear, namely, Joseph Dwight, the handsome old judge and warrior, of stately presence, who was officially a "seater" in the original church at Great Barrington, could be with us to-day to fascinate and move you with his instances of olden times, when Great Barrington was young. I say stately because the painting by the noted Boston painter Blackburn, of General Dwight, shows him with a fine large judicial wig and long cuffs of lace, exquisite enough to excite the ladies. His grandson, Henry Williams Dwight *2d*, was also a striking looking man, who as you will recall, had served this district in Congress for several consecutive terms, and had won the reputation of possessing not only an elegance of person and manner, but a quickness of wit thought by many unsurpassed in the state, finally getting "dubbed" by envious Boston as "the handsome colonel from Berkshire." And indeed there are not a few here who can personally recall Colonel James F. Dwight, that pleasant and gallant gentleman, not unlike his father, and not unlike, too, his greatgrandsire, to wit, our old General Dwight, whose name bulks so large and so decisively in the early military annals of Massachusetts, as well as in the social beginnings of our beautiful town of Great Barrington, of which few places rank higher in intelligence.

Your chairman, whose name is synonymous with latter day Great Barrington as it truly is, besides with right good fellowship, recently said to me: "Come and give us some facts; that's what folks like to have nowadays."

Loving, as I do, every inch of old Berkshire, and inspired by a zealous dipping into Western Massachusetts annals, when chance afforded, it was in me to respond with the cry of "Barkis is willin'!"

Time will not permit of too long dwelling upon one period, or upon any one person, in the shape of lengthy extracts from documents in the Dwight Collection, so I must be brief, inasmuch as Great Barrington covers a stretch of a hundred and fifty years, and I wish, if I can, to speak of some kind good souls who are now living, as well as some of the noble ones past and gone.

The first official survey in Berkshire county was made in 1730 by Colonel Timothy Dwight of Northampton. The original drawing, bearing his and John Stoddard's signatures, is embalmed in the Dwight Collection. It is called "A Plat of the Upper Township on Housatannuck River." This survey antedates by several years the often-referred to survey along the Hoosic river.

I purposed bringing from my home to-day volume ten of the growing Dwight Collection, but had to forego that design. The title page of that particular volume reads:

"The Dwight Collection, being papers of one kind and another 1736-1809, pertaining to that particular part of the original County of Hampshire, as described by Timothy Dwight in his Survey of 1736, as the Upper Township on Housatunnuck River, afterwards called North Parish of Sheffield, and, finally at a meeting in 1761 presided over by Joseph Dwight, named Great Barrington, Berkshire County, Massachusetts. Vol. 10, 1909."

This volume ten is crowded from cover to cover with records of the past. They are arranged chronologically. Let me read a very few. The first item is called a "Wheel Barrow Survey," its date 1738. Surely a wheel barrow used as an instrument in a land survey would to-day seem a crude tool indeed.

Now we come to one of the most honored New England surnames found in the Dwight Collection, namely, that of Sedgwick. It smacks of old-time learning, integrity, courtly manners, and an instinctive love of country, combined with high ideals. More than once have I noted in my readings the fine intellectuality, credited to the English-born Sedgwicks, running down the centuries.

In the pages of Taylor's faithful account of Great Barrington, broad glimpses are given, with justifiable local pride, of the past importance of the Hon. Theodore Sedgwick, of high judicial fame, not merely as

an interesting prepossessing man of masterly intellect, but as a solid valuable Great Barrington citizen for a considerable length of time. Following the example of George Washington, of whom he was an intimate friend, this Theodore Sedgwick gave himself over to the art of letter-writing. Some of his letters in the original manuscript form have come into my possession. They are addressed to "Thomas Ives, Esquire, Great Barrington," who was in his day a conspicuous lawyer. Some are marked with his franking privilege; some with memoranda on the face of envelope quaintly pleading "To be left at the post office at Springfield, Mass.," in place of the present day unromantic "General Delivery."

Later on, January 7, 1803, an indenture signed by Sedgwick shows he drew 1,280 acres of land from the official land lottery of Massachusetts; said paper also shows that he transferred a one-fifth interest to my great grandfather, Henry Williams Dwight, (the first treasurer of Berkshire county) the latter person a silent partner, maybe!

In the town of New York, 1786, where congress was then sitting, Mr. Sedgwick wrote Mr. Ives a series of letters, each too long to be quoted here. They mingle together political and financial affairs. To me his statements are of great interest. One of those epistles closes by saying: "Congress has resolved itself into the Committee of the Whole to take into consideration the state of the Nation." He continues on: "What will be the result, God only knows! but no assembly ever had greater and more necessary and important objects to deliberate upon." This passing fear is re-echoed by that most accurate of historical writers, John Fiske, in his *Critical Period of American History, 1783-89*, in a paragraph embracing these words:

"It is not too much to say, that the period of five years following the peace of 1783, was the most critical moment in all the history of the American people. The danger from which we were saved in 1788, was even greater, than the dangers from which we were saved in 1865."

To you, who remember the trying days of the Civil War, it seems proper at this anniversary to show, that when Sedgwick of your town was writing to your Mr. Ives, the future of this country was even more uncertain than during the darkest days of the Rebellion and that while they had no Lincoln, they did have men who met every emergency and as great problems as ever men met. Sedgwick was one of the very great men of his day. In those early days there was an absence of a sentiment of union and consequent danger of anarchy.

In March, 1795, Theodore Sedgwick, now a national figure, speaks of "Sam" Adams, but not by name. Here is what he wrote to Thomas Ives:

"Respecting Governor, I shall not vote for the old dotard at present in the chair, but (rather) for either Gorham or Sumner, probably for the former."

Gorham and that Sumner are today both completely forgotten, but not forgotten is Mr. Sedgwick's "dotard." Samuel Adams may never have been a full-fledged statesman owing to a lack of moral balance, but he certainly was the most complete politician of Massachusetts annals, perhaps, too, the most perfect of opportunists.

Worthy of the attention of the student, anxious to get at beginnings are many other Sedgwick letters that follow. From Philadelphia, under date of January 16. 1795, he pictures the period and acts of John Jay and Alexander Hamilton, but they are too long to quote at this time.

Going back to the days before Great Barrington had become a town, we find Theodore Sedgwick ordering clothes from John Chandler Williams of Pittsfield, and his not having a telephone to help hurry along that order, it is to be supposed the order itself failed to get filled properly. Assuredly so for he writes on May 9th, 1760:

"Wrote for trimmings for the black britches patern and not drawers; you sent Drawers, but not Trimmings which begg you would send by the Barer. Your most humble Servant, Theodore Sedgwick."

In the "Historical Memoir of the Western Railroad," printed in Springfield, Mass., 1863, it is shown that a committee of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, 1827, in a report made as to the advisability of having a line of communication other than highway, between the Connecticut and Hudson river was "unanimous of the opinion, that it is practicable to construct a railroad from Boston to the Hudson river at or near Albany. As to most eligible route, it does not devolve upon us to say, but one route, at least, a survey has been made from the Connecticut river to the Hudson, by an intelligent and enterprising citizen of Berkshire (Theodore Sedgwick), and by him, a railway has been pronounced not only practicable, but highly expedient; and the committee are unanimous of the opinion that a railroad [will] be far more useful to the public than a canal."

Another interesting personage of Great Barrington was Elijah Dwight son of General Joseph Dwight. This Elijah stalks across the pages of Edward Bellamy's novel of "The Duke of Stockbridge," which reminds me that I have papers in the handwriting of every character in that interesting historical novel, including signatures of Perez Hamlin, its hero. Another of my interesting possessions is a Royal Commission, early in the reign of King George the Third appointing Elijah Dwight a Captain of a Military Company of Foot in Great Barrington, signed by Gov. Bernard as "Captain General and Governor in Chief, and Vice Admiral of Massachusetts Bay," dated 1764, and so, too, is another Royal Commission to Elijah Dwight in 1771, making him Lieut. Colonel of the South Regiment of Military, of Berkshire County.

It was this Elijah who entertained in this town the fallen General Burgoyne, after his surrender at Saratoga, and who was passing through Great Barrington, under an escort of our victorious Continental troops.

Speaking of grim war: Joseph Dwight's younger son, Henry Williams Dwight (1st) of Stockbridge passed through Great Barrington as a youth of eighteen in the Revolutionary war, and I have his diary daily during that period of service. The first item reads:

"July 23, 1776. Marched from Great Barrington and joined the company at Sheffield.

July 24th; about noon marched with the company for New York as clerk to General Fellows."

They marched into New York City on the 30th and were stationed according to the diary, in houses near the water at Burling Slip.

On a Sunday, Oct. 20, 1776, he tells of Maj. Hopkins' death and of the burial at night. This diary has never been published but will be, one of these days.

Your Belcher's Cave in 1773 was the temporary habitation of counterfeiters who were circulating imitation New York paper currency. The story of their exploits has been described by Historian Taylor. To my delight I have recently come into possession of an interesting document (verifying catching the rascals). signed by Ezra Hickok, Jr., reading.

"I hereby certify and willing at any time to depose, that when the money makers were apprehended and carried to New Canaan that a horse was hired of Mr. Silas Bingham and that the said horse strayed away and was taken up by Mr. Elisha Parsons and that I received the said horse of said Parsons and paid him for his keeping and that I settled with said Bingham for the service of said horse."

The signed pay rolls of soldiers sent by Great Barrington to the Saratoga and Bennington battles, which original documents I possess, are of especial interest. Names appear there that are as familiar today in this town as they were one hundred years ago; names such as Dewey, Kellogg, Whitney, Root, Ingersoll, Pixley, Noble, Williams, Church, and Hopkins, revealing instanter the Saxon English descent of Great Barrington.

The Bennington fight, so-called, was picturesque; the Saratoga one, graver and more important. The latter being one of the world's fifteen decisive battles; it is said that during more than twenty centuries of war and bloodshed, only twenty battles have been decisive of lasting results, and it is a proud heritage for you people of Great Barrington to have had ancestors who participated.

Horatio Seymour, the one-time Governor of New York State, said: "From the battle of Marathon to the field of Waterloo, a period of more than 2,000 years, there was no martial event which had greater influence than that which took place on the battlefield of Saratoga."

The Great Barrington men fought as patriots and not as hirelings; listen to this quoted from an ancient document in the Dwight Collection:

"At a town meeting in January, 1778, it was voted to pay four shillings per day to those non-commissioned officers and soldiers that were sent up to Fort Edward and Bennington in the militia last Summer, but the town did not raise any money to pay them."

As later on these patriots received remuneration, I don't see that you descendants who are here to-day can ever hope to receive any back pay.

Turning from war to a more peaceful occupation and of somewhat later time, let me read from a letter sent to my respected father by his sister, Mary Sherrill Dwight, and dated Great Barrington, June 15, 1836 written from within the precincts of Miss Kellogg's Seminary, whose scholars were certainly required to put in a full day.

"I suppose you wish to hear how I spend my time here. There is a large bell fastened in some way to the well, fixed so as to be rung with a rope; this rings, to say the least, 10 or 12

times a day. In the first place, at 5 o'clock in the morning for us to get up, and we have an hour to dress, make our beds, sweep our rooms and be ready for prayers, for which the bell rings at 6 o'clock. The next bell is for breakfast, and soon after for study. At 9, school begins and we are in until 12. The next bell is for dinner and again at half past 1 for school. The school is out in the afternoon at half past 4, when we take a long walk which makes us quite ready to obey the summons of the bell which calls us to supper. After tea we again hear the bell calling us to go to our books and study an hour. It is by this time 7 and sometimes nearly 8. It is not generally very long from that time to the time when the bell summons us to prayers. The scholars in the different rooms have their recesses at different times and as the bell rings to call us in from them, I think if you count all that I have mentioned you will find that there are 12 bells besides which there are generally three others, for the second table, as we have two separate tables, there not being room for all at the first. There are about 35 scholars boarding in this family and eight at another place. My studies are French, Botany, 'Watts on the Mind,' Arithmetic and Algebra. Besides this, I devote one hour to writing and parsing and writing sentences upon the slate as composition exercises. So you see that I have a plenty to do."

Take the matter of Christian names; the earlier settlers of New England gave to their children the names of Biblical characters, the prophets predominating; later on they insisted upon such prefixes as George Washington and Benjamin Franklin. The boys of to-day are given to carry as their surnames, not the saints or the prophets, nor of illustrious patriots, but the family name of the mother. Who can say what will be the next custom?

Why are we interested in all this? Fifty years ago, local history and genealogy were not generally considered a subject worthy of study on the part of the New Englander, save with the parson. Now, however, the man on the street can hardly be regarded as educated unless he knows or pretends to know something of his own family line, as well as something, too, of the large characters of history, local as well as distant. John Fiske, deep ever in matters of history, claimed that "without genealogy, the study of history, is comparatively lifeless." It is to be recalled, too, that the other robust New England expounder, Henry Ward Beecher, born in the Berkshire foothills, viz., Litchfield, Conn., said "the dry branches of genealogical trees bear many pleasant and curious fruits for those who know how to search after them." In our broad land, it is, and should be, a democratic exploitation, not an inane matter of attempted caste, or of ignorant heraldic blazonment, or of self-conceited display. I confess that to me genealogy and local history prove conclusively that heredity is a vital, perceivable force, moving you and me and to move those that come after us, as strong in men, shall I assert, as in the lower animals. On the other hand, a wit has recently said: "God gave us our relations; thank God, we can choose our friends."

The study of one's genealogic tree and the study of local history certainly has raised up in the cities and towns eager advocates for the preservation of records, abounding either with pathos or the bitter ironies of fate, or instructive data. By reason of the same study, the old house going to decay receives a new covering of shingles because a peep into old records reveals its part in history. Again it brings back to the hilltown, the city daughter and son, reconstructing the old buildings and anxious to save from destruction, memories of ancestral days.

Finally to pass along to more recent times, as good, I believe, as the very old, and as good as the new, in so far as good cheer and real true hospitality are concerned. A boy of seventeen secured a position with a wholesale concern to open its office in early dawn, keep its books and be its general handy-man from early morn 'till dewy eve, for the princely sum of \$200 per annum. As the character in *Pinafore* doth say, "He polished up the handle so carefulee" that he was soon commanded by the concern, but without a mention of extra compensation, to go "on the road." We called them drummers then; now, they are designated as "Commercial Travellers." His first stop for the night was at Great Barrington. He was well supplied with the grit and determination peculiar to seventeen years old, but be that as it may, that night he hesitatingly signed his name to a Great Barrington hotel register. In a measure, it was his first night spent away from home surroundings. After supper, and it was a mighty good supper, the young "drummer" started out for a stroll under the snow-bent elms. He returned soon to the hotel office. Was he lonely or was he homesick? Oh no! not under that hospitable roof, where a great wood-fire was burning briskly on the hearth, nearby a table ready for a fourhanded game of innocent cards. Cider and nuts and apples came up from the cellar, and so I, as that "drummer" lad, was as contented as I would have been at my own father's house, where the same conditions were likely enough going on. Was I ever quite so contentedly satisfied with everything as I was that night, passed in a Great Barrington hostelry?

[Western Massachusetts people, particularly those of Berkshire county, are largely represented in the collection of historical material gathered by R. H. W. Dwight of Brookline. It is a collection of many hundred articles, including royal commissions, deeds, bonds, bills of sale of property, memorandum books, family lists, letters, signatures and the like, many of them relating to Stockbridge and West Stock-

bridge, but having to do also with the Connecticut valley people, particularly Springfield and Hatfield. Mr. Dwight is son of the late Henry W. Dwight, formerly of Pittsfield, later living in this part of the state. Most of the collection relates to persons and events of the 18th century. Some of the articles have large historic interest. About others there is the atmosphere of personal action by notable people. Others have their fascination as curiosities. There are already 12 large volumes of finely mounted and arranged articles, and Mr. Dwight has material for nearly as many more not yet so prepared for preservation.

Williams college men have doubtless noted that in the last general catalog of the college is a facsimile of a portion of the will of Col Ephraim Williams, the founder of the college, including that portion in which he made provision for the free school which was historically the foundation of the Williams college of today. In Mr. Dwight's collection are documents which make mention of about every person named in that will.

This will of Col Ephraim Williams was dated July 22, 1755, and it was written at Albany when he was there preparatory to those operations against the French and Indians which resulted in the battle of Lake George, where he met his death, September 8, 1755. In the Dwight collection is a signature by the colonel dated July 31, 1755, or nine days after he signed his will, and it would be interesting to know whether there is a later signature by him in existence. This signature by "Eph. Williams" is the first of four to a bond for £300 for the sake of getting out of "gaol" Capt Elisha Chapin, against whom two actions were pending. The bond was in current money of the colony of New York, secured by two "lotts of land Scituate, Lying and being at Springfield on the north part thereof called Chekopee, Butted and Bounded on the west on Connecticut river." This same Capt Chapin, as appears in the history of Springfield published in 1888 and by other evidence in possession of the Historic Genealogical society here, was a member in good standing of the First church in Springfield in 1736 to 1738, and at the Springfield annual town-meeting, March 9, 1735-6, he was elected fence-viewer of the town for the ensuing year. The body of the document which "Eph. Williams" signed was in another's handwriting, and the names of the magistrates before whom it was executed shows that he was among the straight-out Dutchmen, if names count for anything in showing pedigree.

Another signature of Col. Williams, very clear and finely preserved to this day,—for the men of those times knew well the preparation of indestructible ink, and the colonel wrote a very legible hand,—is in the commission given to his brother Josiah Williams to be ensign in the company commanded by Capt Jonathan Ingersoll “in the regiment whereof Ephraim Williams, Esquire, is colonel.” The name of the colonel is written by himself, although all the remainder of the document, such as was not printed, is in other hands. This commission is signed by “W. Shirley,” Gov William Shirley, who was, as the commission recites, “captain general and governor in chief in and over His Majesty’s province of Massachusetts Bay in New England, etc.” This commission is dated April 2, 1755, and was issued for service, as is recited, for the defense and protection of Massachusetts territories from encroachment of the French at Crown Point and for the protection of “Lake Iroquois, called by the French Lake Champlain.”

Still another signature of Col Williams in the collection is as a witness to a deed signed by his father, Ephraim Williams, Sr., conveying land to his son Josiah, September 25, 1752. The land was in Stockbridge. It is interesting to note that this document was a printed blank of very much the same form and phraseology as deeds of the present day, showing that in this respect there has not been a new idea, apparently, introduced into legal forms for over 150 years and very little change in forms. All of the four western counties were then Hampshire county. This deed was filed in Springfield, March 5, 1754. The fourth signature of Col Williams, and the only remaining one, is dated August 1, 1754, to a deed in which he conveys to his brother Josiah land in a place which seems to be “New Framingham,” but there is no “g,” and another letter is not distinct, so it is not certain. But there is nothing known of the place. The signatures of Col Williams are rare but those of his father, Ephraim Williams, Sr., are much more frequent. The last mentioned deed is witnessed by the colonel’s sister, Judith Williams.

A matter of interest in connection with the Williams family, as illustrated by various documents in the Dwight collection, is their holding of slaves. Nothing connects the colonel himself with the practice. Therefore his thousands of loyal sons may rest easy till proof is discovered. But the thing was in the Williams family. Elijah Williams of Stockbridge, as is shown by a bill of sale in this collection, bought a black man named Titus for £53 six shillings and ninepence in 1760.

On June 27, 1766, as the bill shows, he sold him to Elisha Jones for £45, when Titus was 36 years of age. Whether the price of that kind of stock had fallen or whether Elijah Williams had worked out the difference, so the body and soul were not worth as much, does not appear. Thankful Williams of Stockbridge sold to Elijah Williams of Hatfield "Philis" for £100 lawful money. One of the two witnesses to this sale was Stephen West, who was a prominent clergymen.

The Dwight family is connected with the Williams by the fact that Col Ephraim Williams's sister Abigail married a Dwight, one of the first of that family in Berkshire, and became mother and ancestor of a leading line of personages in local history.

Gems of the collection are the commissions and officail documents issued by the royal authority. Special mention is due to the work of Nathaniel Hurd, engraver, who seems to have poured out his artistic soul in making a big capital "B" on a commission which, as a whole, is far handsomer and more exquisitely executed than anything in these days. He made the body of the letter with heavy flourishes, and around that center he made a profusion of whirls and loops after the style of the most glorious master of penmanship or skater of international fame. Snugly in the lower part is his own name, and thus he immortalized himself, like the artist on the Lincoln cents, before he was discovered, or the architectural firm on the wall of the Boston public library.

This collection is especially rich in Indian signatures. There are documents signed by several of the aborigines. Although some of them made their mark, and it was not much of a mark either, yet others spelt out their names, and their handwriting, though nothing to boast of, yet comes as a surprise and a revelation of how much was actually accomplished in educating these red men. There are graduates of the Massachusetts public schools to-day who cannot write as well as these men who were found savages.

Revolutionary politics crop out in some of the documents. The Williams family had tory leanings in some of its distinguished members. Elijah Williams of West Stockbridge was not above suspicion. He had the wit and foresight to protect himself by securing and apparently carrying habitually in his pocket-book,—for Mr. Dwight found it there, —a formal certification to his patriotism. It says that "We, the sub-

scribers, military officers, selectmen and committee of correspondence in the town of West Stockbridge, hereby certify that from our personal knowledge of and acquaintance with Elijah Williams, Esquire, do view him as a true friend to American liberty and as such recommend him to the notice and esteem of other placed in the American states." It is to be noted that West Stockbridge, as late as 1760, was known as "Queensborough." There is an immense amount of material which would be of local interest and value, and sometime the Berkshire people particularly, would promote historical studies if they should draw from this well of information.]



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THE

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WITH

## NOTES AND QUERIES

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WITH NOTES AND QUERIES

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## TO JAPAN WITH THE EMBASSY.

THE advent of the Commission of the Japanese who were coming to this country to complete the treaty with the United States, begun and much furthered by Commodore Perry of the China squadron, made it necessary for preparation to be made by our Navy Department to return that august body to their own country with all the due deference and dignity pertaining to such important personages. This all happened early in the year 1860. It was decided to return them in the frigate *Niagara*, but in order to facilitate that work, the ship (to which I had been ordered as Second Assistant Engineer) was ordered to proceed to Panama by way of Cape Horn, and be there ready to receive the Japanese Embassy, which undoubtedly would have completed its visit and treaty work by the time that they could be met at Panama for that long cruise, by us.

We fitted out at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, having much to do to clear up things on our vessel, which had just then completed the laying of the first ocean cable, and marks of that work and the machinery necessary therefor were still visible on her decks. In addition to that was the preparation necessary for the accommodation of the Embassy, consisting of seventy-four persons, from three Daimios down to servants of all kinds and even "little Tommy," who by the way was a small son of one of the chief Daimios. It was necessary to provide special and extra quarters, by building an additional poop deck from just forward of the Captain's cabin and extending nearly to the mid gangway. All this was accomplished in a very short time and we left for our long cruise around the Horn.

The frigate *Niagara* was built from the same model and on the same lines as the famous yacht *America*, which had just won the blue ribbon and Cup from the English. She was a full-rigged ship and like the *America*, she would sail like a scalded dog, and on our advent into the China Sea she was invariably called by the English naval officers

"the U. S. Yacht." She was fitted with a hoisting propeller, so arranged that we could take advantage of favorable winds, and get through the water at a mighty good pace and not use steam. Of course this screw propeller was two-bladed and was arranged in a "well-hole" at the stern, so that when hoisted it did not interfere with the function of the rudder.

We left the Navy Yard and passed through the Narrows and started on our cruise for Cape Horn. We had, however, been at sea only a few days, being not far from the Gulf, when one night near midnight the oiler whose duty it was to attend to the shaftbearings in the "shaft alley," came rushing from his station to the engine room floor with terror in his face and eyes bulging, and announced to the Engineer of the watch that there was an enormous leak at the further end of the shaft-alley and water was pouring in so that it was impossible for him to stay there. Of course things were lively immediately. Steam pumps and other pumps were started. The First Lieutenant ordered "all hands" beat to quarters and we engineers had to find out quickly what was the difficulty.

It was very evident that something had given way at the outboard end of the propeller shaft, and from the drawings of the machinery which we had on board we soon learned what it was. The end of the propeller shaft, which by the way was eighteen inches in diameter, and from the engine room to the end of the shaft was about one hundred and twenty feet, went out into the propeller-well through a brass bushing of three inches in thickness on each side and about six feet long. This of course was in two halves horizontally and embedded in substantial wood work in the frame of the ship. It was soon very evident that in some way this bushing had become loose and been forced inboard by the outward pressure of water, and the volume of water coming into the ship was such that everything in the shape of pumps that could be operated by hand, or otherwise, was necessary to keep us afloat.

Of course orders were given immediately to "about ship" and reach some port if possible, and as quickly as possible. Soon the inflowing water flooded our fire room and the steam pumps were out of commission. We constructed "miners' pumps" and located them on both sides of our ship, and even used buckets for getting rid of what water we could. But even then the best we could do it was a somewhat scary-looking piece of work. In those days there was no S. O. S. or wireless

in existence, and there were not many winks of sleep for any of us until we reached sight of land at the Narrows, and eventually Brooklyn Navy Yard, with its dry dock gates standing ready to receive us, all of which had been signalled for. There was eight feet of water in our hold when a pilot came on board to take us up to the dry dock.

Naturally this condition necessitated a complete change of programme on the part of our Government, with reference to the return of the Japanese Embassy, and while the repairs were being made to our vessel, the Embassy had arrived, and was making its official visit at Washington. Upon the conclusion of the official part of it and the signing of the treaty, our people vied with each other to entertain these distinguished guests. They came to New York City where they were lodged in the celebrated Metropolitan Hotel, and wined and dined and feted to their utter demoralization, while we were getting ready to receive them on board and proceed to their home in Japan, by way of the Cape of Good Hope instead of Cape Horn, and finally land them on their own soil.

The passage across the Atlantic had one incident in it which for some of us was comical and yet might easily have been most anything else,—(all this was before the days of fresh-water condensers for use on board ship, and our drinking water was carried as usual in casks in the hold). Our Captain, acting under the strictest orders from the Navy Department with regard to his expenditures of fuel, had ordered the propeller hoisted, and the vessel under sail, shortly after leaving port. We made good time until we had struck the tropics, and then we becalmed and lay there, sweating and swearing some, but our Captain refused to permit us to get up steam, expecting every hour winds which would be favorable and take us out of there. Meantime our consumption of fresh water rather increased than otherwise, and with seventy-four guests on board, whom we could not of course deprive of their usual quantity of water, the prospect of our filling up our fresh water tanks soon were not very bright.

We drifted, drifted, each side of the line, and could readily see where drinking water was getting to be mighty valuable. Of course there was considerable fun for the younger fellows, and it so happened that James Gordon Bennett, of the New York *Herald*, had succeeded in getting from the Navy Department permission to send to Japan with the returning Embassy, a reporter, whose mission it was to re-

port everything pertaining to this wonderful pilgrimage. He was a curious fellow named Hollenbach, whose name evidently indicated his nationality, and we fellows took lots of pleasure in filling him plumb full of yarns and stories about a good many things. He was, for a reporter, wonderfully credulous, and he got filled up with sailors' yarns to the fullest extent. We of course discussed our position and location and probable ability to reach some fresh water, the first of which would be at the mouth of the large river entering the sea on the coast of Africa near St. Paul de Loanda, called the "Congo". We of course informed Hollenbach of the fact that all vessels had to replenish their fresh water supply when near that coast, from this source, precisely the same as they do on the South American coast from the River Amazon. We also mentioned to him the fact that vessels were in the habit of refilling their fresh-water tanks one hundred and even two hundred miles at sea,—that the current of the river was such that it carried its body of fresh water a long distance, and the well-known fact that the specific gravity of fresh water was so much less than that of salt water, that the fresh water floated out on the *top* of the salt water a long distance before it finally became mixed with the lower water,—that when a long distance from the shore, it was necessary of course to use great care in taking up the fresh water, and that the best way to do it was to use a *dust pan*. And that reporter seriously took it all in;—so much so (and the boys had given him a very straight story and those boys were made up mostly of the midshipmen, among whom was no less a joker than "Win" Schley—afterwards the Admiral Schley,— Jim O'Kane who served notably on the Mississippi River, and Coghlan, who served in the Gulf) that the *Herald* reporter who had his screed all written out and ready to go on the first opportunity, was determined to have the first good drink of the "fresh water." He stood at the mid gangway at the top of a rope ladder to go down when he got the word. That word was duly passed to him, and down he went with a dust-pan which some of the boys had provided him with, scooped up a small quantity of water, placed it to his lips and took a good mouthful. Then with much sputtering and spitting he shouted "Hell! It's salt as brine." Even our sober-faced old Commodore McKean was twisted all up into a knot with laughter.

Well, we finally reached St. Paul de Loanda, which is some miles to the south'ard of the Congo, and in the lee of which along the beach are generally congregated a large number of "dug-outs" filled with

fresh water from the River, ready to dispose of their cargo to incoming ships. These "dug-outs" are simply the trunk of a large tree hollowed out midships to receive the fresh water. The darkies who bring them are seated at the bow and stern, and great care must be taken that they have not been brought to market in heavy weather, else the water is not so very fresh, in fact a test of every load of water is absolutely necessary before putting it into the water tanks. This test for Government vessels is made by the Medical Officer, and is very simple and complete. That officer simply dips up a glass of the water and thrusts into it the end of a stick of lunar caustic. If there is a suspicion of salt water intermixed, it is immediately detected by the deposit of a white substance.

We enjoyed having fresh water enough to allay our thirst, and as usual everyone of us was in a hurry to get his washing ashore and consequently clean shirts. It so happened, however, that matters took such a turn that the Commodore suddenly decided to leave for the Cape of Good Hope, and it is possible that the remnants of our "wash" are still being worn by some of those blasted natives. We sailed at very short notice, finally reaching Cape Town, and there our carpenter reported to our Commodore and First Lieutenant that it was absolutely necessary to calk ship. She was leaking badly, due largely to the strain of her service in laying the first Atlantic cable. She should have been put in condition before leaving home, but was not.

This gave us three weeks in Cape Town, of which we were all very glad. First, it enabled us to stock up our supply of wash clothes; second, we were received by the officers of the British Government most cordially and arrangements were immediately made by them for the proper entertainment of our distinguished guests. Dinners and all sorts of functions both on shore and on board our vessel were the rule, but chiefly on shore, for our vessel was "hove down" for calking, first to starboard, and then to port, and the tables for serving dinners were somewhat on a slant.

It so happened that the writer had letters of introduction which were productive of a great pleasure, the acquaintance of and entertainment by Miss Mitchell, the astronomer-ess of the Royal Observatory at Cape Town, also Sir Charles Pocock, whose residence was on the plateau of Table Mountain, and to which we were invited and there made much at home. Our entertainment there was simply delightful and the

time passed so pleasantly that no one of us could ever forget it though it is very doubtful if there is at present any other one of that beloved gathering than myself now living to recall those hours.

Meantime the British Government officials were entertaining the Japanese Embassy with a great deal of dignity and giving them great pleasure. This continued until we were ready to sail and round the Cape. Our Commodore, who was a very wise old sailor, laid our course in a straight line five hundred miles to the south of the Cape, almost in sight of Australia, and thence headed our course across the Indian Ocean on a straight line from the Cape to Anjier Head, the entrance to the Straits of Sumatra, and for twenty-seven days, at a speed of fourteen knots an hour, we sailed without changing "tacks or sheets" until we sighted the entrance to the Straits. A more delightful cruise never was taken and certainly in no more comfortable ship.

#### AN INCIDENT OF OUR LIFE ON BOARD SHIP

A Flag Ship "rates" a band of music, and the *Niagara*, because of her special mission, and in honour to her guests, was also provided with a full and good one, the selection of which, because of knowledge of music, was left to our Sailing Master, Lieutenant Dorsey. The duties of a band are:—the Morning *Reveille*, by the bugler; the "Salute to the Colors", as they are unfurled at eight bells in the morning, with the "Star Spangled Banner"; to furnish music for the Captain's and the "Ward Room" dinner, and to salute the flag at the sunset furling.

Our first Lieutenant, a strict disciplinarian, and in whose power is all the discipline of a ship, had watched the band repeatedly, observed that during the music one of the horn players often took his instrument from his lips and ceased to play for a while—and he stood it as long as he could. One day, not feeling in good humor, he walked up to the man and shaking his finger in his face, he said, "I have been watching you, and you are a shirk and a loafer, Sir, and I won't have any more of it! Now you will do your duty, Sir, and play as you ought, or into the 'brig' you go." (The "brig" is the prison on board ship.) It was up to the band master to explain to the Lieutenant that the pause in the man's playing was part of the music! You can imagine that for some of us youngsters, the incident gave us lots of fun.

Having passed through the Straits we came to anchor off Batavia,

Java, and there had to remain for several days to give those dear Dutch inhabitants the opportunity to extend to the Embassy all civilities, which included ourselves and also included a big ball on shore. We left Batavia and entered the China Sea headed for Yedo, the Japanese capital, which no stranger had entered for four hundred years. The Embassy entire were received by the proper officials in great state, and were duly landed before any of us were allowed to put foot on shore.

Before going on shore we were carefully instructed by messages from the Tycoon that inasmuch as there were many "bad people" in Japan, that we were to be careful not to be out of doors after sundown. The "bad people" referred to were the element opposed to foreign intercourse. If we Americans had made much of a fuss over the Japanese Embassy visit, it was no circumstance to the attention paid to *us* when we did land. We were met by troops and escorted and guided to a Buddhist temple near the center of the city, and thousands upon thousands of people gathered to see us. Their exclamations—if we could have translated them—were undoubtedly curious to say the least, as might have been judged by the fact that in those days I wore a red mustache, and the women and children crowded around for an opportunity to touch with their fingers my red hair and mustache, and undoubtedly expressed great surprise that it did not burn them. If it was to be done, now they would undoubtedly blow upon their fingers as though they were frost-bitten.

We marched quite a distance before we reached our "hotel". By orders from the Palace we found that we were to be surrounded by a large guard of soldiers within the temple and the temple yard. The temple was surrounded by an immense wooden wall at least twelve or fifteen feet high, having gates for entrance and exit, and the thickness of this wall was such that a regular sentry duty was placed on its top, to march from post to post as our soldiers would around a fortress. The temple had been vacated by its gods, all but one of which had been transferred to a temporary paper house built adjacent to the temple in the yard. Provision had been made for our strange ways and comforts by temporary chairs built expressly for the purpose, and tables also on which our food could be served. In addition, the Tycoon had forwarded to us for our comfort, from his palace, silk sleeping robes, wadded at least an inch thick, and in which we could wrap ourselves and sleep, provided we could sleep without a pillow, which had been evident-

ly forgotten. The one god which remained was too large to remove. It would have taken hydraulic jacks and means of that kind to have moved it.

We of course had to devise some means of entertaining ourselves until it was time to retire. As before stated there was a guard inside as well as out, but the inside guard were stationed by themselves outside of the main room. They fraternized with us with great freedom, evidently as much interested in us as we were in them. Some of them could speak a little English and their curiosity with regard to our uniform and equipment was very great, particularly our swords, their own being a two-handed sword having a long handle, which could be grasped in both hands and swung like a cleaver, and a single-handed, shorter sword which evidently was used for light combat work. To satisfy and amuse them two of our fellows engaged in a fencing bout, and very soon every Jap sentry was present to witness it. They had provided us with several bronze metal furnaces in which was lighted charcoal, and around it they invited us to gather, the same as themselves, and smoke our pipes or theirs, but we preferred our own method to that of the Japs, theirs consisting of the use of two pipes, smoking one while they filled the other and the bowl of which scarcely gave more than a half dozen small whiffs.

We soon tired of that sort of entertainment and devised something for ourselves, which consisted of a mock court martial. The prisoner was brought forward and thereon accused of having failed to redeem his promise to some young woman, much to her distress. The regular court officers for prosecution and defence were chosen, the judge of the court also chosen and he was distinguished by being elevated in a chair placed on top of one of the tables. The arguments of the prosecution and for the defence were duly made, and the whole matter submitted to the judge for his decision and sentence, all of which it took him some time to consider, and just about as he was to announce said decision, Ned Du Plaine, always full of his "monkey work," had crawled under the table and suddenly straightened up his shoulders and upset the whole blasted thing backwards. It so happened that the table had been placed adjacent to the paper partition separating our quarters from the small gods, where the priests were performing an oblation, and the judge landed, much to their consternation, in the midst of them. Well, of course that ended the court. After a little more fun

and speeches, songs, etc., we concluded to get some sleep if we could. That was, however, a mighty big "if". The noise in the center of that strange city and the noise of the guards surrounding us did not conduce much to sleep. We discovered that the entire guard had orders to report every few minutes, as to our presence and location, and to accomplish this they slid a door from their guard-room open to where we were lying at the foot of the big god, and with their index finger evidently counted in their own language, each one of us, to see that there were none missing. Then we could hear them going out to report to their next superior officer and his further report to still higher officer, and so on up to undoubtedly the Chief of Police, whoever and wherever he might be. Consequently our chances for slumber were slight.

It so happened that the one who laid next to me looking for sleep and rest, was rather small of stature, and it occurred to me that there might possibly be a mix-up of the sentries' report with regard to the number of us present, so when the count on one occasion had been made and started out, to go its regular course, a suggestion was made to the next fellow that I would throw open my immense sleeping robe and that he should roll into it and be covered up and then we would see what the sentries' count would make out of it. And we did. When the sentry had again gone through his usual jabber-jabber of count and tried it twice over, the amount of jabber when he reported would have "made a pig laugh." We could hear the stir outside and knew there was trouble on hand for the guard. Higher officers evidently came and investigated, and it was very evident that one of these confounded foreigners had strayed out of the temple and was abroad somewhere. We could hear the reports going on and on, and fearing at last that it might possibly disturb seriously the highest authorities, we suggested that we should take up our normal position, which was done, and the count was made over again and the amount of jabber-jabber in consequence was exceedingly amusing. Finally in spite of the racket we got to sleep.

Early in the morning I was wakened by the noise of the hoofs of horses, and it was evident that our courtyard was tenanted by a large number. Some of the fellows had risen early and were out on the yard viewing the cavalcade. We soon learned that these horses, which were about the size of our donkeys, had been brought for our especial pleasure and use. So that as soon as our breakfast had appeared, and

we had made short work of it, we were ready to mount a horse and at least canter around the court if nothing else, but in the course of half an hour's trial a large premium would have been offered for any one of us who could have stayed one minute consecutively on the back of any of the animals. It occurred to a bright one of our fellows that the real difficulty was the difference between our costumes and the Japs', and when he had persuaded a Jap to let him have his costume, and get into it, he had no difficulty whatever in staying where he wanted to be, on the back of the horse. So much for the difference in styles of clothes. We were furnished with guides and guards to go out on the streets and where we pleased to view the city, and we spent two weeks of our shore leave which had been granted us, much to our entertainment and education. But it was up to us to go back aboard ship and report for duty, and give the other fellows a chance to come on shore and see things for themselves.

Meantime the Tycoon had ordered a Bazar established where we could see many of the curiosities and articles produced by the exquisite work of the Japanese, and we were given the right to purchase such as we chose; and we surely laid in for home consumption several dray-loads of their work. We fellows who had returned to the vessel were permitted to go ashore from day to day to select such things as we wished and could pay for, and we also had opportunity from time to time to pursue our interesting investigation and go about the streets, much to our delight.

We remained at Tokio for several weeks, entertained and feted by the Japanese officials, and in turn inviting them on board and endeavoring to return some of their hospitality. When we finally left Japan for home we stopped on our way at Hong Kong, and remained there several days, being entertained by the British officials of that wonderful city. The harbor of Hong Kong is competent to accommodate all the fleets of the world, and it was estimated at that time that the "water population", (being wholly Chinese) was about 300,000 people, and it is very doubtful if any one of that number had ever stepped on shore. They were born and lived and died on their sampans. ;

When we left we received on board the United States Minister Plenipotentiary to China, Mr. Ward, who was *en route* for home, and our Commodore was duly instructed to land him at Aden, at the mouth of the Red Sea. We touched at Singapore as usual for coal and water,

and crossing the Indian Ocean all the way under sail, finally reached that city of Parsees and fire worshippers, Aden. While there a few of us succeeded in getting permission to visit Mocha, only a few miles from Aden, but to reach which the only means of transportation was on camel-back, and across a portion of the desert of Arabia. Mocha, from which the world's supply of "Mocha coffee" comes, is a ranch of only a few acres comparatively, and we were much astonished at its lack of extent from which the total supply of "Mocha" must come. There were five of us in the party and we each secured about a fifty-pound bag of the Mocha coffee. The fun of our trip was in our strange mode of transportation. Sailors are not much on horseback, and a good deal less on camelback. But if we had only thought to take our revolvers along as well as our swords, there would unquestionably have been more or less murder both in going and coming back. The agile and fleet-footed camel drivers, mostly boys of anywhere from sixteen to twenty years of age, every little while would stop their camels, cause them to kneel down and take a rest, while they demanded from us "backsheesh." We threatened and chased them around considerably, but we could catch birds about as soon as we could catch them, and there was nothing for it but to put up such silver as we were possessed of.

We sailed down the east coast of Africa, through the Mozambique Channel, and finally reached the Cape of Good Hope and stopped at Cape Town again for coal and water. From information obtained at that port, when we left for a straight run home, our wise old Commodore gave strict orders that no outward-bound vessel of any nationality should be spoken. It so happened that we had among our forty-two officers on the *Niagara* a large number of Southern-born men, and the wisdom of Commodore McKean's action was evident when we at last arrived off the harbor of Boston. When the pilot boat came alongside and the pilots were asked what the condition of things was in the United States, they looked up in utter astonishment and said, with some profanity "We are all at war and fighting." As we anchored off the Charlestown Navy Yard we could see soldiers marching up and down State Street, Boston, and drums beating and flags flying in every direction.

We arrived in Boston harbor April 17th, and Sumter was bombarded April 13th and 14th. You can hardly imagine what our feelings were. No officer was permitted to go on shore, and only the Com-

modore was landed, to report to the Commandant of the Navy Yard and make his report to the authorities at Washington. When the Commodore returned it was with a sad-looking face. He called all hands to quarters and from the poop deck made them an address, and stated that the North and South were at war, and instructed such of the officers as proposed to fight for the flag which was flying over them, to take the starboard side of the quarter deck and those who did not, to go to the port side. It was a tough moment. Seventeen of our officers, including our First Lieutenant and H. Ashton Ramsey, First Assistant Engineer and my room-mate, also Israel Green, Captain of Marines, took position on the port side; Israel Green, by the way, had with him, and had boasted when he showed the same, the sword with which he claimed to have cut down John Brown.

Of course none of us were allowed to go ashore excepting those who had disavowed loyalty to the flag, and they were sent ashore and told to go where they liked. At that time our Government had not decided what to do with disloyal men. It so happened however, that our First Lieutenant who was Mississippi-born and freely declared that "he was going to fight for the flag which floated over his own plantation," took it upon himself to go up to Boston Common and up on to the steps of our State House, and there make a disloyal speech, which came very near costing him his life; he only escaped by virtue of some bright policeman who rushed him out to Roxbury and put him on the cars for New York.

As an offset for our disgust at the action of the seventeen officers, Commodore McKean also made an address to our crew, going forward among the men assembled on the deck,—over seven hundred and fifty of them—and put to them the question of their possible action in the matter. Without a single exception the whole seven hundred and fifty men declared their loyalty to the flag and our Commodore. In a day or two we received orders to proceed to the Gulf and establish blockade from Charleston to the two passes of the Mississippi River.

Instructions were given that we were to close all ports of egress and ingress between those two points. We had, however, no vessels with which to make such blockade, but our Navy Department had promised to pick out and forward to our Commodore as rapidly as possible, such vessels of the Merchant marine as they could make available, and in a short time they began to come. Meantime, however,

the *Niagara* was obliged to move "between days" from port to port, and make such showing of a blockade as she could. While off Charleston we warned off and finally captured probably the first prize of the Civil War, namely a barque-load of salt. One of the first arrivals in the Gulf was a full regiment of soldiers, the celebrated Billy Wilson's Zouaves, (the Sixth New York) all in their comical uniform. They came in the steamer *Rhode Island* and were originally intended as a reinforcement for Fort Pickens, which was located at the inner extreme end of Santa Rosa Island, and had only a very small garrison. Santa Rosa Island really formed the harbor of Pensacola, being just outside of the termination of that bay and right opposite the town of Pensacola.

Across the narrow passage around the inner end of that Island was situated Fort McRee, which the Southerners had busily strengthened and armed with all the guns out of the Pensacola Navy Yard they could lay hands on, and with which they proposed to subjugate Fort Pickens and prevent any Northern vessel from entering that harbor. The Zouaves were landed on the Island and went into camp close to the fort. The very next day the steamer *South Carolina* arrived with a big lot of supplies for the soldiers, among which they landed on the island a number of heads of beef and a large number of pigs, all alive of course, and our Commodore was informed that these supplies were for both the Army and the Navy.

It so happened that we had on board ship and in our engineering department, a professional butcher, whose services were requisitioned duly, and with the necessary assistants, he was sent on shore the next morning early to butcher and bring off on board ship some fresh beef and pork, for which we would all have been duly thankful. Not long after the butcher left, the boat was seen returning from the island, and our butcher reported to the officer of the deck that the beef were there all right, but there was nothing left of the pork but the hides and the bones. During that night Billy Wilson's Zouaves had had a grand feast!

We left Santa Rosa and proceeded thence to Mobile Bay, taking a look-in and thence to Ship Island, Pass à L'outre and Southwest Pass, the two openings of the Mississippi. We lay with steam up ready to move at any moment between these two passes, moving from one to the other, first one night and then the next. In a short time vessels of every description, both steam and sail, came to join the blockade and

reported duly to our Flag Officer, and were given locations for blockading at rivers or bays wherever there was a probable escape for vessels containing either cotton or any other contraband article. Every few days however, some one of these vessels as well as ourselves was obliged to be relieved from such blockading duty, and proceed to Key West, to get a fresh supply of coal and fresh water. The water which we got at Key West was simply rain water. It was gathered there in huge iron tanks and kept for the purpose of supplying vessels, and sold at the small price of two cents per gallon. One can readily imagine that such material for the pleasure of drinking, badly needed some few drops of something to make it more palatable, and it generally got it. Fortunately the Quartermaster and Paymaster's stores enabled us to do it.

There had been placed on Ship Island at sometime not long before, part of a cargo that was rather too much of a vessel-load to pass over the Bar at Pass à L'outre, in order to ascend the Mississippi, and that part which had been discarded to lighten the vessel was a pretty heavy load of wrought iron pipe, among which was a good proportion of one inch pipe. First Assistant Engineer D. B. Macomb and myself stood looking at this lot of material, when "Mac" said "Why not make a fresh-water-condenser, and supply ourselves with fresh water? We can take the donkey boiler out of our fire-room, set it up here on shore fill a good whiskey barrel with these pipes, set up a pump, and use sea water to condense with, and thus make our fresh water." We both knew that only the "Sewell Condenser" was in use, and so far as we knew, only in existence on board the frigate *Powhatan*, but that was solely for the return to the boilers, condensed, of the steam for each propulsion of the engine. Here was the first fresh-water-condenser ever proposed for supplying vessels with water.

We immediately went on board ship and consulted with Mr. De Luce our Chief Engineer, and with our Commodore and First Lieutenant, and in a very few hours had transferred the donkey boiler, a steam pump, an empty whiskey barrel, a vise, bench and tools, to the island, and with several of our mechanics proceeded to make our fresh water condenser. It was completed in a day or two, steam made in the boiler, and the operation of the condenser commenced. Tubs to receive the water were supplied from on board ship, and in a very little while the thing was working well. We discovered that it would be necessary to aerate the water before it would become palatable, but it was pure

water and there were no animalcular wiggles in it, as in the rain water. To Mac's everlasting credit and honor, that little whiskey barrel condenser on Ship Island supplied the whole of the fresh water needed by the Gulf fleet. Very soon orders came from B. F. Isherwood, our Engineer-in-Chief of the Navy Department, for drawings showing our condenser in detail. That was my job to make, and I did so. From this whiskey barrel condenser was made, by the Navy Department, designs for condensers for all the naval vessels with which nowadays the whole world is familiar.

Meantime the *Niagara* was moving from place to place, and our condenser plant on Ship Island had to become a temporary habitation. Fort McRee was getting to be troublesome. It kept up a constant battering on Fort Pickens and attempted to make it hot for the Zouaves exposed on the island. At such times they had to retire within the fort for safety. This finally annoyed Commodore McKean to a point where forbearance ceased to be a virtue, and it was decided to move up within range and see what our eleven-inch guns would do. It was not long after we had opened fire and got range of their port holes, before it became too warm for them to stay. It was at this place and in this scrimmage that the first ungodly shriek of a rifle-shell passing over us, was heard by a lot of us fellows, and well I remember of what small stature I was when it passed over. It did not seem that I was twelve inches high. Of course I was disgusted and duly ashamed of myself, and fearing someone had discovered my intense cowardice, quickly started to rise up and look around, and to my immense relief discovered that nearly everybody else was doing the same thing. In fact the only man who stood erect and looked about to see what everyone was doing, was our old Commodore, and about the only remark was made by an old quarter gunner, who said "D—n it, he is too hard of hearing to hear it." Our next "shindy" was at the Southwest Pass. A Mississippi River steamboat having some guns on board, and her sides barricaded with cotton bales, attempted to pass the Bar. But one of our big shells soon made them change their minds, and back they went up the river.

In this manner, for a good many months, shifting from station to station, the Flag-ship managed to keep our fleet of all sorts of vessels up to their duty of preventing any escape from the Gulf ports of vessels containing contraband, or of any vessels entering that section. We knew, of course, much of what was going on on the Mississippi and that

eventually an effort would be made to open that river for the Union forces.

At last, word came that we were to be relieved by the frigate *Hartford*, in command of Admiral Farragut, and we young fellows knew that that meant business and that there would soon be "something doing." The *Hartford* appeared to us off Pensacola and Santa Rosa Island, and our relief came there and then, much to our joy, because we had had a mighty long cruise on the *Niagara*, and yet a lot of us would have liked to have continued in that squadron and participated in the efforts that we knew would soon be made. However, the three months' leave of absence which we knew would be coming to us and the joining of our loved ones at home outweighed the disappointment, and we started for the North, reporting at the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

LEVI R. GREENE.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

## WHEN WASHINGTON TOURED NEW ENGLAND, 1789

(Second Paper)

### HE FOLLOWS THE OLD BAY PATH

**W**ASHINGTON slept at Zenas Parsons' tavern in Springfield on the night of Oct 21, 1789, his sixth since leaving New York, then the seat of Government, on his tour into New England.

Early next morning he was up and ready to resume his journey, over the Bay Path, or, as it was coming to be known, the Great Post Road, to Boston.

The Father of his Country loved to make a considerable portion of a day's journey before breakfast. Therefore, he rode away from the hospitable house that had sheltered him for the night on an empty stomach, except, possibly, for a snack of bread and cheese and a draft of strong beer, which in those days often served as a substitute for a morning meal.

A pleasant sight it must have been to see Washington's coach and four leave the old tavern, and pass out of Springfield, with its negro coachman and footman, four other colored servants in attendance, and the President's two secretaries—Colonel Jackson and Tobias Lear—riding near the wheels, and a baggage wagon with a pair of bays coming up in the rear. New England had seen few such imposing turnouts, privately owned, on its country roads.

The motorist who would follow Washington's path out of Springfield will find the site of the tavern where he lodged marked by a boulder, at the southeast corner of Court square, near the noble buildings of the Civic Centre. Thence proceeding along Main street, he will turn eastward into State st, a block beyond, and putting on power, climb Armory Hill.

The street is broad and smooth, and the climb is nothing, compared with what it must have been in Washington's day: for at the foot of the hill in those times was a bog, called Hummocky Marsh, across which the original road had been put by corduroying; while the path up the hill was steep and not straight.

Nearly a century has passed since the road which is traveled today

was laid out, a broad and straight highway, southward past the ample iron-fenced inclosures of the Government reservation.

Beyond the Armory the road forks, the branch to the south being marked "Wilbraham Road," and that to the left "Boston Road."

It is the Boston road that interests the pilgrim in the footsteps of Washington. As a State highway it is perfect for motor traffic, the slightly crowned surface being hard with asphaltic coating. While traveling it, past neat and spacious homes, the tourist may refer to his volume of Washington's diary for a glimpse of the country ahead as Washington saw it.

The entry in the diary for Oct 22 begins:

"Set out at 7 o'clock and for the first eight miles rid over an almost uninhabited Pine plain; much mixed with sand."

Glancing down at the streaming black line of the roadway beneath his machine, the motor traveler experiences something akin to a feeling of sympathy for Washington, toiling through the sand in his heavy coach.

Pines are still to be seen on Springfield plain, and at times an indication of the sandy soil; but neat dwellings in the woods, occasional farm patches, smiling children trooping along the road and numerous vehicles engaged in the commonplaces of neighborhood traffic, are far from indicating that the region is uninhabited now.

But let us keep pace with the first President:

"Then, a little before the road descends to Chicopee River, it is hilly, rocky and steep, and continues so for several miles, the country being Stony and Barren, with a mixture of pine and oak, till we came to Palmer, at the house of one Scott, where we breakfasted; and where the land, though far from good, began to mend; to this is called 15 miles —among these pines are ponds of fresh water."

This is the whole of Washington's description of his fifteen miles' journey before breakfast.

Could Washington cover that fifteen miles today—even before breakfast—he would find a magical change in the time and comfort of his journey. Forty minutes are enough to make it, for the average careful motorist. Washington probably was four hours.

On almost every rise of the road one sees, in the vista before him, a curl of smoke or a tall chimney to tell a story of development; and although the old road does not follow the trolley line into the manufacturing neighborhoods of Indian Orchard and Ludlow, it reveals at various points the importance of the neighborhood as a manufacturing section.

Comfortable road houses, successors of the old-time taverns, catering to the motorist, now stand beside the way at various points, with promises of chicken dinners, and the price of gasoline placarded without restraint on metal signs of many colors.

An offset to these reminders of today is to be found in charming glimpses of the Chicopee River, winding on a rocky bed in a narrow valley, which it shares with highway, trolley line and railroad.

Between North Wilbraham and Palmer the country opens out in broader views as the ridges are successively topped, and one sees snug farms, cleared fields and open rocky pastures in the foreground, and the tops of dome-shaped hills, blue in the eastern and southern distance.

#### PALMER'S HISTORIC ELM.

A mile or more west of the center of Palmer the traveler is prepared for his introduction to the neighborhood in which Washington made his halt for breakfast.

Under a great spreading tree on the south side of the road, at a bend, is a granite marker. Most motorists miss it, as they take the smooth curve at speed, but it is readily seen if one is looking for it.

On its face is this inscription:

Under this elm  
Washington passed  
June 30, 1775,  
and again on Oct 22, 1789.

On the first date tradition says he addressed  
the citizens of  
Palmer.

Erected by the Palmer Historical Society  
June 30, 1906.

Washington was riding to take command of the Continental Army at Cambridge when he passed this spot in 1775. It was a region of good taverns, and doubtless he stopped at one which stood diagonally

across the street, kept by one Aaron Graves, afterward a major in the American Army.

A broad hollow in a mowing field indicates the spot where the tavern stood. Many persons believe, because of the proximity of the elm and the marker, that this is the site of Scott's tavern.

#### AN ABANDONED BRIDGE.

If on leaving the elm, you motor slowly down the road, eastward, you will note, at the right, a point where a discontinued road may be seen from the highway.

There one may walk into a section of the veritable Bay Path, followed by Washington, that is no longer in use, and is in something the same condition, as to its natural aspects, as when Washington traveled this way.

A short bit of the abandoned road, around a curve, brings one to an ancient, weathered red bridge, across the Chicopee River. This was built half a century ago, on the site of Scott's bridge, beyond which stood Scott's tavern.

It is a pleasant neighborhood in which to halt for a few minutes on a hot Summer morning. Somewhere off to the left may be heard the deep drone of a factory. On a high railroad embankment on the right the click of tools on metal tell of a railroad gang at work. The air is sweet, the foliage of trees overhanging the stream is deep green, and amidst the branches birds carol lustily. Motors are sweeping along the broad State road scarcely one hundred yards away.

Across the stream, you may go over the heavy rotting planks of the old bridge afoot, without much risk.

Near the point where the abandoned loop of the old Bay Path reaches the newer road, stood Scott's Tavern. It was a spacious house, three stories high, kept by William Scott 3d, a man of substance in the community, who was a graduate of Harvard and a Mason.

His house was distinguished for good fare, for Scott owned a female slave who was celebrated as a cook. We may assume that the breakfast prepared by this negro cook was of a kind to be relished by Washington.

No trace of Scott's Tavern remains today, but a little back from the present road is a cellar over which the house that succeeded it stood until a few years ago, when it was destroyed by fire.

#### INTO A PLEASANT VALLEY.

Journeying through Palmer today, the tourist sees a thriving town at a railroad junction which was not there in Washington's time. The old center—now a sleepy hamlet off the main line of travel—was then a mile north of the present railway station.

The neighborhood in which Washington halted was known as the Elbow, because of a bend in the river there. It derived its importance from a road that left the old Bay Path here for the center.

It is probable that while in this neighborhood Washington was reminded that over the road he was following the captured Hessians of Burgoyne's army, under Baron Riedesel, passed on their weary march from Saratoga to Boston, in 1777.

Many were the stories told of them along the way, and of deserters from their ranks who succeeded in lagging behind until the column passed on, and then settled in the country, to become citizens.

Passing out of Palmer, Washington followed the course of the river, through a wooded valley, to the sparse settlements that are now West Warren and Warren. The beauty of this part of the route is much the same now as then. The road sticks close to the right bank of the stream, which brawls along over a rocky bed. Except near Palmer, where the old road climbed a hill, and the present road follows a valley, the present route is identical, in the main, with the old Bay Path.

After leaving Warren behind him—the town did not have that name then—Washington opened out pleasing glimpses of the valley, or plain, in which lie the three Brookfields. They were one town then, the center, on the Bay Path, being the present West Brookfield.

Here Washington's party halted at "one Hitchcock's," while the horses were baited. The distinguished traveler doubtless partook of some refreshment here, but of what character he does not state.

Of all the towns through which Washington passed on his tour, West Brookfield today retains most of the atmosphere of that earlier time.

Its wide main street, shaded by great elms; its spacious houses, bordered by generous lawns, with gardens in the rear; its long triangular common, and its public buildings—save a modern library—are in keeping with the period in which Washington here halted for rest and refreshment.

The inn is the chief jewel in this old-time setting, for its general appearance cannot have been greatly changed since Washington's time. It is one of the few genuine survivors, in its original character, of the public houses that sheltered the Father of His Country in New England.

It was a good inn where Washington halted here, and it is so today, in a modest way. David Hitchcock, Washington's host, was a man of sufficient prominence to have his portrait and that of his wife, painted in oils, and they hang today in the historical museum of the library, across the street from the inn.

Something of the old-time flavor appears in the people of West Brookfield, too, and in their talk at times are surprisingly vivid reminders of a far-distant past.

The motorist of a recent date might have heard, for example, in the low-ceiled lounging room of the inn, a citizen whose business has to do with the digging of graves, discoursing on uncovering the bones of six men of Brookfield who had been slain by Indians and buried in the village cemetery.

"They'd been there 210 years," he said, 'and them bones was just as hard sir, as if they had been buried yesterday."

After leaving West Brookfield Washington found himself in the pleasantest part of his day's journey, skirting the meadows of the rich valley of the Quaboag River, an important confluent of the Chicopee.

As his coach climbed Foster's Hill, outside the town, he could see the bright thread of the stream, winding through the plain, and off to the south a rim of hills, then brown in Autumn foliage.

Farther along he must have seen also the broad silver sheet of Quaboag Pond, a lake in all but name, one of the reservoirs feeding the upper waters of the Chicopee. At East Brookfield his path skirted another lake, Furnace Pond.

Washington mentions one of these lakes, probably the latter, as follows: "A beautiful fresh water pond, and large, is in the Plain of Brookland"—by which he meant Brookfield.

He also comments on the style of the houses, which he found "more diversified than in Connecticut."

On leaving the Brookfields, Washington had but sixty miles remaining of his journey to Boston. He was already in touch with the capital of Massachusetts, for at West Brookfield a messenger from Gov. John Hancock had met him with invitations to official entertainment, and had been sent back with Washington's acceptance of them.

Washington's route brought him quickly into the hilly country that marks the divide between the eastern and central Massachusetts watersheds.

As he entered the town of Spencer the hills multiplied, and ranges ahead seemed steeper than any he had passed. The tourist today travels the same road, but by far easier grades than those up which Washington's tired horses pulled his heavy coach toward nightfall into the town of Spencer.

In this town among the hills entertainment of a good sort awaited the distinguished traveler at "the house of one Jenks," who, Washington noted, kept "a pretty good tavern."

The house was one of the best on the old Bay Path, and famous as a halting place for stage coaches. As many as fifteen of these conveyances could be counted in its yard at dinner time on certain days, and on special occasions as many as twenty-five.

Isaac Jenks, the tavern keeper, knew the value of good food and good beds. His wife did the cooking for the house, and a cherished local tradition is that Washington complimented her on the quality of her bread.

His entertainment was cheap withal, if we may take the word of a French traveler, who halted here the year before, and wrote: "The chambers were neat, the beds good, the sheets clean and the supper passable; cider, tea, punch and all for fourteen pence per head."

Jenks' tavern faced the main street, at the foot of a steep hill,

where there is a gap today in the Springfield-Boston through trolley line.

The ancient house was destroyed by fire in the 70's, and its site is covered by a large and unattractive hotel. On the lawn, near the curb, is a marker, placed there by a public-spirited citizen, on which one may read:

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
Passed through Spencer  
to take command of  
the Continental Army  
At Cambridge, 1775.  
While President  
of the United States  
He spent the night of  
Oct 22, 1789, at Jenks'  
Tavern, located on this site.  
This marker erected July 1, 1914.

BOSTON

WINFIELD M. THOMPSON

*(To be continued)*

## MASSACHUSETTS AT VALLEY FORGE

### VIII

#### SOME ITEMS ABOUT COLONEL BENJAMIN TUPPER'S REGIMENT

**C**OLONEL Benjamin Tupper of Stoughton, Chesterfield, or Sharon, Mass., a founder of Marietta, O., who commanded three Massachusetts regiments during the Revolutionary period, was born 1738, died 1792. He was brevetted brigadier general and was thanked by Congress, Aug. 1, 1775, for his services.

Jan. 1, 1777, was the beginning of the period when our battalions and regiments were enlisted to stay for three years or for the war. At that time, Benjamin Tupper, aged thirty-nine, filled the position of major and also lieutenant colonel of Colonel John Fellows' regiment of the Massachusetts militia. He had also been lieutenant colonel of Jonathan Ward's Twenty-First Foot Regiment, Massachusetts Continentals, in 1776; transferring, with the same rank, to Colonel John Bailey's Second Massachusetts, Nov. 1, 1776. He held this rank with the Second until July 7, 1777, when the death of a regimental commander, Colonel Ebenezer Francis of Newton, in the battle of Hubbardton, Vt., justified his promotion to the vacancy of colonel of the Eleventh Massachusetts in preference to the nominating petition of certain regimental officers in behalf of Lieutenant Colonel Noah Moulton Littlefield's advancement. This petition was dated Van Schaick's Island, N. Y., Aug. 31, 1777, and is recorded. Littlefield was from the town of Wells, Maine Province. Maine had a heavy percentage of representatives in the regiment. Tupper's date of commission as lieutenant colonel antedated that of Littlefield. Between the date last given and June 12, 1783, Tupper, at different times and places, was colonel, efficiently commanding three Massachusetts regiments; viz., The Eleventh, vice Francis, July 7, 1777, to Jan. 1, 1781; the Tenth, vice Thomas Marshall, to Jan. 1, 1783; the Sixth, vice Thomas Nixon, to June 12, 1783. Tupper had field service prior to the French War, 1756-1763, in Captain Benjamin Nathaniel Perry's company of Colonel Winslow's regiment. Also in Captain Ebenezer Dean's company, Colonel Ephraim Leonard's regiment, which marched to the relief of Fort William Henry, and in Captain James Anderson's company, Colonel Thomas Doty's regiment, at Lake George, New York. As a sergeant he was in

Captain Samuel Glover's company, Colonel John Bailey's regiment, at Louisburg, Nova Scotia.

Tupper had taught school in Easton, was a member of the Free and Accepted Masons, a professor of religion and a deacon. He closed his life holding the position of judge in Ohio, where his son, Edward W. Tupper, became a general.

Volume cxvi., page 449, Revolution Military, 1775-1783, Massachusetts Archives, files original letters from Colonel Tupper, dated "Camp near Headquarters" (Valley Forge), "Dec. 25, 1777, to the Honorable President of the Board of War, Boston, per favor of Lieutenant Colonel Ezra Badlam." One letter states;

Camp at Valley Forge,  
January 28, A. D. 1778.

Sir—In obedience to the Order of the Legislature of the Massachusetts State, I have collected as exact returns as I was able, which are here inclosed, and hope it will be found intelligible. It is observable that some of the officers under the head of remarks, have given a sceatch of clothing wanted, others have not.

I wish it were in my power to picture to both Houses, the extreme suffering of the poor, unhappy soldiers for want of clothing, etc. I am sure it would move a heart of steel. I can't but think, if the friends and relations of the sufferers knew their distress, some method would be found to relieve them. I am sure that neither distance nor any obstacle I can conceive while alive, should prevent me from releaving a friend of mine.

I am worn out in giving encouragement to the Soldiers, that they will soon be releaved, and should scarcely be believed if I was to declare, that clothing was actually arrived, and thus our hands are weakened with respect to Government so absolutely necessary in an Army.

Would most humbly entreat, that some method may become into to releave us, or I could wish to leave the Service and not be a Spectator to such complicated distresses.

I am your Honor's.

Most Obedient Humble Servant,  
Benjamin Tupper.

The Massachusetts Archives file, also, the following: Return of the officers in the Eleventh Massachusetts Regiment, who are desirous of receiving clothing for the year 1780. Benjamin Tupper, colonel commanding, Lieutenant Noah M. Littlefield of Wells, Major Moses Knapp of Mansfield, Captain Billy Porter of Wenham, Captain Silas Clark of Chelsea, Thomas Francis of Beverly, Captain Daniel Lunt of Falmouth, Maine province, Lieutenant Nehim Frost, Lieutenant James Buxton of Danvers, Lieutenant Aaron Francis of Beverly, Lieutenant Benjamin Shaw of Beverly, Lieutenant Obediah Lovejoy of Andover, Lieutenant Josiah Crook.

Volume xi., page 69, Massachusetts Revolutionary Rolls, State Archives, gives original letter from Colonel Tupper as follows:

Nothing but bare necessity would have induced me at this time to trouble such a respectable body of gentlemen overwhelmed in business had not the good of the whole required it.

It is well known that the Regiment which I now command was at the time of the retreat from Ticonderoga about seven months ago, under the command of the intrepid and ever-to-be-respected Colonel Ebenezer Francis of Newton, killed July 7, 1777, at Hubbardton. It is also well known that all those who were in the Patriot (Army) lost all their clothing, both officers and soldiers, except the trifle only they had on their backs, which rendered it very difficult for them to undergo the fatigues of a Winter Campaign without the extra supply which we have never received, but have only received from the State our proportionate part of the clothes sent from the State with those Regiments, which never suffered said loss. I humbly conceive that the propriety or impropriety of the Retreat is not the question, but the necessities of the troops now in actual service. As we are your children, we ask nothing but the right of a child, and we ask no more than to be put on a footing with the rest of our brethren, who are engaged in the same Camp with us, that we with them might be enabled to step forth and stand in the defence of our common rights, but we humbly ask how it can be expected from us, who are one-half in a measure naked? As the spirit of an Army, vastly depends upon the manner they are supplied, I beg the Honorable Board would take these broken hints under your wise consideration and grant us some extra supplies of the premises, or at least to make us so far comfortable and decent, that we can appear without having our nakedness exposed to the severity of the weather or to ridicule, and as in duty bound, shall ever pray,

(Signed)

Benjamin Tupper, Colonel.

Major General William Heath of Roxbury, a townsman of Dr. Joseph Warren, states that, on July 8, 1775, Majors Tupper and John Crane of Braintree, with a number of volunteers, attacked the British advance guard at Brown's house on Boston Neck, and routed them, taking a halberd, a musket, and two bayonets. This was John Crane, later the colonel of the Third Regiment of Continental Artillery of Braintree and Boston, who served so gallantly under General Henry Knox of Boston, Washington's Secretary of War and Navy. On Aug. 31, 1775, Major Tupper, with three hundred Americans, went to Light-house Island, attacked a British guard of thirty-three marines, killed a subaltern officer and several soldiers, took twenty-three prisoners, several refugees, and burnt all the buildings on the island, with the loss of one American soldier. The Americans took several muskets. Heath makes further mention of the Stoughton-Sharon major, Nov. 22, 1776, near Tappan and King's Ferry, New York, where he brought off the two twelve-pounders which were at Dobbs' Ferry. Tupper was then the lieutenant colonel of Jonathan Ward's Twenty-First Continental Infantry of Massachusetts, whereof Timothy Bigelow of Worcester and James Mellen of Hopkinton were majors. Tupper was then thirty-

eight years of age. Heath's next mention of him is on Oct. 30, 1781, on which date the Roxbury Major General ordered Major General William Alexander, Lord Stirling and Colonel Tupper, then commanding the Tenth Massachusetts Regiment, to embark from Fishkill Landing, N. Y., with the First New Hampshire, Colonel John Stark, and a detachment of artillery, to proceed to Albany. It is noted, Dec. 20th, 1781, that Tupper with the Tenth Massachusetts, a detachment of artillery, etc., arrived at West Point. The slowness of communication between Yorktown, Va., and Heath's headquarters is suggested by the fact that not until one month after the fatality was the death, whilst a prisoner at Williamsburg, Va., of Colonel Alexander Scammell of Milford (Mendon) learned by General Heath. Adjutant General Alexander Scammel is erroneously accredited to New Hampshire. Mendon was originally settled in 1667 by people from Braintree and Weymouth; John Scammel of Braintree was one of the settlers of Mendon who had land allotted before his removal to the town. Colonel Scammell, born in the part of Mendon now called Milford, commanded the First New Hampshire regiment after Jan. 1, 1781.

Richard Frothingham in his "History of the Siege of Boston" details Tupper and Crane's July 31, 1775, affair on Nantasket Point, where fifty-three of the British were captured, and says: "Washington the next day in general orders thanked Major Tupper and the officers and soldiers under his command for their gallant and soldier-like behavior," and remarked that he doubted not "but the Continental Army would be as famous for their mercy as their valor." Major Tupper's expedition on Aug. 27, 1775, with two hundred men, embarked in whaleboats at Dorchester, landing at Governor's Island, bringing off twelve head of cattle, two fine horses, burning a pleasure boat just ready to be launched, returning without loss to the patriot camp, which action is also noted in the New Hampshire Gazette of Sept. 12 of that year in a song entitled "Liberty Tree," to the tune "The Gods of the Greeks."

When General Thomas Conway's brigade was at Valley Forge, winter of 1777-1778, the brigade major was Second Lieutenant John Stagg of New York, of Colonel William Malcolm's additional Continental Regiment of New York. He kept an orderly book or books. One is certified to by Adjutant General Alexander Scammell, and Volume 2 is now preserved in the Congressional Library. Entry on

page thirty-eight, Aug. 1, 1775, notes "Major Benjamin Tupper thanked."

Volume 43, Massachusetts Revolutionary Rolls, also Volume 153, pages 330 and 63 to 66, dated April 8, 1778, respectively file original petition of Captain Billy Porter of Wenham, and original letters penned by Colonel Samuel Brewer of Framingham, or Great Barrington, Twelfth Massachusetts; Benjamin Tupper and Gamaliel Bradford of Duxbury, Fourteenth Massachusetts Infantry, petitioning for delivery of clothing in reimbursement of losses sustained in General Arthur St. Clair's retreat from Ticonderoga, July 6, 1777, and the evacuation of that fort on Lake Champlain, after the successful occupation by General Fraser of Burgoyne's invading army. The "retreat" written of by Colonel Tupper on Dec. 25, 1777, refers to this.

Volume 11, Massachusetts Archives, Revolutionary Rolls, pages 59 and 79, shows original communication evidencing the presence at Valley Forge, Pennsylvania, in December, 1777, and January, 1778, of the following captains of the Eleventh Massachusetts Infantry, Colonel Benjamin Tupper:

Captain Richard Mayberry of Windham, Maine Province; Captain Moses Greenleaf of Newburyport; Captain Billy Porter of Wenham; Captain Samuel Page of Danvers; Captain Daniel Wheelwright of Wells, Maine Province; Captain Samuel Thomas of Falmouth, Maine Province (now Portland); Captain Benjamin Farnum of Andover; Captain George White of Topsham, Maine Province.

Volume 205, page 421, Oct. 13, 1778, Massachusetts Rolls, files another letter of Colonel Tupper to the Board of War, requesting delivery of cloth, trimmings, etc., to Captain Samuel Page of Danvers, of his regiment. Volume 174, pages 586½ and 586, Massachusetts Archives, December, 1778, preserves another petition of Colonel Tupper, also the council order for delivery of officers' clothing to Captain Samuel Page, Eleventh Massachusetts Regiment. Volume 169, page 390, December 25, 1778, files petition of Captain Billy Porter of Tupper's Regiment, also Council Order for delivery of clothing, blankets, shoes, cloth for regimental officers. Volume 175, page 27½, Dec. 29, 1778, displays Council Order for delivery of blankets to Captain Page. The question of responsibility for failure not to appropriate funds necessary to supply our Massachusetts soldiers four hundred miles

away with clothing and other essentials, but to deliver the stores to the soldiers, about this period and thereafter, was vigorously entered into by the Massachusetts Council, then consisting of Hon. Jeremiah Powell Hon. Artemas Ward, Thomas Cushing, Samuel Holton, Jabez Fisher, Moses Gill, John Taylor, Benjamin White, Esq., Hon. Benjamin Austin, Henry Gardner, Daniel Hopkins, Nathan Cushing, Timothy (or Thomas) Edwards, John Stone, Oliver Prescott and Abraham Fuller, Esq.

PHILIP READE.

BOSTON

*(To be continued)*

## THE LINEAGE OF AN AMERICAN PATRIOT.

And I found a register of the genealogy of them which came up at the first, and found written therein, These are the children of the province that went up out of the captivity.—Nehemiah vii: 5, 6.

**S**ONS of the Revolution, and members of kindred societies, I bid you welcome to the "Old First" Church. Its doors swing open of their own accord to such a company of patriots. This is an ancient shrine of American liberty. The watchfire of loyalty was kindled upon its altar before the Revolution, and that flame has never gone out. From its adherents was formed that club known as "Sons of Liberty," which sounded the earliest effective call for a Continental Congress. In its longest pastorate it was served by John Rodgers, who by prayer and sermon, as with the voice of a trumpet, wrought for the independence of the colonies; the intimate companion of that Witherspoon, who turned the scale when the "Declaration" hung in an uncertain balance; the confidential correspondent of Washington; the chaplain of Heath's Brigade while the fight was on, and of the first Legislature of New York when the Colony became a State. Many of its members smelt powder and won honor upon Revolutionary battlefields, like doughty Elder McDougal—who went to the front in the ranks, and returned in the generalship. Its house of worship was a shining mark for the ribald abuse of British soldiery during their occupation of the city; and their use of it as barracks, as riding school, as stable, left it at the close of the war bearing the scars of a ruinous but honorable defacement, the severity of which bore witness to its fame as a nursery of Americanism. Memories of the patriotic past hover in this atmosphere. These walls are haunted with an illustrious company of those who loved their land better than their life. In their name I bid you thrice welcome to the House of their God.

Such a reminiscence may serve to remind us of the peculiar dignity of this service. It is no empty form. It is no vain-glorious function. In imitation of the patriot of the text, who strove to inaugurate a revival of patriotism, we reverently scrutinize the register of "them who came up at the first," and with no mean pride, we boast ourselves "the children of the province that went up out of the captivity." We solemnly remind ourselves that we are the heirs of a splendid past, and

—Address before the N. Y. Society Sons of the Revolution.

must therefore play a worthy part while we are upon the stage. We recall the fact that we stand in a line of noble ancestry, and must hand on to the coming time an untarnished name. We refresh the recollection that we are guardians of a national treasure which our fathers purchased with their blood, and which we must therefore cherish as our life. We emphasize the truth that our costliest heritage is neither of gold, nor of land, nor of rank, but of character. We cannot too often contemplate the virtues of those who "came up at the first," nor catalogue too carefully the elements of that power by which they led these provinces out of their captivity. We cannot too fondly study "The Lineage of an American Patriot."

### I. Those who "came up at the first," were men of thought.

Baron Steuben, Washington's drill-master, wrote to a friend in the Old World: "You say to your soldier, 'Do this,' and he doeth it. I am obliged to say to mine, 'This is the reason why we ought to do this,' and then he doeth it." The Revolution was the offspring of reason. It was not the creature of sentiment. It was a swing of the tide and not the spurt of a geyser. The American leaders were no hair-brained enthusiasts, adrift upon a torrent of unreasoning emotion. They had been cradled among the traditions of England's golden age of intellectual power. Their nursery tales were memories of the universicy life in their motherland. They built school houses before they had barns, and the school houses became "Martello towers" in the fight for freedom. They founded colleges in the wilderness clearings—and at Harvard, Yale and Princeton the beacon lights of liberty were kindled. Their manual of citizenship was the New England Primer, and whatever worth may attach to the Westminister Catechism as a system of theology—it is beyond compare as a mental whetstone. In their remote and rugged dwellings, Truth lent them the inspiration of her queenly presence. Familiar with her, they faced unabashed the tinsel trappings of earthly royalty. They read the signs of the times more accurately than those who sat upon thrones. They proved themselves a match for the shrewd diplomats of Europe. In the clearer air of the hither shore of the Atlantic they distinctly foresaw the gathering clouds of conflict, and with unerring insight forecast the march of the storm. They were masters in the art of running a principle back to its roots, and out to its consequences. They could see infinite meanings in a penny stamp. They could cast the horoscope of

the world with tea leaves. They cried, "What a glorious morning!" when the crack of the flintlocks at Lexington ushered in a long and direful day of darkness and blood. The Revolution is a measure of the brain-force of such men as long-headed Samuel Adams; far-sighted James Otis; brave Warren, who died so eloquently at Bunker Hill; of the courtly and cultured Jefferson; of fiery Patrick Henry; and of him who sat like Jupiter among the immortals—that child of Solomon—Benjamin Franklin, whose piercing sagacity and sun-bright intellect beamed through such a benign and guileness countenance. When the thoughts of these men ripened "Boston harbor was black with unexpected tea; a Pennsylvania Congress gathered, and Democracy announced in rifle volleys, under her star banner, to the tune of Yankee-Doodle-doo, that she is born, and whirlwind-like, will envelop the whole world."

## II. Those "who came up at the first" were Men of Action.

They were thinkers, but not dreamers. The story of the Revolution is the chronicle of a people in action. It is an index of the momentum of the masses when set in motion by the energy of a great idea. The colonists did their own fighting. They hired no Hessians. They unleashed no Indians. They accepted no proxies. Inspired with lofty thoughts they translated their convictions into actions. They argued their principles with the edge of the sword and the point of the bayonet. They counted the cost carefully, and they paid it calmly. They kept cool in the midst of a conflagration which consumed the cherished governmental structures of ages. They set their hands to the plough, and never turned back, but ran their furrows deep and true. In deed they showed themselves even more eloquent than in speech. Ease could not tempt them. Hardship could not daunt them. Poverty could not impoverish them. Treachery and brutality could not conquer them. The fierce cold of winter, and the deadlier chill of their country's indifference, they withstood with an inflexible fortitude. A raw militia was schooled under fire into an army which wrested the laurels of victory from a banner which never before went backward. They wore home-spun as though it was imperial purple. They did grand things without sounding a trumpet before themselves. They achieved the sublime as though it were the commonplace. They wrought heroism with simplicity.

They lent grandeur to geography. They multiplied upon the

earth the abiding places of nobility. At Bunker Hill, from behind a rail-fence fortress they looked into the very whites of tyranny's eyes, and met its advance with a blast of death as from the mouth of a volcano. At Concord Bridge they crossed a more portentous Rubicon than that which lay between Cæsar and the Eternal City. At Princeton, they taught my Lord Cornwallis a lesson which had been omitted from the curriculum of his academic training. At Valley Forge they stood on guard unmurmuring and unfearing beneath the shadow of death. At Saratoga they inflicted a hurt upon that vaunted divinity with which a throne is hedged, that all the healing waters of the world can never medicine. At Yorktown—the masters of themselves, as well as the conquerors of the King—they stood sublimely silent in the moment of supreme victory, leaving posterity to cheer them. This constellation of names they have made to shine with the starry light of exalted purpose, steadfast endurance, unmeasured sacrifice, high courage, a love of the right which death could not quench a devotion to the liberties of humanity which they sealed with the gift of their life.

### III. They who "came up at the first" were Men of God.

The impulse to leave England and seek America was not the thirst for adventure, nor the love of conquest, but the longing to rightly honor God. A sense of fealty to the Kings of kings was the guiding star which our fathers followed. A spirit of allegiance to the throne of heaven, was the breath of life in the character of those who were the founders of our native land. Said the Philosopher—"I think, therefore I am." Said the Puritan—"I believe, therefore I can." They subscribed themselves subjects of the King of heaven from the hour in which they signed the compact in the cabin of the *Mayflower*, until the day they voted to open the sessions of the Constitutional Convention with prayer. The lanterns which flashed out at the birth of liberty, were hung in the steeple of a church. At Louisburg victory was won under a banner bearing the motto which the apostolic Whitfield had suggested: *Nil desperandum Christo Duce*—a blazon like that upon the laburnum of Constantine. At Ticonderoga the forts were taken "In the name of Jehovah and the Continental Congress," waking along the shores of Champlain the war cry which the Hebrew revolutionists of the olden time had sent pealing among the hills of Canaan. On the Liberty Bell was engraved a text of Scripture, and in the words of inspiration its deep-throated tones proclaimed "Liberty throughout

the land unto all the inhabitants thereof." The men who would not kneel to King George on Lexington Common, bowed day by day in family prayer in the Massachusetts farm-houses. In response to Lord Howe's offer of a royal pardon, old Trumbull, of Connecticut, voiced the universal feeling when he bluffly said, "No doubt all need the pardon of heaven for our manifold sins and transgressions, but the American who needs the pardon of his Britannic Majesty is yet to be found." The "Old Continentals" fought the battles of the State with Bibles in their knapsacks. They studied the military genius of Moses by the light of their camp fires. They sang the Psalms of David while cannon boomed the accompaniment. They knelt at the throne of God in the hour of darkness, and they crowned His altar with thanksgiving in the day of triumph. When the clouds were thickest and all hearts were sore; when the treasury was empty, and grim-visaged disaster was knocking at the gateway, Congress ordered an appropriation not only for the purchase of gunpowder, but also for the importation of twenty thousand copies of the Scriptures. These pioneer spirits were masters of a profound diplomacy. They knew what no American should ever forget—that Bible truth is the sort of ammunition most effective in vindication of national honor. The Pilgrim Fathers feared none but God; so all their foes feared them.

These traits of our fathers were crystallized in the character of **GEORGE WASHINGTON**.

The Revolutionary period is dominated by his personality. The history of its years resolves itself into his biography. The centre of its forces was his potent individuality; and all its energies and incidents seem satellite to him. An English writer has said, "He was greatest of good men and the best of great men." In *thought* he was great. He looked at facts precisely as they were, and he understood precisely what they meant. In *action* he was great. He rode the whirlwind with a firm seat. He kept the "strenuous uphill road" until he stood upon the shining summits of victory. The temper of his soul rang out, when being told at Trenton that the guns were wet and could not be fired, he replied, "Use bayonets, then. The town must be taken." In *faith* he was great. He would not have been altogether great otherwise. Infidelity is inconsistent with nobility. A doubter makes a poor leader. The principles of unbelief are not for those which men care to shed their blood. With his whole soul he believed in God, un-

ashamed to confess dependence upon Divine strength, unashamed to bow the knee at the Divine throne, unashamed to cherish to his latest hour, in unostentatious simplicity, that piety which had come to him in childhood, warm from his mother's heart.

A two-fold glory crowns him. Beneath the Cambridge Elm he bared the sword and led a mighty revolution without a taint of crime. Upon the Wall street balcony he kissed the Bible and founded a splendid commonwealth without the shadow of ambition.

The note of independence was struck for him by orphanage in his boyhood. The art of walking in untravelled ways was mastered, as theodolite in hand he penetrated the shadowy wilderness. Indian foes schooled him in the secrets of strategic and patient warfare. Beneath the banner against which he came to fight he learned to listen without a tremor to the whistle of bullets. The reins of the Revolutionary movement dropped into his hands instinctively. He was God-gifted for such a part. His was a soul unshaken by disaster, unbetrayed by success. His spirit never sank when fortune ebbed; and never lowered its guard when fortune smiled. Coupled with inflexible adherence to lofty principle, was a shrewd kindness that stooped to conquer, and won when it seemed to yield. He knew how to lose a battle, so as to gain a campaign. He was contented that others should win the laurels, so long as America won the war. He was the bond-slave of a supreme purpose to glorify his native land. In the day of battle, he contented that the Colonies must be freed by an American soldiery. In the time of peace, he planned to open wide domains for the conquest of American industry. He looked beyond the mountain tops, and strove to open a gateway for the march of an American civilization out upon the imperial plains of the West. He kept his eyes beyond the sea, and studied to impress foreign powers with the peculiar and subtle genius of American institutions. He would curb immigration, lest alien elements should leaven American individuality. He left by will, funds to found an American University, because he believed the atmosphere of foreign schools "unfriendly to republican government and the liberties of mankind." He stood far in advance of his time. He has a place upon the loftiest plane to which men have risen. The monument upon the banks of the Potomac, so grand in its simplicity, clothed with white purity, soaring into the upper air, aspiring toward the unclouded blue, keeping changeless vigil over the Capit-

tal City through all the fluctuations of the years, is a striking materialization of his character.

Of such a Revolution we are the children. Of this illustrious man we are the heirs. The token of our ancestral descent is the reproduction of those elements of character which made our fathers great. Thoughtfulness, energy, and piety, constitute the triple birthmark of an American Patriot.

#### I. A true Son of the Revolution will think.

Neither imagination nor passion will sway the sceptre over him. The story of his country will be studied with serious affection. The character-forces of its founders will be patiently analyzed. The principles by which they were actuated in the formation of the government will be scrutinized. The historic development of our nationality will be surveyed. Present-day questions will be viewed in the light of a calm and unexcited intelligence. The collision with Spain will be seen to be the final phase of an irrepressible conflict which has been in progress for three hundred years. The drawing together of England and America will be recognized as the normal and irresistible advance of those principles with which the Saxon races have been entrusted for the good of the world. The momentous and unsought responsibility of a guardian care over remote peoples which has been thrust upon the nation, will be viewed in its true light, as a glorious opportunity to scatter far abroad those treasures of liberty and truth which are our dearest possessions.

In the Revolution America won liberty. In the Civil War America achieved nationality. In the campaign of 1898 America rose into new and holy relations with humanity. Necessity has been laid upon us to study and illustrate a new idea in the progress of the race,—the obligation of a strong and prosperous people to minister to the woe of the world beyond its own frontiers.

#### II. A true Son of the Revolution will act.

Every citizen is a factor in the production of national policy. Each individual counts in shaping the nation's future. Not on the firing line alone, is a people's destiny determined. Not in the halls of government alone, is the policy of the State moulded. The battlefield upon which national weal is most surely determined is within the pa-

riot's breast, and the genius of national diplomacy has its birth within the secret chambers of the loyal heart. An avalanche is the child of a snowball. Its resistless might is only a sum total of snowflakes. Parties are what the people wish them to be. Civic evils are the measure of the citizen's apathy. The wrongs which prey upon the State do so by permission of a sluggish opposition. The saloon is a monument to the torpid consciences of the decent folk. There will be no more slums on Immorality Alley, than there are dormitories on Piety Hill. That ancestral energy, which without equipment, or discipline, or money, or popular support, withstood the armies of the King, baffled the navy of Britain, drove the Hessians back across the sea and founded the national government, is sufficiently vigorous, if it be sufficiently awake, to convert a political party into an organized conscience, and to dictate terms to any evil which challenges the common weal. One man may do but little, but he can always act as though he was the one upon whose fidelity the future pivoted. A pestilence is said to reside in an atomic microbe. A contagion of good is stored in a solitary manhood that dares to "stand four square, whatever wind may blow."

### III. A true Son of the Revolution will believe in God.

Lest you think this the perfunctory pronunciamento of the pulpit, listen to the words of Washington—"No people can be bound to acknowledge and adore an invisible hand which conducts the affairs of men, more than the people of the United States. Of all the dispositions which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are the indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness." Irreligion is un-American. Skepticism is contrary to the genius of this country. Unbelief savors of disloyalty. When the Bible is assailed, remember Andrew Jackson said "That Book is the rock-bed of the Republic." When prayer is scoffed at, remember Lincoln asked the nation to supplicate the favor of God in his behalf. When the home is undermined remember that hallowed Virginian fireside where Washington was cradled. When the Sabbath is disregarded, remember how he issued special orders for its observance in the army. When blasphemy and immorality and gambling are treated as ethical trifles, remember how the Commander of the Continental army called upon those who aspired to lead the forces that fought for freedom, to vindicate their claim to such a distinction by abstinence from such

iniquities. It is by the favor of God, we are what we are. Our fathers felt it, and said it. We are false to our blood, if we forget it or conceal it. Ingersollville can never be the capital city of a great nation. Brigham Young's barouche is not fit conveyance for Miss Columbia to ride in. In this land one is free to worship according to the dictates of his own conscience, but he is no true American who counts it freedom to sneak into Congress over the shattered fragments of a solemn compact, and make laws for others while he breaks them himself. In this land one is free to worship no God, but he loves not his country who counts it freedom to become an apostle of the red flag, and preach a gospel of dynamite. In this land one is free to live the lonely life of him who has no altarplace, and hears no voice of hope, but he is false to his patriotic ancestry, who counts it freedom to attack and deride the faith for which our fathers suffered the loss of all things, and to scoff at the Holy Name, honoring which they laid the foundations of the nation. Only if we fail here, is catastrophe possible. The light will not cease to shine upon our future pathway so long as we recognize the truth that "duty makes destiny." Difficulty and sacrifice, internal evils, and outside perils, these things cannot rob America of her glory. She can only lose her grandeur when she uncrowns herself by turning her back upon the God of our fathers, and ceasing to obey His voice.

When the musketry of Lexington roused Samuel Adams, he saluted the sunrise with the cry, "What a glorious morning!" Strange words from so shrewd a judge of affairs! That early sunlight shone upon dead bodies and desolated homes. That day was the harbinger of dark and weary years, of crushing woes, and of untold anguish to uncounted hearts. But Adams was right. His gaze was upon the time to come. He saw emerging from the mists of that gray dawn, a glorious nation, made strong in the school of suffering, made pure with a baptism of blood, made ready for an exalted and triumphant mission by communion with the God of battles.

The guns of Dewey ushered in the dawn of such another day. This is the twilight hour of tumult and confusion, of the clash of opinions and the struggle of prejudices. The wounds of conflict are still unhealed. The sweat of battle is not yet wiped away. On the one hand is timidity—on the other asperity. The brazen cry of greed is heard, and the serpentine hiss of cunning. But a glorious daybreak has come. Ere long the mists of the morning shall have vanished away. The sun,

which is just creeping above the Eastern hilltops, shall ride in mid-heaven clad with unclouded splendor by-and-by. In the years which are to come, lands redeemed from tyranny and made rich with the choicest stores of a Christian civilization; peoples rescued from ignorance and barbarism and uplifted to a place among the nations of the earth; races saved from savagery, and dowered with the priceless blessings of civil and religious liberty, will recall the roar of those fateful cannon, and look back to these sombre hours of the bared sword and the smoking musket, and will utter the grateful cry, "What a glorious morning. God bless the United States."

NEW YORK

HOWARD W. DUFFIELD

## A NEW YORK BALLOON ASCENSION

(Being an open letter by Mr. Charles F. Durant, published in the *Journal of Commerce*, and dated May 31, 1833. . Communicated by Mr. Charles Nevers Holmes of Newton, Mass.)

**T**HE high wind which prevailed at my departure from Castle Garden (Wednesday evening) prevented me from taking the instruments of which I promised to furnish you notes.

The weather was very doubtful in the morning—my barometer had fallen, in 12 hours, from 29.52 to 29.416, though the day previous I had shifted its position, and thought it probable that the alteration might be caused from haste or inattention in setting the nonus before the mercury was perfectly tranquil. My doubts increased at 11 o'clock, when Dr. Chilton told me his barometer on Tuesday, 6 P. M., stood at 30.1, and Wednesday, 6 A. M., at 30.4, and while conversing with him at 11 A. M., it had fallen to 30. At 1 P. M., mine stood at 29.4, Dr. Chilton's remained 30, and Mr. Charles Pool's at 29.4. Yet from the appearance of the atmosphere there was a probability of very little wind, though no indication of fine weather; and judging from the twenty preceding days, I had little cause to anticipate more favorable weather at any definite time to which I might postpone the ascension.

The gates were thrown open, and I commenced the inflation of the balloon at 2 o'clock. Between 3 and 4 the mist became more dense, and the wind increased from the S. S. E. with strong indication of rain. At this time a large company had collected and the inflation proceeded to the state in which I never will postpone it if I can get the balloon out of the Garden. At 5 I finished attaching the car,—and the balloon, two-thirds filled, was buoying the whole weight which I intended it to carry. It is in this situation that I usually suspend my philosophical instruments, and it is likewise in this position that the balloon is in most danger of bursting from the force of the wind curling over the wall; a circumstance that occurred at my second ascension, and but for great exertions and prompt assistance, would have proved fatal to the enterprise. Fearing the same accident on this occasion, I gave myself only time sufficient to move the balloon to the S. E. corner of the Garden, which I had selected for a starting point. I then ordered the two cords to be cut which had served to steady the top of the balloon.

The wind now bore with great force, causing a half-turn in the net and cords, which gave it a tangled appearance, and I judged 12 chances per minute of causing a rupture; therefore, to ensure the ascension, I cut the only remaining cord, which unmoored the balloon, and it rose in beautiful style with an ascensional power of 70 pounds, making a N. N. W. course, though rising with such rapidity as to form an angle of nearly 80 degrees with the earth. At ten minutes past 5, I reached the summit of the clouds, which had obscured the sunrays so long from the earth. I had been absent now only six minutes, and having left my instruments, I judged the then attained altitude to be at least one mile. Here the sun broke forth with all the majesty peculiar to our finest summer days, and so sudden a transition, you may well imagine, had a thrilling effect. One cluster of clouds only remained above me. Their course, I judged by the sun, bore N. W., and at a very short distance. This gave me some uneasiness lest they should be charged with the electric fluid, which, by the established laws on this science, might pass to my balloon.

In a few seconds, however, I was far above everything resembling a cloud. Here burst upon my sight one of the most imposing views I have ever beheld. Call it majestic, splendid, or sublime,—invoke a Shakespeare's mind to describe, or a painter's to portray it,—they, and even thought must fail to conceive the rich downy softness and white fleecy accumulation of clouds piled in waves as far as the eye could reach, covering the earth, and closing to my sight the land, water, and everything, animate or inanimate, that I had so long and often viewed with delight. Above me nothing but a clear, cerulean expanse,—the golden sun-beams spreading over the vast ocean of clouds, and extending through immensity of space where sight is bounded, and from whence even thought returns, unable to traverse the confines of the vast field beyond. Here was a scene sufficient for the writer to fill volumes, and the painter to exhaust his skill, in trying to delineate the infinitely delicate and mellow tints reaching to boundless extent.

Imagine yourself in my situation, with this sublime scene opening to your sight, and you can conceive better than I can describe, the sensations it would naturally produce. I do not wish to convey any frightful ideas respecting the whole view, yet you must not suppose it was all pleasure to me, or that I was perfectly free from care. I assure you, Gentlemen, I felt some unpleasant anxieties from having too

much ascensional power. The information of those holding the car is the means by which I ascertain its buoyancy, and owing to the surging effects of the wind on the balloon, they were not able to ascertain the correct power. I had resolved to start with a great ascensional force, as the only plan to clear the Garden with safety. I found on swinging clear, the balloon had a buoyancy of full 40 pounds more than I had intended, and my first care was to open the valve, to counteract the upward tendency; and except a few seconds, to pass the dense cloud which appeared in the N. W., I never closed the valve till I had been absent thirty-nine minutes from the earth, when to my great gratification some scraps of tissue paper remained stationary in a horizontal line with the car. These scraps I use as floats to throw in the air; by them I can ascertain much sooner than by the barometer, when I am rising or falling. This first intimation of falling dispelled my anxieties,—and closing the valve, I prepared to descend, and leisurely lowered one anchor with two hundred or three hundred feet of cord. Though the heat increased the first six minutes, the cold was now intense.

My flag-staff is of cedar, and touching it to clear the anchor, it had an icy coldness. At a safe estimate I was now sixteen or seventeen thousand feet from the earth; and I do think the barometer would have given an altitude of nearer five than three miles, but as I had left it below, this is only an estimate.

While descending, I had little else to do than to rest and refresh myself by rubbing my hands, which were somewhat cut by the valve-cord, and benumbed with the cold. I could now contemplate the scene around me, and must say I regretted on nearing the earth to pass through the dense fog which had given me no very pleasant feeling on first passing through it, and at six hours twenty-three minutes, when I had descended to its upper surface, hearing the roar of the surf, I judged myself on the shore of the Atlantic. I examined my ballast, which I considered rather a scant pattern to remain long suspended over the ocean, and while revolving in my mind what I could best dispense with in case of necessity, among which were my coat, hat, and one anchor and cable, and even the car from below the first hoop to allow me a place to stand on, I heard the cawing of some crows, which again revived my spirits, and at 6.39 I heard some forest birds, which left me no doubt I was over terra firma.

In one minute after, I saw the earth. I was then suspended over some trees, and threw over a bag of ballast, which broke the fall a little, and carried me to a clear field, where the anchor struck at six hours and forty-one minutes on the farm of R. Morris, Esq., Manor of Fordham, Westchester Co., N. Y.—eleven miles from City Hall, three from Hudson River, and eight from Long Island Sound. The whole time that I remained in the air was one hour thirty-seven minutes; one hour and thirteen minutes of which time I had sunshine, with a perfectly clear sky.

Four negroes from the farm of Mr. Morris assisted me to fold the balloon, which is not injured in the slightest degree. I started for the city in a wagon, and on approaching McComb's Dam, a heavy rain obliged me to put up at Mr. Devoe's till morning, when he took me to Harlaem, and Mr. Bradshaw sent me to the city, where I arrived at Castle Garden at half past 9 'clock, after an absence of sixteen hours, enjoying my usual good health and spirits."

## THE GENESIS OF MAPLE SUGAR

THE industry of maple sugar making originated with the American Indians. Many years before Waw-be-an-ne-ne-og, the white man, came from the other side of the great Kons-ke-tchisaw-me, the ocean, there came in the stillness of the great forest a gentle rapping, rapping at the door of We-wi-na-puck's heart. He opened it wide and the voice of spring said, "The birch tree is calling, We-wi-na-puck, what of your canoe?"

There were yet circles of brown leaves about each tree trunk in the white woods, for it was the shortest moon of snows, which precedes the budding leaf, and the south wind was sweet and gentle, when We-wi-na-puck began to cut a ring about the largest birch tree in the forest. As he worked to make an oh-ke or cleared place where he could launch his canoe on the Qua-no-paug or roaring water. We-wi-na-puck's stone hatchet grazed a smooth young maple tree in his pathway. "The tree sweats in the sun," said young We-wi-na-puck, as he saw the moisture trickle down from the bruise in the maple bark.

At that moment he was startled by a large brown butterfly, with blue borders to its wings. It fluttered down from a cranny in the brown rocks and lighted upon the young maple trunk where We-wi-na-puck had bruised it with his hatchet, and sipped again and again the drops which trickled down the brown bark.

We-wi-na-puck thought no more of the matter until the following day, when he saw Wa-goosh, the cunning fox, pause as he trotted past the tree and lick the spot. Then We-wi-na-puck put his finger to the bruise and then to his mouth and learned for the first time that the heart of the maple was sweet. Taking up his stone hatchet he cut a deeper gash in the bark of the maples and placed a water jar underneath the cut, on a flat stone. That night when We-wi-na-puck went home to his wigwam, he carried the first drink of maple sap to his dusky bride, Pa-ra-me-the. Soon all the maple trees about the oh-ke or cleared land were bleeding at the red man's bidding.

One day, before the moon of budding leaves, while the sap was still running, Pa-ra-me-the was baking cakes from the golden maize, on red-hot stones, when she playfully dropped one of her cooking stones into a jar half full of sap, and watched it bubble and boil. Since this

jar was one which had been handed down from Nan-hoo-too, her grandmothers, she let the stone remain, for fear of breaking the one dish she possessed. That night when We-wi-na-puck returned from a week's trip, they tasted the contents of the jar, and to their great delight it was sweeter than anything they had ever eaten, except the honey which the brown bear first showed them in a hollow tree.

Soon every jar of sap in the tribe had a hot stone in it and each squaw repeated the hot stone, until there was a sweet, sticky substance in the bottom of the jar, and thus the first maple syrup was made by Mus-ko-an-ne-ne-og, the red man, in the land of his fathers.

When the dominant race came to America, the red man gave his sweet secret of the woods to the pale face, and since the early settlers had left all luxuries behind in the motherland, they made much of the sweet syrup to eat on their "hasty pudding," made from the Indian maize, which always had a more bitter taste than that used in the rye bread of the motherland.

When the days grew warmer and the syrup began to sour, the "paleface" quickly learned to boil it afresh to keep it sweet and these oft repeated boilings soon resulted in producing a solid substance, those delicious brown cakes which would, if hidden away from the youngsters, keep until sugar came again.

A maple grove always went by the name of "sugar-bush" and a farm well stocked with these grand old trees was considered of much higher value to the homesteader than other wooded land, when large tracts were deeded to our forefathers by the Indian owners.

In the days when the home was a miniature factory, where all the family wants were supplied by home talent and no family could point to any article on the table which was not home grown or home manufactured, the sugar industry was a strenuous part of the spring work on every farm of any size, where the maple tree was indigenous.

Our Puritan forefathers did not permit of much poetry or romance connecting with their daily toil, but the young people in all ages are bound sooner or later to find their share of fun, and a sugaring-off party at the end of the sap season was certainly the greatest frolic of the year, after the long New England winter. Quilting, husking or apple bees could not be compared with such fun and even the May parties of the motherland rehearsed about the fireside seemed tame in comparison.

"The boys" collected the sap in wooden buckets from the "bush" and when sufficient quantity had been stored in a dugout on some side hill near the bush, they gathered great heaps of dead wood and brush from the grove and built a glorious fire under the huge family potash kettle, set up on an improvised crane. The last the writer heard about one such kettle, which came over with sundry articles in the *Mayflower*, was that its unappreciative owner had turned it into a hog trough.

Soon after supper a merry group of young girls, who had finished their household tasks arrived on horseback at the sugar-bush, which was frequently several miles from the owner's homestead. One of the young women brought with her a generous wooden pudding stick, and by turns the maidens kept the sweets from sticking, while the men chivalrously stoked the bonfire. The young people laughed and sang and made the woods ring with youths' merriment, for remember for once all anxious and sedate Puritan mothers, who were wönt to preside at apple and quilting bees, were at home quietly knitting socks by the fireside.

The young folks gathered in a ring about the great black cauldron of steaming sweet, where they told weird witche, tales, and here and there they started little fires to drive away the frosty air and to make the scene more gay and festive.

Now and then a careless maiden's dress would catch afire as she went too near the flames to take her turn with the ladle, and gallant youth would rush to the fair one's rescue.

When the creamy syrup reached the "sugaring-off" stage and began to crystalize in the kettle, each member of the party had a delicious taste of the warm dainty in true Indian style, and in the pause that followed Brer Rabbit in the brush stood on his hind legs and looked on in bewilderment.

The ride home by moonlight was no small part of the fun, and could one share the secrets in the unwritten lines of our family history, we should doubtless find that Cupid has left many reminders of these sugaring-off parties among our Puritan ancestry.

*Hartford Times.*

## THE WEST INDIA TRADE BEFORE THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

THE subject with which this paper deals has not lacked for treatment within the last few years but the need for more minute study is clearly apparent. The actual mechanism of the trade has not as yet been sufficiently examined. Only vaguely do we know the kind of vessels employed, the routes followed, and the methods of sale, remittance, and insurance. It has been the writer's endeavor to throw some light on these minor points through the study of documents not formerly brought under contribution. But the difficulties in the way of successful presentation are great. One deals with methods of operation so various as almost to defy classification, with statistics notoriously inaccurate, and with weights, measures, and money values of local and changing determination.<sup>1</sup> Some indulgence may then be granted if the picture presented seems unduly intricate and if finality is at times lacking in the conclusions presented.

In the matter of goods actually exchanged and the localities whence they were derived little can be added to the store of information long accessible, and a brief restatement of the main facts will suffice. The needs of the British West Indies for provisions and lumber were met alike by all of the continental colonies; but of the latter, certain groups largely controlled the export of particular articles. Pennsylvania and New York, with some assistance from Maryland and Virginia, offered virtually the whole amount of flour and bread; New England, through the industry of its citizens and their trade with Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, stood responsible for most of the fish and oil, though large quantities of both reached the islands through the markets of Pennsylvania, Maryland, and New York. Pennsylvania again led in supplying beef, pork, hams, and tongues, but her exports were heavily supplemented by those of Virginia and North Carolina. Corn and peas came from the same colonies with the addition of Maryland, while South Carolina and Georgia made their principal contribution in rice.

—We have considerably abridged Mr. Bell's valuable paper, to bring it within our limits.

1 Thus a "thousand" feet of lumber might represent 1000 or 1200 ft., a barrel of flour might be "lightly" or firmly packed, and a hogshead of sugar might contain 12 cwt. or 14. Finally, the pound sterling was worth anywhere from 28 to 160 shillings in the currencies of the various colonies. *Negociator's Magazine* (London, 1754), pp. 213, 214.

Lumber was to be had at most of the North American ports, but here again distinctions must be made. The southern colonies led in supplying staves of red oak for sugar hogsheads and of white oak for rumcasks. Their planks of oak and yellow pine stood in great demand, and their cypress shingles were much preferred to the white cedar shingles sold by the colonies of the middle group. Only in the export of boards and scantling did the New England colonies hold first place, and even there only in the quantity, not the quality, of the goods supplied. Besides these staples many other articles found place in the cargoes which passed constantly to the tropics: horses and other live stock, minor food-stuffs such as butter, cheese, potatoes, and fruit, or manufactures in the shape of soap, lamp oil, pottery, chintzes, and shoes. A widely varied assortment was usually to be found in a single ship. The return lading from the islands were more restricted in variety and in bulk. Rum, molasses, and sugar naturally predominated in the order named, but coffee and cotton, ginger and pimento, mahogany and logwood, with hides and indigo all found frequent mention in the bills of lading.

The general dimensions of the trade may be estimated with fair accuracy as regards the southbound cargoes, and in so far as we may rely upon official returns. One year with another, the continental colonies exported to the islands goods to a value in American ports of £500,000 sterling. By the addition of the heavy freight charges which commodities so great in bulk as compared with cost of production necessarily bore, a value of £725,000 sterling in West Indian ports was reached. The subjoined table<sup>2</sup> will show the quantities in which the prin-

2 This table shows the quantities of American provisions and lumber annually consumed in the British West Indies during the years 1771-1773. It is compiled from three tables furnished by Irving (B. T. 5: 1, pp. 90-102), by Edward Long (Br. Mus., Add. MSS. 12404), and by a copy of a report issued by the London Custom House in March, 1775, and signed by Stanley, the secretary (Br. Mus., Add. MSS. 12431, f. 170).

Bread and flour,	130,000 bbls.
Beef and pork,	15,000 "
Fish,	17,000 hogsheads
	16,000 bbls.
	12,000 quintals
Corn,	400,000 bush.
Rice,	20,000 bbls.
Board and planks,	21,000 thousand
Staves and heading,	17,000 "
Hoops,	1,900 "
Shingles,	16,000 "

cipal articles involved were sent to the islands. As regards the north-bound cargoes no satisfactory estimates either as to values or as to quantities can be made. The West Indians paid for American provisions and lumber in shipments of their produce to North America, in shipments to England in cash, and in bills of exchange. The North Americans often secured part or all of their return ladings in the French and Dutch islands, and succeeded in entering large quantities of this foreign produce as goods of British origin. Hence it could not even then be ascertained what returns in the direct shipment of their own produce the British islands were able to make. The most trustworthy of the various contemporary estimates places the value of these shipments at £400,000 sterling in West Indian or £420,000 sterling in North American ports.

The American merchants of the day traded individually or in loose partnerships. Their largest ventures seldom involved sums of more than a few hundred pounds and the most wealthy and prosperous were not above giving attention to the minutiae of small transactions. Many of their letters to captains and commercial correspondents read like communications between familiar friends. Price schedules and accounts of sales jostle continually with inquiries concerning the health of the recipient and his "dear" family, with announcements of the sending of gifts and with the extending of invitations, all couched in terms of the utmost cordiality. Moreover the business methods of these men were as easy and unconventional as their epistolary style. Not that they lacked keenness of business sense. Rather was it the case that their very alertness, their intentness upon gain, led them to seek profit whenever, wherever, and however it was to be found. Their ships, like the tramp steamers of to-day, frequently wandered, without prearranged plans, from port to port, the ship-captains buying, selling, bartering, or carrying freights as occasion offered. Hence it resulted that the West Indian trade, instead of being a mere exchange of commodities between two groups of colonies, stood as part of a greater system: stood in intimate connection alike with the coasting traffic and with lines of commerce extending to Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, Great Britain, southern Europe, and Africa. Some analysis is required for making this clear. The connection of the West Indian with the coasting trade was twofold. Southbound cargoes of the former were often assembled by the use of coasters at the larger American ports; northbound cargoes were distributed in like manner. But, in what

probably constituted a majority of the voyages, the connection was closer still. The assembling and distribution were operated by the same vessels which plied to and from the islands, and operated moreover in conjunction with coastwise traffic of the ordinary sort. On the way south to the Caribbees goods laden in New England might be partially or wholly exchanged for those of the middle and southern colonies; on the way north rum and sugar might gradually be displaced by rice or flour, bread or iron. Again West Indian and coasting trades alike were closely related to the New England fisheries and to the commerce carried on by the "continental" colonies with Nova Scotia and Newfoundland. In this last-mentioned commerce, rum, molasses, and sugar on the one hand, and, on the other, fish of the inferior grade consumed by West Indian slaves, seem to have been the articles most frequently exchanged. Vessels which engaged in the fisheries during the summer months turned south on the approach of winter, bartered their wares along the Atlantic coast as far down as Georgia, and at times concluded their voyages in the Caribbean Sea. Less significant, although perhaps more interesting, is the connection of the West Indian trade with American commerce farther afield. Vessels of the larger sort, having discharged their lumber and provisions in the islands, frequently received there cargoes for the British islands or southern Europe. Indeed the master of such a ship reaching Bridgetown or Kingston might not be sure whether London or Philadelphia would be his next port of call. The return voyage might reverse the process. A North American vessel returning home from Great Britain might be ordered to proceed first to the West Indies either directly or via Madeira or Portugal. At the last-named places wine or salt would be added to the British manufactures and Irish provisions of which her original lading was composed.<sup>3</sup> Last of all there is to be noted the

<sup>3</sup> The shipment of Irish produce directly to the colonies was not legal until 1778, 18 Geo. III., c. 55; 20 Geo. III., c. 10. It appears however to have taken place. *Com. of R. I.*, I. 299, 304, 308, 307. An interesting voyage was that of the brig *Charlotte* belonging to Aaron Lopez in 1769-1770. She arrived October 29, 1769, at Bristol with pig-iron, mahogany, and logwood. Finding no freight for the West Indies and being herself unsalable, she carried sugar, rice, iron, and tin plates as freight to Dublin. There she took on 300 barrels of beef for Jamaica and received also the order to pick up 30 pipes of wine at Madeira. She was insured to Jamaica, the Bay of Honduras, and Rhode Island. After having been driven into Whitehaven by bad weather, she arrived at Jamaica in June and at Honduras before September. She reached Charleston with mahogany before December 7, 1770. *Com. of R. I.*, I. 295, 298-301, 304, 307, 308, 309, 316, 335, 336, 354.

connection of the West Indian commerce with the American slave-trade. Slave vessels, loaded and despatched in North American ports, carried slaves from Africa to the West Indies for sale there.<sup>4</sup> From the West Indies they returned home before commencing a fresh voyage,<sup>5</sup> and there is every reason to suppose that they obtained some share of the carrying trade from the islands to the continent.<sup>6</sup>

As to the shipping employed, the greatest variety is again to be observed. Brigs were in the majority but sloops, schooners, and snows<sup>7</sup> were to be found in great numbers. Vessels which engaged from time to time in transatlantic trade were naturally of different type from those which kept to the western hemisphere. The latter were small, averaging at about forty tons and provided only with single decks, on which much of the cargo was placed. The former were double-decked craft of 100 to 300 tons, the majority falling between 100 and 150. As the "out" cargoes south and east bound were much more bulky than the return ladings either from the West Indies or from Europe, and as shipbuilding was in general cheaper in North America than in Europe, these vessels were often sold in British and West Indian ports. A word may be added concerning the captains and crews. Of the skippers some were men of education and social equipment, connected by ties of blood or friendship with the merchants and often entering their ranks after apprenticeship at sea.<sup>8</sup> The majority were hardy seamen, more at home with the wheel than with the pen, yet able to manage the business of the owners under conditions which often presented the greatest difficulties. The practice of allowing to them, in addition to wages and commissions,<sup>9</sup> the privilege of carrying certain amounts of goods on their own account must have quickened their

4 Just before the Revolution good adult slaves sold in the West Indies for about £35 sterling per head. *Com. of R. I.*, I. 425, 428, 457.

5 E. g., the *Adventure*. *Com. of R. I.*, I. 397, 428, 473; II. 8.

6 *Ibid.*, I. 456, 461, 462, 467, 468.

7 A snow was a vessel which carried, besides two principal masts, a small third mast placed behind the main mast and equipped with atrysail.

8 A good example of this is found in the Clifford Papers, IV. 144, 145, 149, 157. In one instance we find a former midshipman of the royal navy seeking employment as a merchant captain, *Com. of R. I.*, I. 31. One frequently finds that members of a merchant's family acted as captains of his ships.

9 In spite of the difficulties in dealing with colonial currencies one may gain the impression that the captains were at least fairly well paid. How general was the practice of allowing to them commissions on sales I have not been able to discover. *Com. of R. I.*, I. 61, 441, II. 45

interest. Of their general honesty and ability there seems no question. Of the sailors, whose numbers may be estimated as one for eight tons in the smaller craft and one for twelve in the larger, one hears less. They too would seem to have been well paid and well behaved. About one-third of their number were colored.

So far we have dealt with shipping operated from North America and from the West Indies alone. But it must be remembered that British vessels also were employed in the carrying-trade between the islands and the continent. Of these, two classes are to be distinguished the "stationed" ships and the "seekers". The stationed ships were vessels assigned definitely to this branch of commerce. They visited successively American, West Indian, and British ports and had the advantage of securing in the last two stages of their voyages at least freights of tempting bulk. Yet they were under a serious handicap in competing with American vessels, and particularly with those of the smaller type. Owing to their large size and the inability of their owners to deal at so great a distance with producers, their operations in America were confined to large ports. The freights which they here took on for the islands had been assembled at some expense and purchased by agents on commission. By build they were unfitted for the carriage of lumber, yet the expenses of operating them were relatively high. Most fatal of all was the fact that a full voyage could not regularly be completed within a year. It is not surprising then to find that few ships were thus stationed for any length of time. The "seekers" were vessels which ran between the islands and the continent in order to fill up time during which they would otherwise have been lying idle in West Indian harbors. Some had left British goods in southern Europe and crossed in ballast to the islands; others were British slavers. All were waiting to carry West Indian produce home. What profit they picked up in the intercolonial trade was merely added gain, for the three months' trip to the continent involved but little extra expense. It would seem, however, that their share of the carrying trade, like that of the stationed ships, was comparatively small.

So much for the general outlines of the trade. For the study of details it will be convenient to confine our attention to the simple and typical case of a small ship, owned and despatched by a North American merchant, carrying no supercargo, and engaging for the time in no other branch of commerce. The cargo of such a vessel, taken on at one or at several ports,<sup>10</sup> was usually the property of a number of per-

sons. Besides the large share of the merchant principally concerned, various small lots of goods, representing the remittances and "ventures"<sup>11</sup> of North Americans or goods purchased on the orders of West Indians, were taken as freight. On the deck were placed piles of lumber, live stock, and casks of salt provisions; below were stored more perishable goods. But deck and hold were both well filled, for lumber, which on an average voyage filled two-thirds of all the space, was used to fill all gaps. The cargo safely stowed and bonds given for its delivery at destinations legally permissible,<sup>12</sup> the sailing orders were opened. In the framing of these orders careful consideration had probably been given to the nature and amounts of shipments which had recently left North America for particular West India islands and to the direction of the prevailing winds. On conclusions arrived at from these facts, and because agreements had been made for the delivery of goods at certain ports, the routes to be followed on both the outward and the home voyages were perhaps laid down. But more likely was the captain to discover that the owners expected him to search out the places where the highest prices were to be obtained in the disposal of his out-cargo and the lowest in the purchase of the return lading. Supposing that he received orders so loosely framed, his route was largely predetermined by the direction of the winds. By searching first the Windward Islands, then the Leeward, and finally Jamaica he found through most of the year winds which favored him at every stage. The voyage from the last continental to the first island port occupied, in ordinary weather, from three to four weeks.

Having arrived in the islands the captain had at once to set about disposing of his goods. Disposal of at least a part had probably been prearranged. Some parcels had been sent as remittances to creditors, others consigned to commission agents who undertook sale and collection at a rate of ten or twelve per cent. Regarding the disposition of the remainder a choice of methods offered. The captain delivered them to commission agents, personally sold them to merchants and

10 Excellent specimens of the old warehouses occupied by the West Indian merchants are still to be found on the Delaware waterfront at Philadelphia.

11 A "venture" consisted of any consignment of goods sent as a matter of speculation to be sold for whatever they would bring. It might comprise no more than a single barrel of hams despatched by some thrifty housewife. Pemberton Papers, XXI. 79; Clifford Papers, IV. 114; Coates Papers, Joshua Howell to John Reynell, Barbados, August 3, 1748.

12 Specimens of the various kinds of bonds and certificates then in use are preserved in the collection of the His. Soc. of Pa., Custom House Papers, Philadelphia, I.

planters in considerable lots, or, as a last resort, retailed them from a shop rented for the purpose. In any case his difficulties were great. West Indian merchants and planters alike enjoyed but small repute in business affairs, and, irrespective of the characters of the persons engaged, the keenest bargaining was required in every deal. Thanks to the smallness of the islands and their extreme dependence on outside supplies, any kind of American produce was apt to command very different prices in any two of them at the same time. So dilatory were the planters in carrying their produce to the shipping ports that purchasers had often to sail around the islands and invade the plantations in order to secure their goods. Thus the captain had again to encounter endless delays before he could announce to an impatient owner that the ship was ready to clear for home.<sup>13</sup>

Viewed in detail, the trade seems almost a trivial thing. In reality it constituted a vital part of the greatest commercial system of the century. To the West Indian its continuance was an essential condition of his prosperity, almost of his existence. Lumber and provisions produced in the islands or brought from Europe were high in price and irregular in supply. Reliance upon them must have made serious if not fatal inroads both on the planter's profits and on the productive power of the islands. Nor would the loss consequent on interruption of trade with North America have ended there, for molasses and rum could not even in greatly reduced quantities have maintained their prices if offered in the European market alone. As for the continental colonies, trade as they might with the foreign islands, the severance of relations with the British-owned group would have hindered their development to a marked degree. Farmers, fishermen, and lumbermen, from the Kennebec to the Savannah, would have sought in vain sufficient outlets for their goods. Merchants of New England and the middle colonies would have been hard pressed to find the means of liquidating their debts for British goods and the means of purchasing furs,

13 "Vessels from North America think nothing of lying four, five or six months". Clifford Papers, IV. 159, Harper to Clifford, Grenada, March 10, 1765. Perhaps American captains and merchants did not always find these delays especially onerous. We learn that Captain Zachariah Hutchins of Philadelphia gambled away "several hundred pounds in specie—also his brig valued at £750" at Barbados in 1770. Pemberton Papers, XXI. 79. On the other hand, Benjamin Birkett is able to announce that his friend and travelling companion Ezekiel Edwards is "the same in every instance as when he left Philadelphia, not corrupted by the vices of the island". Coates Papers, Benjamin Birkett to Samuel Coates, Barbados, October 10, 1772.

fish, and slaves. By inference it may be seen how vitally important was the success of this intercolonial commerce for the interests of the mother-country herself. Since the economic decline of either group of colonies must have affected her industry, her commerce, her shipping, and her revenues, hers was a double interest in the trade. It is not fanciful to trace connection between the sawmills of the Kennebec and the sugar refineries of the Thames Valley or to state that the amounts of hardware and textiles which went either to Philadelphia or to Kingston were in no small degree determined by the quantities of flour and rum which passed between those two ports. Nor was it only love of liberty which in 1776 united Whigs of England, of America, and of Jamaica<sup>14</sup> in opposition to the Intolerable Acts.

HERBERT C. BELL.

14 The assembly of Jamaica, December 23, 1774, petitioned the king in behalf of the continental colonies. The petition after expressing alarm at "the approaching horrors of an unnatural contest between Great Britain and her colonies in which the most dreadful calamities to this island and the inevitable destruction of the small sugar colonies are involved", boldly asserts the principle that "no one part of Your Majesty's English subjects ever can or ever could legislate for another part". It protests against "a plan almost carried into execution for enslaving the colonies founded . . . on a claim of Parliament to bind the colonists in all cases whatsoever", against the illegal grant of colonial property to the crown, and against the encouragement of the "murder" of colonists? It implores the king to protect the colonists by meditating between them and his "European subjects". P. R. O., C. O. 137: 69.

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The high cost of print paper has driven John Ellison, editor of the "Review" of Wise, Va. to give up the publishing business and go to work as a miner. According to the *New York Evening Mail*, he says he makes more money in one day with his pick than he did in a week with his pen.

Right, John! We expect to join you soon: this publishing a good magazine at present rates is more honorable than profitable—and if somebody will lend us a pick we will let him take the pen—[Ed.]

## TWO SONGS OF '61

Now that we are at war with Germany it is an appropriate time to print two songs, very popular in their day, by two of the most gifted men who ever wrote for the American press—CHARLES G. HALPINE and FITZ-JAMES O'BRIEN; both born in Ireland, both Union soldiers, and the second of whom gave his life for his adopted country.

(And the Editor is old enough to remember and to have seen both of these gifted men; as well as to have seen their regiments go to the War! *Eheu! fugaces labuntur anni.*)

Charles Graham Halpine (1829-1868) was one of the brilliant set of journalists in New York from 1852 to 1867, which included Fitz-James O'Brien and Fitzhugh Ludlow.

At the beginning of the Rebellion he enlisted in the famous Irish regiment, the 69th New York, served three months, and was afterwards on the staff of General David Hunter at Hilton Head, S. C. and during his Shenandoah expedition in '64.

While at Hilton Head he wrote a series of burlesque poems, in the assumed character of "Private Miles O'Reilly", which brought him into violent collision with the Provost-Marshal, who put him in irons; but he was soon released by order of the President.

### THE ARMY TO THE IRON CLADS

*With an accompaniment of bombshells, Greek fire, and two-hundred pounder rifled-cannon shot.*

O CH! Admiral Dahlgreen,  
It is aisy to be seen  
That ashore so long you've been  
You can never toe the mark;  
Of your ships you seem as chary  
As my little black-eyed Mary  
Of her silver-winged canary,  
Or her crockery Noah's Ark.

Tis no harm, you seem to think,  
That upon destrunction's brink—  
He is not the boy to shrink—  
Our gallant Gilmore stands;  
Houlding hard his threatened lines,  
Pushin' far his saps and mines,  
While you—knowin' his designs—  
Idly sit with folded hands.

Give us back our own Du Pont!  
 Raymond Rodgers too, we want;  
 Send the say-dogs to the front  
 Who have fought the fight before;  
 John Rodgers, Dhrayton, Rhind,  
 Ammen—grim, but always kind—  
 Aye, and Worden, though half-blind,  
 Let us have their lead once more!

Woe's me! George Rodgers lies  
 Wid dimmed and dhreamless eyes.  
 He has airy won the prize  
 Of the shstriped and starry shroud;—  
 While some fought shy away  
 He pushed far into the fray,  
 As if ayger thus to say  
 "All the lads have not been cowed!"

Staunch Fairfax and threue Downs,  
 Born layguerers of towns!  
 "No chance here of laurel crowns"  
 Thus it seems I hear you sighin';  
 "Twas not always so", you say,  
 "When Du Pont in every fray  
 Led the line and cleared the way,  
 Wid his broad blue pennon flyin' "

Och! Gideon, King of men!  
 Take Dahlgreen home again  
 And let Fulton's glowin' pen  
 All his high achavements blazon—  
 For Fulton, Gideon mine!  
 Can paint pictures, line by line,  
 All of that precise design  
 You and Fox delight to gaze on.

Dear Uncle Gideon, oh!  
 Let Dahlgreen homeward go!  
 He's a shmart man, as we know,  
 And the guns he makes are sthriking;  
 Keep him always on the make,  
 Do, Gid, for pity's sake;  
 But the warrior lead to take.

Let us have Du Pont, the Viking!

PRIVATE MILES O'REILLY

## THE SECOND MATE

Fitz-James O'Brien (1828-1862) was at one time a soldier in the British Army, but came to the United States in 1852 and devoted himself to literature writing, for the "Home Journal", "New York Times", "Harper's Magazine" and other publications. Two of his stories "The Diamond Lens" and "The Wonder-Smith" are unsurpassed as creations of the imagination, and are unique among magazine short stories. He also wrote several plays, one of which "A Gentleman from Ireland" was very successful in its day. In 1861 he went to the front as one of the New York Seventh regiment, and when it returned from service was appointed on the staff of General Frederick W. Lander, was severely wounded on February 26, 1862, and died from the effects on April 6, at Cumberland, Md.

His poem is an excellent example of his style and imagination .

**H**O, there! Fisherman, hold your hand!  
 Tell me, what is that far away—  
 There, where over the isle of sand  
 Hangs the mist-cloud sullen and gray?  
 See! it rocks with a ghastly life,  
 Rising and rolling through clouds of spray,  
 Right in the midst of the breakers' strife—  
 Tell me, what is it, fisherman, pray?"

"That, good sir, was a steamer stout  
 As ever paddled around Cape Race;  
 And many's the wild and stormy bout  
 She had with the winds, in that self-same place;  
 But her time was come; and at ten o'clock  
 Last night she struck on that lonesome shore;  
 And her sides were gnawed by the hidden rock,  
 And at dawn this morning she was no more."

"Come, as you seem to know, good man,  
 The terrible fate of this gallant ship,  
 Tell me about her all that you can;  
 And here's my flask to moisten your lip.  
 Tell me how many she had aboard—  
 Wives, and husbands, and lovers true—  
 How did it fare with her human horde?  
 Lost she many, or lost she few?"

“Master, I may not drink of your flask,  
    Already too moist I feel my lip;  
But I’m ready to do what else you ask,  
    And spin you my yarn about the ship.  
‘Twas ten o’clock, as I said, last night,  
    When she struck the breakers and went ashore;  
And scarce had broken the morning’s light  
    Than she sank in twelve feet of water or more.

“But long ere this they knew her doom,  
    And the captain called all hands to prayer;  
And solemnly over the ocean’s boom  
    Their orisons wailed on the troubrous air,  
And round about the vessel there rose  
    Tall plumes of spray as white as snow,  
Like angels in their ascension clothes  
    Waiting for those who prayed below.

“So these three hundred people clung,  
    As well as they could, to spar and rope;  
With a word of prayer upon every tongue,  
    Nor on any face a glimmer of hope.  
But there was no blubbering weak and wild—  
    Of tearful faces I saw but one,  
A rough old salt, who cried like a child,  
    And not for himself, but the captain’s son.

“The captain stood on the quarter-deck,  
    Firm but pale, with trumpet in hand:  
Sometimes he looked at the breaking wreck,  
    Sometimes he sadly looked to land;  
And often he smiled to cheer the crew—  
    But, Lord! the smile was terrible grim—  
Till over the quarter a huge sea flew;  
    And that was the last they saw of him.

“I saw one young fellow with his bride,  
    Standing amidships upon the wreck;  
His face was white as the boiling tide,  
    And she was clinging about his neck.

And I saw them try to say good-by,  
But neither could hear the other speak;  
So they floated away through the sea to die—  
Shoulder to shoulder, and cheek to cheek.

“And there was a child, but eight at best,  
Who went his way in a sea she shpped,  
All the while holding upon his breast  
A little pet parrot whose wings were clipped.  
And, as the boy and the bird went by,  
Swinging away on a tall wave’s crest,  
They were gripped by a man, with a drowning cry,  
And together the three went down to rest.

“And so the crew went one by one,  
Some with gladness, and few with fear—  
Cold and hardship such work had done  
That few seemed frightened when death was near.  
Thus every soul on board went down--  
Sailor and passenger, little and great;  
The last that sank was a man of my town,  
A capital swimmer—the second mate.

“Now, lonely fisherman, who are you  
That say you saw this terrible wreck?  
How do I know what you say is true,  
When every mortal was swept from the deck?  
Where were you in that hour of death?  
How did you learn what you relate?”  
This answer came in under-breath:  
“Master, I was the second mate!”

## ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS.

### LETTER OF JAMES M. VARNUM TO GENL. GREENE

Providence, March 26, 1780.

*As to a National Army, expresses in 1780 ideas that are in the minds of Americans of to-day.*

In a Confederation of democratical States, animated with the Feelings of Equality, almost to Licentiousness, you must, I am persuaded, be convinced that Freemen will not submit to a Distinction of Orders so material as that you prefer. But, could I decide in adopting the best military Establishment, the Switzerland should be considered as infinitely superior to all others. That was dictated by necessity and found, by long Experience, absolutely perfect. Such Restrictions notwithstanding, could not there have been endured, but from the particular Situation and Circumstances of the Cantons, surrounded by potent Nations. Poor in themselves, cultivating a soil of uncommon Sterility, prizing Liberty, contemning Affluence with chains, they relied upon their Defiles and their Establishment for Defence. Hence it is that they compose their regular Militia of the one Third of all their forcible Men, constituting the Remainder as a Corps de Reserve, for supplying all Deficiencies by Draft, and even taking the Field occasionally when the first may be incapable of preventing an Enemy from penetrating into their Country. Their Finances are such that their regular, veteran Battalions are kept on Foot, only for the purpose of supporting the Revenues. The Leaders of them can never think of forming a Revolution in Government, as the regular Militia are numerous, and amply provided with military Stores in their particular Districts, besides the grand Magazine at Bern. \* \* \*

The present Administration have met in Convention; applauded each other, and prepared a Prox. I had the Honor of being with them & objected to Messrs. Ellery and Marchant as having been too long in Congress already for the public Good, as cabals had been formed there, of which they must have been a part. The Goodness of the Men, extolled by those they flattered, was a sufficient Answer, & they graciously proffered a sacrifice of poor Collins to make way for their Opposer. And notwithstanding my refusal have put me in the Prox, to grace the Heel of their new tryumphal Entry into political Existence. \* \* \*

The States have voted to furnish their quota of Troops and Proportion of Supplies, and have opened the Treasury. An Airy Phantom. The mere reverberation of a greater Echo. The plan for raising

Magazines in the different States, is excellent founded in the most righteous Policy, and would be attended with the most salutary effects, was it informed by Congress, and prosecuted by the States with suitable Energy; But when the whole Head is Sick, the whole Heart is faint. However this is the only Method that will keep an Army in the Field, & without that, we must be miserable indeed. \* \* \*

Should the Flames of Discord extend in Europe, Great Britain will probably be reinforced by the Naval Force of the Three Northern Powers,—while Holland will join in the opposite Scale. My reasons for this conjecture are too numerous to be now explained; However, should this be the case, all the Continental Powers, with Italy and the Porte, will add to the Scenes of Desolation, by numerous Armies in the Field, 'While the green will become one red.' How important therefore it is for these States to exert themselves, to the utmost Stretch of their Abilities, every sensible Politician will readily perceive.

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LETTERS TO ROBERT MORRIS, 1776-1782

The Robert Morris Collection of autograph letters, which was sold in Philadelphia in January, was of such superlative importance that we make no apology for giving up an unusual proportion of our space to it this month. The Hamilton letter which was given in our preceeding issue was, in some respects the most notable item of the whole, as regards his views on finance and his unflattering opinions of several noted New York State notables. Yet as concerning the affairs of the Nation, there are some of more interest, and we print seventeen of them herewith—from Benjamin Harrison and William Hooper, both "Signers," addressed to Robert Morris.

Mr. S. V. Henkels well says (of the collection as a whole)—"they were written confidentially to Morris, and were not intended for other eyes. They portray the thoughts of the patriots and statesmen of the time, on the most vital points in the great struggle. Here are displayed the heart-throbs of these good and true men who sacrificed their all for the freedom of America; here is displayed their veneration for their immortal chieftain, Washington, and here are denounced those miserable wretches who, through malice and envy, tried to sow the seed of discord amongst the masses for personal emulation."

LETTERS OF BENJAMIN HARRISON, SIGNER OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE, AND LATER GOVERNOR OF VIRGINIA,  
TO ROBERT MORRIS.

Berkeley, Va., Sept. 13, 1776.

*An exceedingly interesting letter. Mentions the difficulty of getting vessels to carry coal, and their distress in not receiving intelligence from New York.*

"We are much Distress'd for want of intelligence from New York.

our accts. are so various that we know not what to believe; in one we told our Troops have quited Long Island after a smart Engagement in which they lost 600 men, and that they kill'd 1000 of the Enemy, and that their removals was by the Vote of a Council of War; by another we are told that the Regulars broke into the lines, that our Troops lay'd down their arms and beg'd for quarter, and were all ship'd on board transports to the amount of 13,000 men, I hope neither of these stories are true, as either would be destructive, but the last ruinous. It is too much to ask you to Favour me with all the News, yet I can't help begining now and then to be informed of material Points that are not in the Papers, if you have not time, truely some of my old Friends who have nothing to do may be prevailed on to spare me half an Hour, \* \* \* I think we may well Conclude on a French War, which must assuredly do our Business for us, but then will it not do that of poor old England, in which case we might fall a prey to the Conqueror in our turn? In my opinion our Security Depends on keeping the Power of those two Nations Balanced, and how is this to be done if we Refuse to hear the offers that are to be made us? I think with you, L. How(e) should be heard; the old cry of Dividing us I make no doubt will be urged by some men whose Views I always thought tended more to their own private advantage, than the Public Good; perhaps experience will prove this when it may be too late to remedy the evil. I note what you say as to my Friend the General, he expects it, and has long done so. If he could not stand his ground on Long Island I am sure he will not be able to do it in N. Y., as the Hill on the Island Commands the Towns, but if they get it I hope it will be in ruins, it is a Dreadful Sentence but they must not have such a fine Nest from which they may so easily Distress us" &c.

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Baltimore, Dec. 25, 1776.

*An important letter written on Christmas Day in reference to foreign correspondence.*

"Inclosed you have a Letter from the Committee of Secret Corres\* to the Commissioners in France which you'll please to Sign and send with the other Papers to those Gent<sup>a</sup> by the first opp'y with proper orders for their being destroy'd rather than the Enemy should get them. I need not suggest to you the Prejudice it would be to us if they should fall into their Hands. \* \* \* For God's Sake send us some News, we have none here but what a Purviance or a Rush Deal out to us, if you

wish to please your Friends come soon to us, but if you desire to keep out of the Damdest Hole in the World come not here. My Complm<sup>ts</sup> to my Friends, I wish you and them a Happy Xmas, a Merry one you cannot have, Divided so far and on such an occasion from those you Love."

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Baltimore, Dec. 29, 1776.

*An important historical letter on military affairs.*

"Be so kind as to order the muskets imported for the Continent on the sloop—and the *Andrea Doria* down to the Head of Elk to the Care of Mr. Rudolph, this is directed by order of Congress to arm three Virginia Regiments that are order'd up without their arms.

You have Inclosed a List of Necessaries wanted to fit out the Virg<sup>a</sup> Horse. You'l please to order Towers to have them immediately provided, all the other Military Stores that came in the Vessells above you'l please to send to any place where you shall think they will be safe. We gave Mease orders to send Cloaths & Blankets to Elk for Col<sup>o</sup> Fleming's Reg<sup>t</sup> I have wrote to him again on the subject but for fear he should neglect it, wish you would speak to him.

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Baltimore, Jan. 8, 1777.

*A newsy letter containing much historical information, and giving his view of Baltimore. Mentions that the Committee of Secret Correspondence has bought a fast sailing Vessel "which is now ready to sail for Nantes, and is only detained for a certain acc<sup>t</sup> of our General's success. Faulty as I am, you must give me some little cred<sup>t</sup> when I tell you it proceeded from my note doubting you (r) getting the Information from the Secret Comm<sup>t</sup>, who are not able to answer all they rec'd on the subject of trade without your assistance." He then complains of the price of tobacco, caused by "Pleasants, who is buying all the good he can lay his hands on at that price, for the Tory Quakers in your Town, I wish Congress may remove back with all my Heart, for I am most cursedly vex'd with this place, indeed I had like to have been so with Philad<sup>a</sup>: nothing but the little circle of acquaintances I had there prevented it.*

\* \* \* God grant that Philad<sup>a</sup> may be a place of safety. I think it will if the Life of our Worthy General is preserved, but I tremble for him, every officer complains of his exposing himself too much. \* \* \*

I never was better pleased than to find your People turning out as they do. I wish a little Spark could be sent here, all is either confusion or Langour, or it may be worse. The Colony has never yet been represented. How could the man I loved, and Respected turn Rascal? I knew his Principles of Politics were not quite right, but I expected his objections would soon be done away, and that he would be again restored to us, but alas I have been totally mistaken in him, he was ever mark'd, you know I must mean A. A.— \* \* \* I most sincerely thank you for your kind wishes to see me again at the Hills. I generally appropriate some moments on Sunday to that Place, let me be where I will, but in this infernal sink I scarcely think of anything else; there is not even a Tavern that we can Ride to for Exercise and amusement within 15 miles of the Place. I mean such as a Gent<sup>o</sup> can dine in with comfort. \* \* \* \* My compliments to Walton \* \* \* he should not, if I could help it, stay where he is, if he could be of service here, but as he can not I leave him to assist you and to Toy away a leisure Hour now and then with his *Fille de Joy*," &c.

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Williamsburg, Va., Oct. 31, 1777.

*Important historical letter referring to the evacuation of Philadelphia by the British, and complimenting Mr. Morris on the occasion if the news is correct.*

"I most sincerely congratulate you on this very good News we have from the North, but more so on the acc<sup>t</sup> we have Rec<sup>d</sup> of Washington being once more in possession of Philadelphi<sup>a</sup>. This last is not so well authenticated as I could wish yet I believe it, as I have seen one line from under the Post Masters hand at your York, which informs us of the fact; we suppose Mr. Howe did not chuse to stand a second attack and has retreated to his Ships below Chester, but this is all guess work, no man here being favored with a line from Congress, or any one in it, a matter of no small mortification to me. If it should be true that Philad<sup>a</sup> is again ours pray make my very particular compliments to Mrs. Morris on the Joyous occasion, I hope her worthy Breast will be again at rest and that she may no more meet with the alarms and distresses she has encountered lately—Our Assembly had not a sufficient number of members to make a house till yesterday, tho' the day of meeting was twelve Days ago; this has a bad look you will say, yet I can venture to assure you that what members I have seen seem very

well disposed to support with Vigour the American cause, but then other States must do the same, they will never be the Pack Horses of America. Your Resolutions in the Confederation that all States shall be equal as to their Votes gives great, and I think just uneasiness, and you may assure yourself will never go down if there should be one more obnoxious article, which I am very apt to think will be the Case, thro' the fears and apprehensions of some, and the Jealousies and designs of others. My earnest wish is that an accommodation betwixt the States may take place, and no endeavours of mine shall be wanting to bring it about on just and equitable terms, but I neither can nor will sacrifice my Country--"

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"Virginia" (probably Berkeley) Nov. 7, 1777.

*Speaks of the Rev. Jacob Duché trying to corrupt our "Virtuous Washington," and asks Mr. Morris to oblige him by writing him a letter occasionally containing the news. He complains that they are overrun with false reports and infamous lies, circulated sometimes by their friends, but mostly by the Enemy.*

"One day Gates has Burgoyne and his whole army in custody, the next he is in the same predicament himself, Washington is also in Phil<sup>a</sup>, the next day contradicts it, and we are told he is not likely to get there, you see therefore it is from friendship amongst those who know the Truth that we are to come at it, and therefore can judge how truly Valuable a Friendly intercourse of Letters must be. \* \* \* Before I left Philad. I had agreed with Bringhurst of German Town for a Chariot with four harness compleat, to be furnished in the most workmanlike manner for the sum of £310; it was already to go on the Carriage except, that it wanted a lining, to get which done and the painting it was sent into the City; if we should again be so happy as to possess ourselves of the Town will you be so obliging as to Demand it and pay him the money and Charge it to either Ben or myself, and let us know when it is ready that it may be sent for by Mr. Peyton Randolph my Son in Law to whom it belongs. \* \* \* Hancock I hear is gone, if he is I shall ever be satisfied, he only waited for my leaving Congress to take this step, tho' I am a little at loss to assign a reason why he should act in such a manner, \* \* \* The assembly seems determined to raise a large sum in this State, that is two or three hundred thousand Pounds, and

what, you will say will that do? Very little indeed, and yet it will be full as much as the Country can bear. If we beat Howe soundly will no mode be fallen on to inquire whether England will acknowledge our Independence or not, and give us peace? If I was with you I most assuredly should make the proposal, well knowing it either now is, or soon will be absolutely necessary for us both, and therefore I should think it would not be very difficult to accomplish, as the proud Stomachs of the Haughty Britains would be taken down and their Eyes and Ears opened to their true Interest, which it is plain would be peace with us, if they had War with all the rest of the World. Let the proposal be made when it will, independence must be insisted on, and not given up as has been insolently proposed by Duché; by the by, what could that man mean by introducing so many of us into his Letter, and thereby subjecting us to the suspitions of the world? I am sure he has no right to judge of my sentiments, having never given them to him in any manner, nor have I ever been in his company but twice in my life and that above two years ago. I am unable to account for his behaviour in but one way, which is that he is out of his head, and this I think may be fairly concluded from his insolent attempt on the most Virtuous Washington," &c.

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Williamsburg, Va., Dec. 18, 1777.

*A letter of unusual interest, Speaks of Genl. Washington being slandered by Samuel and John Adams, and of a motion in Congress to divide the command of the army. After speaking of entering into business with Mr. Morris, he says:*

"We have a story circulating here that there has been a motion made in Congress to divide the command of the army and that R. H. L.(ee) was at the bottom of it. It makes much noise, and if true, will effectually do his business; we are also informed that Genl Washington's character has been attack'd publicly by S. & J. Adams, and that the Genl. has been so inform'd Your being sent to Camp gives me some reason to fear that these reports may be true, and that my worthy Friend resents such treatment, I KNOW HIS VALUE & WOULD NOT LOSE HIM, IF WE DO, AMERICA WILL REPENT IT BY THE LOSS OF HER LIBERTY. The Confederation is unanimously agreed to by both Branches of the Legislature. There is one part of it I confess I could have wish'd

to have alter'd, which gives the Congress power of regulating the Trades and of course granting a monopoly of the whole, or any part of it to any Nations it pleases, tho' some of our connoisseurs say they have no such power, there being no express grant of it, which they say is necessary to constitute the right, and that it can't be obtained by implication. I shall be glad of your opinion on the matter. The Men of War still keep us Blocked up and I dare say will do so all the Winter, in which case many Vessels will rot with their Loads, in them, and yours amongst the Rest, and my Ships I fear will share the same fate on the Stocks, which will be a most deadly stroke to me. If they do stay the winter, it will be on acc<sup>t</sup> of the Frigate at Baltimore, which they seem determined not to let proceed to Sea. We have not a word of News, nor any thing that I know of worth your Notice, except that this Country will act an Example I hope to the rest of her Sister States, by sending her full quota of Troops, and raising as much money as the People can bear: if all the rest will do so we may once again meet with joyful countenances and Cheerful Hearts" &c

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Virginia, Feb. 19, 1778.

*An important historical letter, in which he deprecates the intriguing of certain individuals against Genl. Washington by trying to depose him and place Genl. Gates in command. He denounces this villainous and scandalous scheme in the strongest manner.*

"I thank you for your favor of the 8th Ult<sup>o</sup> and glad to find it is your opinion that Congress have it not in their Power to grant a monopoly of our Trade, being fully satisfied that if they had such a power they would one day make a bad use of it. The monopoly act of this Country is nearly on the plan you propose, except that no limited advance is fixed for the retailer. I wish it may answer the expectations of the framers of it, tho' I verily think it will not, and that no human wisdom can invent a method that will do it.

It gives one great pain to be certainly inform'd that there are some in the Senate who dislike our General. I have long suspected it, nay I something more than suspect it, but had my hopes that his continued Labours, and the situation he has ever been in, of always being inferior to the Enemy in numbers, and his men in want of every necessary, circumstances well known to Congress, would in the end have

made every man his friend, and have satisfied them that more than he has done would not have been done by any man, and that we have no one that could in any degree have equal'd him; I am as confident of this as I am of my existence that THE FAVORITE OF THE DAY (Charles Lee?) is as far inferiour to him, as he is inferiour to any officer in the army, and this truth America will experience to her cost, if ever he should be placed at the head of her armies. Certain I am of one thing, that if this measure takes place a great part of the strength of this Country will be immediately taken off.

The General is fully inform'd of all these Cabals, they prey on his Constitution, sink his Spirits, and will in the end I fear prove fatal to him; if this should be the case excuse me for once more repeating it, America, will lose perhaps her only prop. He well knows bad consequences would follow his resignation, or he would not leave it in the power of the wicked and designing thus to insult him, with a few words more I shall finish this painful Subject, *Be Ware of your Board of War.*

I am truly sorry for the conduct of your Brother, and the disagreeable Scrape he has bro<sup>t</sup> you into, tho' it certainly can not operate to your disadvantage with thinking men.

I find we shall fall short of our full Quota of men, occasion'd by too great an allowance being made for the reenlistments of the old Troops, tho' I hope the deficiency will not be great; Our Draught of Militia to fill up our Regiments is pretty well over in this part of the country—in some places they submitted to it with great willinness, this Country and many others raised their Quotas by Volunteers, but then we gave a private bounty of upwards of 200 Dollars a Man, and they are only to serve for one year—I had my hopes we should have been Able to raise a respectable body of Volunteers over and above our quota to serve for six months, but these hopes are now at an end. I think very little will be done in that way. \* \* \*

If you should be under the disagreeable necessity of removing your Family this way, and you think I can be in any Manner Serviceable to them, I beg you will command me without reserve; and I think on this occasion you should not depend too much on what you expect Providence will do for us; such Enthusiam is very commendable in the Statesman, but may be carried too far in the Husband and Father. Let me earnestly recommend the immediate removal of your Family, for it is

my opinion Gen. Howe will open the Campaign by the first of April, well knowing that our recruits can't join the army till May, in which case our Worthy General will once more be induced to the mortifying necessity of retreating," etc.

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Williamsburg, May 8, 1778.

*An important historical document in reference to the State of Virginia furnishing Washington with more troops, and informing Mr. Morris of the death of his brother in France.*

"I have your favor of the 14th Ult. and rejoice much to find that faction is no more, and that my friend wears a Contented Brow. I am sure if we do our part no duty of his will be left undone; I have not heard what your State is about, I mean as to their quota of Troops. I have seen their Bill of attainder indeed, in which perhaps their might be some propriety after furnishing the Gen<sup>l</sup> with ten thousand men to drive the enemy out of their Country, but till that is done, such a Bill would have been full as well in their wise Noddles.

I hear Lewis went thro' this Town a few days before I got here, and that he was on his way to Carolina, I suppose to visit our friend Hewes and to call him to acc<sup>t</sup> for supposed injuries, for real ones I dare say there are not \* \* \* Our Assembly seem determin'd to send a respectable Body of men to reenforce Gen<sup>l</sup> Washington, but what will be the Number or how they are to be raised I can not tell yet.

I suppose before this you must have Rec'd an acc<sup>t</sup> of your unfortunate Bro<sup>o</sup> Death, if you have not I think you may depend that the fact is so. a Capt. who came from France brings the acc<sup>t</sup> and says it happen'd on the first of Jan<sup>y</sup>. I am sorry for it, as he had great abilities which he might one day have made a proper use of" etc.

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"Virginia", June 8, 1778.

"Your favor of the 26th ulto came to hand a few days ago; at the same time I Rec'd the inclosed from my friend Deane, who expected at the time of writing that it would find me in Congress; the contents of it are so interesting to him that it is but justice they should be communicated to some of the members of that Body, lest he may suffer

more unmerited ill treatment, the Characters he has drawn of the two Bro<sup>o</sup> (Arthur & William Lee?) in my opinion are just ones, you who know them not can form but an imperfect Idea of those on that side the water, by what you have seen on this, they being much more designing, vindictive and overbearing; perhaps you may think this impossible, but be assured it is a fact, and that they are no more fit for the characters they bear, than any man that can be thought on; however they are fixed and I suppose America must suffer them for a season longer, as the Cabal is at present too powerful to afford us the least prospect of their removal. Doc<sup>y</sup> Franklin's Letter (also inclosed) will in a manner prove that a Change ought to take place; when an opp<sup>y</sup> offers the welfare of America will loudly call on the Virtuous in Congress to make the attempt. You will please show these letters to my Friend Bannister, and such others only as you can trust, and then return them by some safe hand to me.

I think your conjectures of the Enemy's intentions of quitting Philad<sup>a</sup> are highly probable, as I can see nothing but their ruin if they attempt to stay, that is without reinforcements, if they should get them, it is not so certain, as there seems to be such a langour in the minds of the Common People from one end of the continent to the other that it will be impossible to rouse them to action. I speak with certainty as to this Country, and from hearsay as to others. I need not tell you it will give me pleasure to find I have been misinformed. The Assembly have been exerted themselves greatly, they have voted a full Regiment of Horse under Nelson which may be raised, if they can be accoutred; they have also call'd on two thousand of their Countrymen to turn out for six months, and have fallen I think on a good method to fill up their Continental Regiments, the bounties and other advantages in Cloths and necessaries offer'd are almost ruinously great, and yet I am lead to think all this will not do, and that very few men will be got. Heaven you say has done miracles, it has so, but if it now stops the work will I fear not be done; I am not used to despond, and yet I cannot help gloomy thoughts when I view our prospects. I am placed in a very honorable Station much against my will, as it was really my firm intention to retire from public business, and apply myself wholly to my own; however thus honorably call'd on, I must divide my time betwixt both in such a manner, that I hope neither will suffer greatly. You will before this reaches you have heard that our Bay is clear of all men of war. They are gone it seems after the fleet expected

from France. I hope they will miss their aim and that we shall have no more of their company, in which case this Country will be in flourishing circumstances, for I plainly see the Continent must make much the greatest part of its remittances from the Southern States." &c &c

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Virginia, Aug. 18, 1778.

*A friendly letter, mentioning the chariot Mr. Bringhurst is making for Mr. Randolph, and speaks of his youthful indiscretions and financial condition, and regrets the wanton dismantling by the British of Robt. Morris' House, "The Hills."*

"I am really concern'd for the dismantled condition of The Hills, tis but a pitiful kind of revenge to fall on houses and gardens for the offences of their owners; but such have been and ever will be the Case with the low minded. I am extremely oblig'd to you and my good friend Mrs. Morris for your friendly wishes of seeing me in Phila<sup>4</sup>. At the time I wrote I had some expectation of being sent for a short time in a public character, but this is now at an end and the visit must be postponed, notwithstanding my wishes and inclinations strongly press me to it. I must lay my hands to the Plough and not quit till I have exonerated myself from a load of Debt that depresses me both in mind and body. I know myself equal to the task, tho' I have a rough sea to contend with and am but illy provided with sails and oars, it would take up too much of your time and answer no good purpose to give you an historical acc<sup>t</sup> of my getting into the situation; let it suffice to say that youth and inexperience involved me in difficulties that age and a more ripened judgment could not extricate me from, in the state of our Country at that time," &c.

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Williamsburg, Nov. 5, 1778.

"I have not rec'd more pleasure for some time than on seeing the nature of your City members, if the rest of your country has been as wise I trust you will again be happy; for Gods sake get rid as fast as possible of General Dunderhead, you know he can do more mischief in one Day, than he has sense enough to remedy in his whole Life. You may as well expect the sea will refuse to receive the rivers that constantly feed her, as to satiate the avarice of the worthies you speak of;

my word for it, it is not to be done, ambition is but a secondary passion with them, tho' of that they have an abundant stock, you have nothing for it but to get rid of them altogether, and that I fear is impossible."

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Richmond, Dec. 28, 1781.

*An interesting letter, informing Mr. Morris that he has been chosen Governor of Virginia.*

"Before this reaches you I suppose you will have heard of my being placed at the head of the State; it is a place of great honor and trust, but by no means one that will excite envy in those who know the Situation of the Country, and consider what I shall have to go thro; I have for some time avoided the appointment, but on my friend Nelson's resignation, as a good citizen I could do it no longer. The art of government in old and establish'd constitutions, is by no means easy, what must be then in ours, which at present is little short of Anarchy and Confusion; nothing that I know of will carry me thro' with any tolerable *éclat*, but weighing well everything of moment that I have to do, and when I have taken my determination, to carry it thro' with perseverance & resolution; such a conduct may succeed if I am not overruled by my Council, but as they are good men, I have at present no fear on that head, let matters go on as they may. I am embarked, and neither dangers nor difficulties shall affright me, or prevent my using every means to arrive in a port of Safety. \* \* \* I must Support the Character I am in, in some degree at least and as this Country is quite without anything that is good, I must trespass on your friendship so far, as to beg the favor of you to order me a pipe of best Madeira and one of Sherry to the head of Elk, to the care of some gent<sup>h</sup> there, who will forward them to me at this place by the first safe opp'y, but I must candidly tell you, I shall not be in Cash to pay for them in less than three or four months, and therefore wish you to act as it may suit you, either to order them or not; you will excuse me for giving you this trouble. I know you don't deal in this way, but I have no other friend from I can ask such a favor."

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Richmond, March, 28, 1782.

*An important historical letter, written as Governor of Virginia, disclaiming any offence being intended by the wording in former letters, and*

*reviewing Virginia's plight from the inception of the Revolution to the present time. The body of the letters was evidently written by his son Benjamin.*

"Your expressions of Friendship & Regard demand my warmest acknowledgements & I give them with sincerity, tho' I cannot enter into the very new distinction you make, between the Public & Private Man, as to literary correspondence. I have looked over the letter which has drawn on me such a torrent of harsh epithets, & can not find one expression, which without straining carries the meaning you have put on it. I am sure I did not intend to give offence, & I think you should have been more sensible of it, as not to have taken any. The Paragraph respecting the Genl's Bills to Ross, was not in stronger terms than you use, on a similar occasion, when those drawn on this State to Irish were refused, nor did the opinion I gave on the rights of Congress to fix a mode of Taxation, carry with it a charge of Ignorance, unless omnipresence is ascribed to them. The distressed situation this State has been in & the oppression the Inhabitants have groaned under for near two years made it the indispensible duty of the Executive to use every exertion to relieve them, and to apply for the same assistance from Congress that was given to other States that were at perfect ease, free from the Ravages of an Enemy, their husbandmen at a distance from the Din of Arms, quietly following their Plows & Cultivating their Lands and their merchants growing oppulent by a great & extensive Trade. This request has drawn on me the Charge of Ignorance & is construed into an Offence. I know Pennsylvania has pay'd money in commutation for specifics, into your Hands & that Virginia had only furnished specific Articles. This might be more convenient to the United States, but makes no difference as to the Burthens of the two States, but supposing, Pennsylvania deserved more, was the regulations confined to that State? I have long since seen contracts from Boston to Maryland, & one of your public Letters shows a prodigious saving to the United States by the Measure. I will now quit the subject altogether & forever, & leave you to your own reflections on it, after giving you a true state of this Country.

From the fall of Charles Town, till some time after the Battle of Gilford, we have sent out large parties of Militia to the assistance of the Gen'l commanding to the Southward. These were from time to time, relieved by others so that the Lands of near one third more, than

were on actual duty, were left uncultivated, by which means they were not only unable to pay Taxes, but their families were reduced in numberless instances to the greatest distress, After the above period Lessley invaded the State, 3000 Militia were immediately in motion to oppose him, These had scarcely time to get home, when Arnold invaded us & ravaged a considerable district of the lower Country. 3000 were in arms to oppose him, & from that time till the end of the Siege of York, near six thousand men were constantly on duty; both Armies lived on free quarters, and ravaged the Country from one end of it almost to the other. From the Siege of York to this moment, the people have been plundered by the Continental Armies and forces, for want of being supplyed; devastation marks their footsteps whenever they move, nor is there one of the staff departments that has had any money from Congress that I know of, since the War has been in the South, in the midst of these distresses the Assembly annihilated the paper money, and called on the People for hard money. This they have not, nor could it be expected they should have it, as our trade has been shut up for near two years & what Goods we had were to be got from our Neighbors, only for hard money, & to this Catalogue of Evils add the destruction of all the Tobacco that was in the Warehouses of James & York Rivers. This is not an exaggerated Account. Judge therefore from it, whether it was not my duty at least to ask as much as was done for other States.

In my public Letter, I have much against my inclination taken up your time in some measure I hope it will be the last I shall have occasion to write either to you or any other person.

I have now only to beg of you to be assured that there is no man in America, that has a higher sense of the services you have rendered the United States, or to whom your successes give greater pleasure than to me. Anything that either adds Honor or Happiness to my Friend, will always be glad Tidings to, Dear Sir" &c.

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LETTERS OF WILLIAM HOOPER, SIGNER OF THE DECLARATION  
OF INDEPENDENCE.

Baltimore, Dec. 28, 1776.

*An unusually fine specimen and a very interesting gossip letter on the doings of Congress during the sitting of that body in Baltimore. Men-*

*tions full powers having been given to Genl. Washington, and describes Baltimore in very unflattering terms.*

"If my conduct in Congress has in your opinion, been featured with the lines of humanity, I hope it has never degenerated into unmanly milkiness and lost sight of a due respect to the safety of my Country. Under a proper restraint I never shall have occasion to regret it, however a contracted few may condemn me. Men see things thro' different mediums, and to some of these to be unfortunate is to be criminal. It is enough for me, My dear Sir, that I have the approbation of yourself and a few others whom I sincerely love and esteem; it has very often given me an importance in my own eyes, that my feelings have been congenial with yours, and that we have together sympathized in the sufferings of the victims to this unnatural contest. Thank God, we can say and with truth too, that we have never sported with Calamities of our fellow beings nor exercised power merely that we possess it. I shall pay particular attention to the subject of Mr. Irwin's memorial and as I cannot perceive that there are grounds for a plausible pretext to refuse the prayer of it, I infer that his application to Congress will be attended with success. I have made known the purpose of his errand to Middleton, Harrison and Wilson and others 'who can melt a human woe.' The Delegates from Char'town from whom opposition was to be expected if from any quarter, think him too undesigning, too well disposed or too unfortunate to counteract his wishes, so at present it seems.

I am well aware of the burden of publick business with which our removal hitherto has encumbered you. When in Philadelphia, when we took a small share of it to ourselves, I have been amazed how you waded thro' it, and found leisure for your own private concerns and the enjoyment of your friends. Congress seems unanimously sensible of the obligations which they owe you, and you may boast of being the only man whom they all agree to *speak* & I really believe *think* well of.

I earnestly wish however that we could have you here for a little while. The transactions of this and a few proceeding days have in my opinion strongly proved the necessity of it. We have moved very rapidly in business and while some compliment themselves upon increasing Industry and application, I think I can find the cause else where & that the suddenness of decision may be truly attributed to ignorance of the Subject. We have been holding forth new lines to France

by offering what we have not to give, & provided they will conquer the whole of Newfoundland and secure the fishing, that we will most bountifully & most graciously give them one half for their trouble. We have found out that the Duke of Tuscany is a potentate of much consequence, while some of us are such Ignoramuses as to think him very insignificant in the naval and military line and in this respect not worthy attention, & that in commercial matters his interest will attach him to us without much sollicitation. But I anticipate an amusement which you have to come, the Picture of our follies will be the more pleasing from being viewed at full length.

We have given Genl. Washington large and ample powers, fully equal to the object if America means to contend and support him. Thus the Business of War will for six months to come move in the proper channels, & the Congress be no longer exercised about matters of which it is supremely ignorant.

A Plan is in agitation to appoint exclusive powers out of doors, and resolved the business of Treasury, Board of War and of Commerce into the hands of persons not members of Congress. A Committee appointed for that purpose & you are a member of it. You will be much wanted. I wish if your attendance is imopssible that you would reduce a few tho'ts to paper upon the subject of a Chamber of Commerce, which is the Hobby Horse & for which I fancy we are indebted to the Abilities of Mr. P—e.

I earnestly wish that the Congress could return to Philadelphia without hazarding the Ignominy of a second flight on the charge of Caprice. This dirty, boggy hole beggars all description. We are obliged, except when the Weather paves the streets to go to Congress on Horseback, the way so miry that Carriages almost stall on the sides of them. When the Devil proffered our Saviour the Kingdom of the World, he surely placed his thumb on this delectable spot & reserved to himself for his own peculiar chosen seat and inheritance. As to the Inhabitants, the Congress can boast no acquaintance with them but what arises from their daily exorbitant claims upon our pockets. \* \* \* The Congress meets tomorrow, it is Sunday. Why, Heaven knows. I cannot conceive unless it is to give us importance in the eyes of the very respectable Inhabitants of this place." &c.

Baltimore, Feb. 1, 1777.

*A truly remarkable letter in which, speaking of Genl. Washington's successes in the Jersies, launches out in an elaborate eulogy of the General and pronounces him the greatest man on earth. He also denounces New York, Delaware and Maryland for not sending their full representation to Congress. They may as well desert the cause." But he lauds Pennsylvania's representation in the highest terms, particularly James Wilson and George Ross. He also mentions the ill-health of Thomas Nelson and himself, which he attributes to the climate of Baltimore.*

My dear Sir:

It was with singular pleasure I read your two last very friendly letters, and long before this I had gratefully acknowledged the receipt of them, if I had not met an insuperable obstacle, in a fever which at this moment locks me up in my chamber.

After an illness of several days an Impatience to be in Congress drew me out in a very wet day. The Consequences were what any man in his senses might have expected, a Relapse & had I not been fortunate in a Physician, I perhaps had been measuring my length and breadth under ground, a situation bad enough indeed, but bad as it is, surely preferable to being *above* it for anytime in this worst of all possible places. I am now recovering and God willing, propose moving southward in a few days Nelson by advice of a Physician goes tomorrow. He is in a bad state of Health. Harrison is still ill—and unless he is more attentive to Exercise and Regimen, I fear the consequences will be serious. With one united voice we ascribe this Catalogue of Ills to this place. I declare to you the Congress presents such a scene of yellow death-like faces, that you may imagine Rhadamanthus had shifted his quarters & was holding Court in Baltimore. I believe were it the case he would soon be glad to get back to his friend Pluto's Regions. I have eased my Stomach. When Fancy is exhausted in blackness of description, when you are disposed to abuse my Carolina, Spare every figure of Rhetorick & compare it to Baltimore.

I congratulate you upon the new face which our affairs have assumed in the Jersies. **UNDER EVERY DIFFICULTY THAT A MILITARY GENIUS COULD POSSIBLY HAVE TO STRUGGLE WITH, GENERAL WASHINGTON SOMETIMES ALMOST WITHOUT AN ARMY, AT LEAST WITH ONE COMPOSED OF RAW AND UNDISCIPLINED TROOPS, IMPATIENT OF COMMAND**

& VASTLY INFERIOR IN NUMBERS TO THE ENEMY, HAS BEEN ABLE TO CHECK A VICTORIOUS ARMY, WITH EVERY THING THAT COULD AFFORD A PROBABILITY OF SUCCESS, THUNDERING AT THE VERY GATES OF THE CAPITOL OF AMERICA, TO CHANGE THEIR COURSE, & IS NOW PURSUING THEM IN TURN TO THE ONLY SPOT WHICH THEY HAVE POSSESSION OF IN AMERICA. WILL POSTERITY BELIEVE THE TALE? WHEN IT SHALL BE CONSISTENT WITH POLICY TO GIVE THE HISTORY OF THAT MAN FROM HIS FIRST INTRODUCTION INTO OUR SERVICE, HOW OFTEN AMERICA HAS BEEN RESCUED FROM RUIN BY THE MERE STRENGTH OF HIS GENIUS, CONDUCT & COURAGE, ENCOUNTERING EVERY OBSTACLE THAT WANT OF MEN, MONEY, ARMS, AMMUNITION COULD THROW IN HIS WAY, AN IMPARTIAL WORLD WILL SAY WITH YOU, THAT HE IS THE GREATEST MAN ON EARTH. MISFORTUNES ARE THE ELEMENT IN WHICH HE SHINES. THEY ARE THE GROUNDWORK ON WHICH HIS PICTURE APPEARS TO THE GREATEST ADVANTAGE. HE RISES SUPERIOR TO THEM ALL, THEY SERVE AS FOILS TO HIS FORTITUDE, AND AS STIMULANTS TO BRING INTO VIEW THOSE GREAT QUALITIES WHICH IN THE SEVERITY OF LIFE HIS GREAT MODESTY KEEPS CONCEALED. I COULD FILL THE SIDE IN HIS PRAISE, BUT ANYTHING I CAN SAY CANNOT EQUAL HIS MERITS, OR RAISE YOUR IDEA OF THEM.

I lament, my dear Sir, the very small representation which America presents in Congress, the members will soon be reduced to the number of 22, how unequal to the importance of its councils! I am sorry to say that I think they savour of the truth of an Observation contrasted to that in holy Writ. That in the multitude of councillors there is Wisdom. Some of the middle and Southern Colonies have much to answer for in the want of representation. It is a Crime however which carries its own punishment with it, & if there are two Interests in America; that must necessarily prevail which always has its advocates on the spot to promote it, while the other is deserted by those whom every tie of honour, Duty & publick Virtue should induce to a different conduct. New York, Delaware, Maryland may almost as well desert the Cause, as so lamely support it by their appearance in its publick Councils. I have the next delegation of your State much at heart, & should be very sorry that any change should take place to the exclusion of Wilson. He is a Character somewhat particular, but after a long and pretty intimate acquaintance with him, I am extremely deceived, if pure Integrity & love to America, a just and generous attachment to the State which he represents, a strong matural capacity improved by

extensive reading & a great retentive memory, when cool judgment has matured & digested what he has read, are not the genuine characteristicks of my friend Wilson. His removal from Congress in my opinion would work an essential political Evil. Ross has I think acted unexceptionably. Now and then He takes a whimsical turn, perhaps a wrong one, but to do him Justice he does not persist in it. He is too much of a *Character* not to be excentric. He is a sincere friend to the Cause, I think is independent in his motions. Pardon this intrusion into *internal local policy*. I have the publick good in view which must prove my Apology.

I am much pleased with our Success against the foraging party, & the more so from General Dickinson having had the Command. He has laid up a fund of Reputation as a patriot & an officer which will be sufficient not only for himself for life, but upon which his Brother the Farmer may make draughts to repair that loss of Credit into which constitutional weakness of nerves has betrayed him and in which I sincerely believe his heart had no share.

What is the Policy of quartering Soldiers upon the Inhabitants of your City? Was not this one of the great evils which the bill of rights was intended to remedy in the executive power of the British Constitution. Was it not a grievance that we clamoured loudly against when Subject to G. B. I wish it may not lead to reflections injurious to our Cause & give disaffected men reason to complain, who have hitherto growled without it, & have in vain wrecked their Inventions to sully our glorious Cause, and call forth the Censure of the World upon those who support it. I would not wish wantonly to sport with mens feelings. There will be a time & I hope it is not at a great distance when the distinction of Whig & Tory will be lost and resolve itself into the Common Appellation of *Citizens of the Indep' States*. All political grudges will die away & harmony & happiness cement the whole. I wish that no wounds may be made among ourselves that time & common Interest may not at least heal. In so great a Convulsion Sacrifices must be made, but it has been the policy of every wise legislator to found the Change of Government in Unity and forbearance. I have been led to this out-of-the-way Speculation from having heard that your Council of Safety had barracked Soldiers upon your Citizens, and trusted the Execution of it to Militia. I know your feelings will help me to an excuse for thus trespassing again upon Internal policy.

I wish some expedient could be fallen upon to put our monied matters in a proper train: the demands upon us are immense, and must continue so. Like beginners in everything else, we want economy, or rather, want System. Unless officers are appointed competent to the management of our funds, we must be ruined, from a false parsimony in saving hundreds in salaries of proper officers, we are sporting away Millions in the want of them. I wish the Loan Office may succeed at 4 p. Cent. the Southern Colonies will not consent to raise it. They consider the Eastern Governments as in possession of almost all the Continental Currency, and the rise to 5 as only a prelude to a higher demand, and that in proportion to our necessities—But I have already trespassed too far upon your patience and proved to you perhaps that my Head has had its share of my fever. I will trouble you no further than to say I shall be happy to hear from you while I am in Carolina, and to assure you on paper, which I hoped to have done in person before I left this part of the Continent, that Absent or Present, I am and shall Ever remain

Yours, with the truest Affection  
Wm. HOOPER.

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Cape Fear (N. C.) May 27, 1777.

*He mentions that Joseph Hewes has been defeated for Congress and that he himself has been appointed a delegate, but on account of the treatment to his friend Hewes he shall refuse the commission. Speaks of the difficulty of recruiting for the army, of the lies kept in circulation by the Tories, and the way in which he tries to counteract their efforts.*

Yes, My dear Sir, thus long and faithful service are requited. Hewes has lost his Election. The charge against him was too futile to be repeated except to be despised, 'That he was employed loading Vessels for the secret committee and receiving commissions as a merchant, when he ought to have been at Congress as a delegate, tho' by the by, an excruciating fit of Rheumatism incapacitated him for the Journey, & as you well know it was in obedience to the earnest requisition of the secret Committee by you, their representative, that he was employed in this very necessary business. It was lucky that Hewes had not begun his Journey or his removal might have been announced to him on the road, or in the exercise of his delegatorial function in Congress. I wish our Assembly may be convinced of their error. I imagine that

such a Certificate in Mr. Hewes's favour as you would draw, subscribed by all the Members who have served with him & know his integrity & usefulness, would have an effect which as his friend I wish to promote. Should this be your Opinion, when you have effected, it forward it to me.

I was again appointed a delegate. The situation of my own private affairs, the importunity of my wife, and little ones, that delicacy which I felt as a friend, did not leave me a moment in suspence whether I should decline the honour intended me, & to you who feel the full force of conjugal & paternal affection and are all alive to the wrongs done your friend, sure I am I stand justified. As it deprives me of your agreeable society, and that of others, it has its melancholy reflections, but as it furnishes me with a consciousness of having done my duty, I endeavor to suppress them, and look forward to a future opportunity when I may be restored to you, without violating the respect which I owe to my family and connections. *He then complains of hearing nothing from Congress and mentions the dissatisfaction this causes among the inhabitants.* "Our tories are ever ready to rouze or fan their suspicions, & the charitable construction they bestow upon your Secrecy is, that you are doing nothing or engaged about what you dare not disclose. These infernal villains slyly insinuate that the Congress' attention is chiefly exercised to devise ways and means to continue in office, or to amass money. \* \* \* The Conditions of our Army should be frequently announced, altho' nothing material may happen, yet it will give the lie to the various reports we have of battles fought & successes obtained which are furnished us by every travelling vagrant or deserter who makes his way hither, from the northward. \* \* \* Is Stockton the Delegate in Jail? Is the *Congress* Frigate taken? Has Genl Washington but 7000 men? We make a blessed hand of recruiting here, of 9 Regts we can bring scarce 2000 men in the field. The havock the sickness which prevailed the Southern States, last year made amongst them & that horrid expedition which was undertaken against St. Augustine at the most inclement season thinned the Army of some of our best men & has discouraged others from enlisting," &c &c.

## LETTER OF MARTHA WASHINGTON ON HOME MATTERS

Very few letters of her are known to exist, and this is one of the longest. It is addressed to Mrs. Fanny Washington.

Philadelphia, June 30, 1794.

My dear Fanny

I am very glad to hear by your letter of the 23d that your children were all well—we have had rain almost every day these ten days,—the damp is very great hear many people are complaining of tooth ache and swollen faces and violent colds, thank God we are tolerable well—Nelly had the tooth ack which she is very subjetct to, she has got better but it will return when she gets cold—she will not be persuaded to take care of herself—she is a pore thoughtless child.

I have been so unhappy about the Presid't that I did not know what to do with myself; he tells me in his letter of Wednesday that he is better,—I hope in god that he is so—if I could have come down with any conveyance—I would have set out the very hour I got the letter.—I hope and trust that he is better and that he will soon be able to return hear again—if he is not getting better, my dear Fanny, don't let me be deceived—let me know his case and not say he is getting better if he is not,—it would make me exceeding unhappy to be told or made to believe he is getting better if he is not. I beseech you to let me know how he is as soon as you can and as often,—if he is likely to be confined at Mount Vernon longer than was expected—I will get into the stage or get stage Horses and come down emidately to you. I very sincerely wish you may find the House in town as agreeable as you wish,—in every stage of our life we find trouble—wheather you will find more in house keeping than living in any other way must be left to time as you can not judge befour you try which will be the most agreeable—Maria and Fayette are both old enough to go to school—my love to the children—in which Nelly and Washington joins me that you may enjoy every happyness is the sincere wish of your ever

affectionate

M. WASHINGTON.



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